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November, 1905

Tipyn o' Bob

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Bryn Mawr

1870-1880

Oct 1883



Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1905

No. 1

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GRACE COURT

In a quarter of the great city, connected only by a crowded bridge with all that is spirited and gay, one may, if one has a heart for such things, find Grace Court. A queer, little, lovable old street it is, with clattering cobblestones and two rows of bushy-branched maple trees. As one turns the corner where the ivy-covered church watches with a beneficent interest over Grace Court life, one suddenly walks right out of the glare of the asphalt and the jostling and uneasiness of the world round about: the dull brick houses, the broad-stepped entrances, the brass knobs of the railings, all is behind the times and peaceable.

At five o'clock on a June afternoon, indeed, as my colleague, Weston, and I paused before one of these middle-aged doors, the query came to me, if I myself seemed so out of touch with these surroundings as he.

"The report is," he was saying, "that Prince is engaged to old Judge Avery's daughter. Now you must impress it upon him that it's a question of his whole career. If he allows the Judge's sentimental aversion of Hastings to interfere with his acceptance of Hastings' appointment he'll, in all probability, remain an unknown lawyer the rest of his life."

"It's a pity," I answered, "the Averys would never, for a moment, consent to anything between Prince and Eleanor, if he should be connected even in the most remote way with Hastings. You see, Hastings practically initiated that ridiculous scandal about Judge Avery."

Weston looked at me keenly.

"You know them well?" he asked.

"Yes; the Averys are cousins of mine. I come down here sometimes for tea. I always meet Prince here."

"Well, I hope you won't miss him to-day. Until dinner, then. Don't let Prince make a fool of himself."

Weston motioned good-bye at me with his stick, and as I put out my hand to the bell, was already round the corner.

After a minute the door opened half way, and a funny, enquiring-eyed old woman looked out:

"Bless me," she said, "it's Mr. Lester again." Then, without allowing me a word in edgewise, she escorted me down the long hall, past the drawing-room door.

"They're out in the garden," she explained. "I've been givin' them their tea."

Down a little flight of wooden stairs we went and out through a low-arched doorway into the cool afternoon sunshine. The high iron palings of the garden were hidden by a clustering Wisteria vine; at one side the branches of a weeping-willow swept the grass. Here at a low tea-table sat Eleanor Avery and David Prince, laughing together.

As I came toward them, they both rose and Eleanor held out her hand: "We're very glad to see you, Cousin Richard," she began hospitably, but with a formal little tone in her voice. Prince brought up a chair.

"Good evening, Lester," he said.

"Your mother is in, Eleanor?" I asked, just because I was embarrassed. She glanced at me, a sudden intelligence in her eyes.

"I'll go and find mother," she said, "I know she'll want to see you," and before either of us could rise she had closed the garden door behind her.

I put my tea down on the table and turned to Prince; he was watching my face, a curious expression in his eyes.

"This is a very fortunate opportunity," I began rather shamefacedly. He waited, without speaking, for me to go on.

"I left Mr. Weston a short while ago," I continued; "Hastings has promised him that you shall have this appointment we've all been wishing for you."

I leaned back, pushing my hands in my coat pockets; it was his turn to speak now, and what he was going to do was quite beyond me.

After a moment he got up and began to walk backward and forward, his head bent, his eyes looking on the ground.

"It's the chance of a lifetime," I broke in; not to influence him,—honestly, not for that,—but just to force realization upon him.

He only frowned at me in passing, and then strode up and down, down and up, as before. At last he came back to his chair, relief in his face:

"It isn't necessary, is it, to decide immediately? I should like a day or two."

"Yes, it is," I replied a little angrily. "I must have my answer before dinner to-night." I pulled out my watch, noting the hour, and then closed it with a snap.

"Very well," he jerked out at me, "I accept Mr. Hastings' offer."

I had been sitting with my back half turned toward the garden door. At Prince's words I rose, turning to him. Although I had accomplished Weston's errand much more easily than I had anticipated, yet I was not so entirely satisfied as I might have been.

"You quite appreciate," I began, "you quite appreciate—," then I looked up and saw Eleanor coming toward us.

Neither Prince nor I had the wit to rise to the occasion; there was a blank pause. Eleanor stared at us, surprised, for a moment; and then she began to laugh.

"You look as if you had been laying deep-dyed plots," she said.

A quick feeling of pity came to me for her. What would happen to the rest of her life if David Prince were to be forced out of it? For Eleanor's sake I would give Prince another chance to choose. Putting my hand on his shoulder, I said:

"I have taken this opportunity to offer David a very flattering appointment which a friend of mine has opened to him—I am waiting for his decision."

Did Eleanor guess who "my friend" was? She must have known of my connection with Hastings. I felt that she and Prince were looking at each other, and I glanced away. After a moment the young man said, a queer little shake in his voice:

"I appreciate the honour, but I can't accept your offer, Lester."

A decided feeling of relief came to me; I put from my mind the scene in store for me with Weston, and let myself enjoy the happiness of these two people beside me, for I felt that, somehow, the situation had become apparent to all of us.

Eleanor went over to the tea-table, and, before I could find an answer to Prince, said, smiling at us:

"Well, well, I don't understand at all what you're talking about, but I suppose that needn't keep us from having some tea." Then she added, turning to me: "I'm sorry, Cousin Richard, mother has to excuse herself—she is very disappointed to miss you."

As we talked, the dusk was creeping about the branches of the willow tree above us, and groping over the diamond-paned windows of the house. The grass, with the dew resting upon it, was bright and velvety. The clattering of the cobblestones now and then broke in upon the peaceableness; otherwise we were conscious only of the chirp of some city sparrows from the Wisteria vine.

We had been sitting in silence for a moment: I felt deliciously friendly toward these young people whose air-castles Weston had coolly sent me, a short hour before, to hopelessly shatter. My thoughts made me smile across at Eleanor. As I looked up at her, she turned impulsively to Prince

"David," she asked, "shall we not tell Cousin Richard?"

Prince rose, his face gentle with happiness, and nodded, without speaking.

"O, I am glad," I cried, holding out my hand.

"We haven't told you about it yet," laughed David.

"Ah, you don't need to," I answered him.

I was late for dinner that night and Weston was very cross. We came near a quarrel, and a quarrel between middle-aged friends is, like the breaking of middle-aged bones, a serious matter. As the other men about us were discussing some coming election, or a certain candidate's chances for the legislature, or a wonderful brand-new plot in city politics, or, once, in passing, the news which I had brought them of the refusal of Hastings' appointment,—I sat thinking of David and Eleanor, and of moonlight in the Averys' garden, and of Grace Court.

MARGARET MORISON, '07

GLAMOUR

Songs of birds and dancing streams,
Sky of a brilliant summer day,
A winding road where the sunlight gleams,
And I and my dream love riding away.

Setting sun in the distant clouds,
Sad, cold shade where the light has gone,
Bare, bleak hills that the damp mist shrouds,
And I am riding, riding alone.

HELEN WILLISTON SMITH, '06.

MIDSUMMER-DAY'S DREAM

"Ici nous sommes," said the sunburned young man, idiomatically stopping the touring-car amid a swirl of dust; "Now, Cynthia, prepare some timely quotations from the old romances on the château de Beaucaire; this is the occasion of a lifetime!"

The girl pushed back her veil and stood up in the car to peep over the half-ruined gateway.

"Jack!" she cried, "we've come back four whole centuries! Look at that old, old pavilion covered with moss, and see the delicious pergola leading no one knows where. How absurd to arrive here in an automobile!"

"Well, I'm sorry," he apologized, handing her out and giving some final masterly touches to the machinery, "if you had mentioned before that the car was too *fin de siècle*, I could easily have propelled you here in a bath-chair, or—"

She silenced him with a pitying glance, and the two passed into the garden hand in hand. "What I mean," she remarked with dignity, "is that when you visit a ruined château in Languedoc, you are under an æsthetic obligation, as it were, to arrive on a sumpter mule in someone's train, or at the very least to appear disguised as a wandering minstrel."

He glanced at their prosaic automobile costumes with a twinkle of amusement. "Does this hold even when the *château* has descended to a very modern countess?" he queried. "As for the sumpter mule, the course in mechanics at Yale doesn't leave me with very clear ideas about the brute, but it sounds to me much humpier, somehow, than the old car with the patent attachment that's going to make our fortune."

"You can't possibly be detached from the twentieth century, can you?" she said, with a quiver of dimples, "but it's too still and shady and 'old world' here to dispute with you. Let's see, the Countess told us to take this turning by the sun-dial to find the fountain of Psyche, didn't she?"

"Yes, if that's where she and the Count used to walk when they were—er—young, like us," he said, holding aside a heavy spray of roses so that she might pass. "Ah! this must be it."

The fountain was at the convergence of four flower-grown alleys; and on a pedestal in the centre of the basin stood the nymph, knee-deep in rank maiden-hair fern, but still faithfully showering drops from her jar upon the water lilies beneath her. The air was heavy with the scent of eucalyptus, and the garden all a-murmur with drowsy sounds. Cynthia leaned back against the white marble seat in perfect content and whispered: "Jack, it's exactly what the Countess said: 'a garden of dreams.'"

"What's that noise?" said Cynthia, suddenly. The ghost of a sound had echoed along the opposite winding walk, perhaps the rustle of a trailing branch of blossoms, perhaps the faintest echo of fairy laughter. "I don't hear anything," said the man, lazily.

"There it is again!" she said, catching her breath; "it's nearer. . . . Someone's coming around the bend. . . . Oh, Jack!"

A branch quivered, and the next instant two quaint figures gleamed forth against a mist of roses,—a tall knight with laughing eyes, dressed in armor, in courtly converse with a slim, straight-browed maid, as ivory white as one of Psyche's water-lilies. The two on the bench were fairly breathless as they watched them stroll toward the fountain, and heard the maid say as she settled light as a butterfly on the brink:

"Fair Lord Aucassin, we have tarried too long in this sweet garden. How sayest thou,—shall we once more ride forth at adventure as of old, thou and I?"

The other fell in knightly fashion to his knees. "Soothly, sweeting,

thy thought is valiant, and of much avail. But the world is not as we left it these many summers ago; haply are the Paynims mighty in this land. Scarce do I dare trust thee, fairest, amid the laidly perils of the world." As the maid turned to dabble mournfully among the water-lilies, Cynthia sprang from the bench. "He's a—a—a recreant knight," she whispered to Jack, "and don't you see?—we have to play fairy god-parents;" and to that young man's measureless amazement she crossed the walk and stood before the pair. "Nicolette," she said quite softly, "don't be frightened, we are young, too, and we understand. It's St. John's Eve, and we'll ride at adventure with you if you'll let us."

Nicolette at first seemed startled, but was quickly reassured by Cynthia's smile. "Fair, sweet friend, gramercy of thy courtesy," she said, with a dainty reverence, "and if it be my lord Aucassin's good pleasure right gladly will I join your company."

Here Cynthia glanced at Jack, who accordingly flung himself into the breach. "On honour, Aucassin, it's perfectly safe;" he said, seriously. "See here; we'll make a bargain. You show Miss Beldon the garden and Mademoiselle will show it to me, and we can meet at the gate in ten minutes or so for an automobile ride."

Aucassin, chivalrous as of old, made a sweeping bow to Cynthia, and remarked: "Save for my lady Nicolette, I would guide none *liefer* than this fair lady. Therefore each with other we will make fair covenant: at the great gate, between prime and tierce. God be with ye, fair sir, and Nicolette, my life."

And courteously handing Cynthia along the walk, he disappeared with her around a bend.

"Let us take this path, then," said Jack, turning in the opposite direction. "It seems to run quite near the road after a little," he added, artfully; "perhaps we can find an adventure."

"Oh, it likes me well!" said the maid, clapping her lily hands and fleeting lightly before him among the roses. "Already, within a cross-bow shot, the garden changes since I see it with thee, fair sir! Ah, here is the fosse and the highway," and she perched upon the coping of the wall and peered over upon the white road quivering with heat. Jack, vaulting to a seat beside her, suddenly gave an exclamation of disgust. "The same rascal we passed on the way!" he said. "No, go away. Nothing to give you." (This last in a loud and forcible tone.) Nicolette

gazed inquiringly at the slinking, rat-like beggar, who was whining to them at the foot of the wall.

"Who is the damoiseau?" she whispered. "What is his will?"

"He's nothing more adventurous than a scoundrelly beggar," said the man, "and a jolly, dirty one at that. It's his tribe, you know, that sprinkle the roads with tacks in the pay of café-keepers. Your machine breaks down, you go in and 'refresh' for the good of the house. Scandalous system!" Nicolete drew her finely-penciled eyebrows together at this idiomatic speech, while the man in the road again lifted up his voice in a nasal demand for "Un sou, deux sous, m'sieur et d'ame!" "Ah, he is a serf!" she said at last. "Alas, he seemeth in piteous plight, weary and athirst. Prithee, my lord, cast him a denier, of thy bounty!"

"But that would encourage pauperism, you know," remonstrated Jack; "the fellow could get plenty of work if he tried. It's such emigrants as he," he went on, warming to his subject, "that crowd the wharfs of Ellis Island, and cause nine-tenths of all the distress. . . ."

"I mind me of a serf that my lord Aucassin once met," remarked Nicolete, dreamily, "methinks the villain departed the richer by twenty sols. Ah, see his eyes, anhungered as those of a wolf in the snow," she cried, passionately. "Fair, sweet lord, wilt thou not cast him e'en thy—thy doublet?"

Jack mentally clothed the brigand-type below in his automobile coat, and chuckled. "He'd pawn it at the next 'Mont-de-Piété,'" he said, unconvinced.

"Then he shall have my mantle!" said she, and slipping the dainty thing from her shoulders she beckoned to the cringing figure to catch it. Here Jack fairly burst into laughter and caught it from her hands. "Lady Bountiful!" he rallied her, gently, "I tell you the fellow is a whining hound, and unworthy of a second glance from you. Come, let's go and join the others at the gate." But the rest of their walk was more silent than it had been before.

Meanwhile Cynthia and her cavalier had arrived at the gate by a shorter path and were looking about for the absent couple. "Have you the time, monsieur?" asked Cynthia, hardly thinking of what she said. Aucassin glanced at the sun and then at the lengthening shadows.

"The holy Angelus will sound ere long," he responded promptly.

"Angelus?" echoed the girl, that part of her mind which was not occupied with Jack and Nicolete vaguely transported to the advertising

sections of American magazines. "Oh! of course (I think the garden must make me drowsy). Perhaps you would like to look at the machine while we wait; I'll try and explain Jack's patent tires to you," she suggested kindly, mindful of usual masculine interests.

"Gramercy," murmured Aucassin, starting as she closed her parasol and holding open the gate as she passed through.

"It's a very valuable invention," she announced, turning back to him; "you see, the tires can be removed very easily because—why, what is that man doing?" A ragged figure was kneeling in the dust, furiously hacking at one of the cherished tires. At the girl's cry he started up, knocking one of the levers so that the car burst into a paroxysm of snorts and gasps.

"He's spoiling Jack's tires!" cried Cynthia. "Aucassin! Quick! Go and stop him!"

But no valiant figure charged past her, and as the beggar stooped for another hasty onslaught on the wheel, she whirled round to seek her knight. Aucassin cowered in an angle of the gateway, white as death, his shaking hands making the sign of the cross; while amid the din of the car Cynthia caught such disjointed fragments as "Beast serpentine!" and "Laidly worm!"

She flamed into fury. "Stupid!" she cried, and darting forward, aimed a blow at the beggar with her slight parasol. He had her by the wrists in a second, and she shut her eyes as his evil face glared down at her. Then there was a shout and a crashing blow, and she was in Jack's strong arms, feebly repeating: "I hope he didn't hurt the tires!"

"Oh, confound the tires! Has he hurt *you*?" demanded her lover.

"Just my wrist a little," she said. "Where is Nicolette?"

"I *think* she joined what's-his-name as I careered through the gate," he answered; "they both seemed in rather a funk."

They turned toward the gate, and finding no one passed into the garden again. "There they go!" she whispered.

Under the pergola the two were disappearing, already shadowy and unreal, but apparently quite absorbed in each other, his arm about her, and her head on his shoulder. As they reached a bend, however, they paused, turned, and sent back a courtly gesture of farewell.

DOROTHY MORT, '08.

THE GULL.

At early morn, across the sea,
Through shafts of crystal light,
A gull came flying straight to me,
And still upon his wings he bore
The chilly dews of night.
I flung the fastened casement wide,
(Straight flew he without fear.)
"Enter thou in, with me abide;
No harm shall touch thee here,
Thou fugitive from stormy seas
And vigils long and drear."
His gray wings drooped upon his breast,
He closed his jewel eyes;
A haven he had found, and rest:
And dreamed of Paradise.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

Perturbed as she already was by the curt note which she had just received as a prologue, Melita Garland was conscious of an added apprehension, when her maid, in a voice of studied softness, dropped at the door, "Miss Scudder, Miss," for this was so opposed to that lady's usual custom which in her rare visits was to profit by her years and her assertive personality, and to come as her own herald with a mere knock that the formality appeared in the light of a significant change. Thus Melita was conscious of an inrush of excitement as she rose to greet her guest and to find herself faced by the somewhat inscrutable question:

"How could you? Why did you?"

The words came to her with little meaning save that implied by the tone in which they were uttered, which was slightly frigid, and which by reason of an unmistakable moral haughtiness it implied, made her lift questioning eyes. And as a silence followed which she was unwilling

to break, ominous as it was of something to come, she could only search her companion's face; by its aid gain some slight clue to the adjustment of her prophetic vision. It came to her, however, with her upward glance, that in the crisis at hand her past hero worship of this woman should stand her in good stead, for in the days when she had first known Eleanor Scudder, when her acquaintance had been a mere watching, the silent attitude of cat to king, she had come to know well the meanings of the mannerisms, the significance of the little shifts of expression by which her companion so elucidated and emphasized her thought. Then, Eleanor had always appeared, by reason of her long states of passivity, when the droop of mouth and lids betrayed a petulant dejection, followed by electric flashes of responsive wit and interest, as the pure product of modern cleverness; a cleverness unruffled by questions of right and wrong, awake only to the exhilarating influence of the new and exotic. But if in the past she had shown a placid avoidance of ethical questions, a tacit acceptance of frailties together with her friends, now, at all events, things were changed, for she carried to Melita's questioning eyes an attitude which, if never worn before, was nevertheless unmistakably judicial. Her eyes were grave under the straight sweep of her brows, her mouth was drawn into lines of rebuking sternness. Something (Melita's intuition quickly suggested some action of her own), had aroused and brought forth in her a latent Philistinism.

"I don't know exactly how to begin," Eleanor Scudder sighed softly as preparatory to discussion, she sank into a proffered chair. "Heaven knows I don't often play the rôle of accusing angel, exhibiting my own boasted pruderies. But in this case it's different. I'm as catholic as you like about everything else in the world, but in regard to this one question I'm a Puritan at bottom. I hate a lie. I can't help it. I can find an excuse for every other vice in the world. But that to me is the one colossal, unpardonable sin."

As yet Melita was foot-loose in the drift of these nebulous sentences, of whose significance she could catch but the general trend. She felt, however, quite distinctly, that her defense, no matter for what or from where she might pull it together, would be of little avail, since though the words offered her an explanatory chance, the tone a closer revelation of the speaker's inner feeling, revealed an unfavorable verdict awarded in advance.

"You see," her companion began again with a rapidity which showed

the push of words behind those she uttered, "I met your friends, the Stoddards, this summer." Here, however, as Melita involuntarily let slip a comprehensive "Ah," her train of thought visibly trailed away to a faint "You know then."

Melita felt that at last she completely understood. Moreover, in the first moments of a dawning comprehension, and as the reaction from vague imaginings made large enough to cover any surprise, the knowledge came to her as a foolish triviality; an absurd reduction of mountains to mole hills which in deference to the grave face beside her must be received with a smothered smile. Her relief, however, was momentary, for she quickly realized that the path of her wrong doing, if too slight to contain any precipices over which she might unwarily be pushed, held nevertheless a few pitfalls which must be avoided, deftly passed over, for if Eleanor was as she confessed herself a Puritan with an old-fashioned perspective for this one question (and the fact that her austerity was accumulated in but one direction made it the more impervious) she would undoubtedly never see the pathetic why and wherefore of her lie, or seeing, be able to pardon, still better forget. That she should attain Melita's own point of view (that a lie, even in its Biblical rendering, is but false witness, the fabrication of a yet undiscovered frailty of one's neighbour, not the little flights of fancy which gift him with a moral halo) could in the light of present difficulties scarcely be expected. Forgiveness, Melita knew, was not to be obtained by arguments proclaimed and adhered to, but rather by admittance of a fault committed and subsequent supplication. It came to her, moreover, in her quick grasp after a defense that she had one near to hand. Her slip from the paths of righteousness, slight, in this instance, as she considered it, had been caused by her love for the woman beside her. Was it not suitable that she should urge the old, time-worn excuse, one used so often by an erring humanity, that of *quid multum amavit*." Might it not, moreover, for her as well as for many others, procure a sympathetic forgiveness? With this in view she began to speak.

"Pretentious and odious, that's what I must of course seem to you. Especially after all you've done for me that I should pretend it was more. But it wasn't—it really wasn't," her voice had an insistent quaver in it, "because I wanted to make the Stoddards think you were my friend. I wanted to make myself think so. Can't you see?"

When, however, her companion sadly nodded her negative, Melita

felt that if she were ever to rescue herself from her present position it could only be done by presenting her plea in logical sequence with a proper climax, not by plunging into the middle, offering it with marginal comments and ragged little interpolations.

"I don't suppose," she continued, "I can ever make you understand. Your life's been so utterly different from mine that you must of necessity see things from a different point of view. You have, I suppose, the sane perspective that comes from contact with the world, while mine has been tilted by the solitude in which I have so perpetually lived."

Melita paused for a moment in reflection. Her life had held no bitter sorrows, for which fact she was aware that she should, in the nature of things, be thankful. But neither had it held keen joys. It had indeed been a mere dead level of existence. And it was just this fact with the results to which it led, that she wished now to set forth in comparison to Eleanor's own life of extremes, full of the bitter and the sweet.

"Loneliness," she began, "has been the directing principle of my whole existence. It began its influence with my lack of family, it increased its power in the arid stretch of years termed schooling, until finally, with the second epoch of my life, which, after all, begins with the attempt to earn one's living, I found that it had warped all my principles and thoughts. I had a perfect horror of it; and when I looked ahead at my life alone, at the drudgery that lay before me, the continual pouring of thought into children's brains, where they found little lodgment, and I none at all, it seemed to me that penal servitude was exacted not only in prisons. What was the use of it all anyway? I was living for no one but myself. No one was made the happier by my work, and after it all was over, what awaited me as the crown of my labours, but the mere dozing in some dingy little room, as the wildest form of a hard-earned dissipation."

Here she paused, and Eleanor, whose attitude till now had been one of receptive interest, broke in:

"It would, of course, be very tragic if it were so. But, after all, every woman has a chance to marry herself out of such a position. You must have known some men, and they can always be regarded from a utilitarian point of view."

Melita shook her head sadly. "For most women, yes. I admit I recognized the possible chance at first. But later the absurdity of it

forced itself upon me. Love, I knew, might be proverbially blind, but there were few men whom it could delude to the extent of finding in me the attributes either of ornamental wife or useful helpmate. I recognized quite clearly that my path to happiness could never lie through the money bags of some fairy-tale prince. And with such a dreary, unavoidable vista before me, I can assure you, the aspect of things changes. The lights and shades of one's moral code pale considerably when the consequence of one's actions, good or bad, affects no one but oneself. Nothing matters enough then to disturb one very much."

Here Eleanor again interrupted her. "You make," she said, "your excuse in loneliness, as if it were a thing unique in your case, while in reality, mental isolation is all that binds mankind together. Besides, Melita," she added, "you had your writings, your triumphs, as a consolation. You have, at all events, succeeded."

Melita, in answer, gave her a little whimsical smile which, though it accepted the preceding remarks, was meant to imply a doubt as to the worth of the fact accepted.

"Yes," she said, "I had my writing, and I acknowledge I enjoyed it. But success? I think you could scarcely call it that. Success is the praise of the world at large brought home through individuals. I never had the individuals, and without them the rest becomes a hollow gift. I know it's commonly said that self-aggrandizement is every man's object. My experience, however, disproves it. To-morrow's triumph is of little worth without some one to whom one may carry it. There must be some vital relationship to have anything really count. I found that out when I met you."

Here Eleanor raised inquiring brows. "A vital relationship with me? I don't quite see how that's possible, but it's what you seem to imply. I've always been glad to have you come to me. Your prospects and plans interested and amused me. I have been pleased, too, by your successes. But after all, save for the few times when you've shared my tea and twilight, I've seen comparatively little of you. And vital relationships can scarcely grow over the clatter of cups."

Melita laughed her dissension. "I must, of course, acknowledge that our acquaintance was very slight; that the times when I saw you were really few and far between. But these few times, you see, were all that were needed. They added the necessary element of reality to my relation with you. My imagination filled in the gaps."

Eleanor leaned forward eagerly from her chair; her eyebrows were contracted, and it was quite evident to Melita that she was visibly struggling with the intricacies of the thought presented.

"You are too tortuous, too terribly subtle," she said at last, voicing her perplexity. "I can't attempt to follow you."

Melita sank back in her chair with eyes on the fire. She realized that now was the time for the presentation of her plea; that she had, after much deviation arrived at the proper point. "No," she said, with a half smile, "not subtle, just pathetically natural under the circumstances. I've just told you how lonely I was; how, from the very fact of my solitude, my brain was fast growing sterile; everything in the world quite futile and worthless. In the midst of this mental stagnation I met you. You may not remember it, you probably don't, but your first words to me were in praise of my work, and they were like everything else about you, unmistakably spontaneous. They came to me (after the gloss and glamour of flattery had worn off on reflection) as the first sincere words of praise I had ever had. And starved for true appreciation as I was, it was only natural that I should begin to care for you; to value your opinion."

Melita paused as she ran over the numerous little incidents of their subsequent acquaintance so carefully ticketed and pigeon-holed in memory.

"Then," she continued, "you let me come to see you, bring you my work and worries. And as I saw more of you, you completely charmed me. I had known people who were clever, but they were, for the most part, morbidly introspective; always probing into their own personalities. But you had a vitality, a joy in living that animated and fascinated me. Gradually you overwhelmed and broke down my solitude. I realized, of course, that no great degree of intimacy was possible between us; that even had I any attraction for you but your desire to help me, that the conventional barrier of years stood in the way. I accepted, however, my little share in your life most gratefully. But you see that wasn't all. I wanted your friendship so much, more than anything else in the world, that at last I began to picture it as realized; what it would mean in my life. Everything I did began then to be for you. My every thought and action I referred to your supposed judgment, until gradually my idea of you grew so real, so vivid, that I felt I was always with you; had you close at hand. This, you see, was the reason for what I told the Stoddards. Having heard me mention you, they quite naturally

asked if I knew you well, had seen you much. Till then I had kept my imaginary friendship with you to myself, safe and secure. But suddenly when they asked me about you, it occurred to me how much more realistic it would be if I should talk of it. I said that I had been traveling with you; told them how kind you had been to me—even more so than you have been in reality,—and spoke of a hundred little incidents and adventures we had had together." Here Melita stopped a moment. When she spoke again her voice had in it a tremour of appeal. "It must, of course, seem to you that I have presumed most horribly on your kindness. But you see how it happened, don't you? That it was, after all, because I loved you more than anything else in the world. Can't you forgive me?"

Eleanor rose and laid an impulsive hand on Melita's shoulder. "Forgive you, my child," she said; "don't you see that no one in the world could help forgiving you. Such love, such devotion as this, are more than any one has a right to ask for."

To Melita at first it seemed as if this forgiveness were satisfactory, complete; that the dream of her invention, which had been so dear and which she had come so near to losing, was now given back to her, perfect still. Later, however, in the solitude of her study, it dawned upon her that, on the contrary, it had been vitally altered; marred beyond reparation, for she realized suddenly what the previous condemnation and subsequent forgiveness really meant. Eleanor, she knew, in the past had proclaimed to her no definite principles; had, on the contrary, stated frankly her avoidance of common-place right and wrong. Why, then, had this attitude of self-righteousness so suddenly developed. The answer to her query came as a bitter revelation. Eleanor's Puritanism, had it been sincere, Melita would have upheld as fine and noble, but had this not been merely her expression of an offended pride; one ruffled by a presumption on her friendship. Again, granted Eleanor firmly believed in the standard she set up, the only possible excuse then for her forgiveness, so freely dealt out, was a love for the suppliant, if only ever so slight. That, Melita, as she pushed her questions farther, saw no trace of. Her pardon, then, was of little worth; the result merely of that same pride appeased. All was but vanity and vexation of spirit! In place of the woman, whom she had believed as sincere in professing none of the beaten-in virtues of every-day life, was one who professed them, but in whom they

signified a mere falsetto prudery. And as Melita sat in the darkness of her room she realized that the future must always be lonely and deserted, since her shadow, so perfect in her imagination, had materialized to a substance imperfect and unsatisfactory.

MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY, '07.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

When winter skies are sapphire blue, and clear
As purest crystal, star-bedewed, I hear
A sound of magic sweetness and of might,
A sound great spaces hence, and yet, in truth, most near

Such notes resound, when at the fall of night,
The armies rest, and ended is the fight;
And Valkyrie rides forth to find the slain,
And in the sky streams forth the northern light.

Such tones the dying Prophet heard, when he
Waited the summons that would set him free,
And, on the borders of the promised land,
Passed to the kingdom of eternity.

And may I, when at last my trembling ears
Can hear aright, and cast aside their fears,
Feel that I, too, glide on the ceaseless round
That men have named the music of the spheres.

HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND, '06.

THEODOSIA

Theodosia was twelve and her mother laboured under the delusion that she still found edification and pleasure in the *Polly Books*, the *Jennie Books*, the *Fanny Books*, and others of their kind. These volumes, be it known, were chosen from the list carefully compiled by the Committee on Juvenile Literature of the Woman's Club, and no such mistake had ever been made as to allow Theodosia at the age of eight or nine to have on her shelf a book from the list for "children (female) between ten and twelve." In consequence she had never seen a Scott, that author being relegated to mature minds of fourteen; and she had never read a fairy tale, such imaginative literature being considered too exciting and too bewildering for the young brain.

Yet there probably never was a child who did not at one time or another practice some small deceit, and Theodosia Clendenning was no exception to this rule. Moreover, she was twelve years old, as has been said, and at that age there is nothing that seems more beneath consideration than the "books for children" in one's own room, and nothing more necessary to happiness than the forbidden volumes in the library. For Theodosia was not one of those fortunate children who are allowed to browse at will in a roomful of books, and even if she had been, the joyful experience of coming all unprepared upon a *Morte d'Arthur* or a *Macbeth* would never have been hers, for such as these were not in the Clendenning collection. Nor on this account should Mrs. Clendenning be too harshly judged. It must be remembered that she was obliged to spend many hours plodding through encyclopædic articles, book reviews and digests in order to prepare her monthly essay for the Woman's Club, and it was but natural that in her reading for pleasure she should turn to quite another form of literature. This she found in the romantic novel.

And so the volumes which Theodosia stealthily slipped off her mother's bookshelves introduced her to a world dominated by swash-buckling heroes with Quixotic codes of honour, which soon transformed her hitherto subconscious ideals into something very aggressive and romantic. Indeed, life with its stupid rounds of school and play and bed at half-past eight came to her to seem hardly worth the living, her only hours of real pleasure being those spent in conquering new realms

with new heroes, or in imagining situations in which she figured as the heroine.

It was in such a frame of mind that Theodosia walked slowly to school one May morning. Things were really very depressing. It was too hot to be going to school in the first place, and, in the second place, she had been forced to leave the hero at a most exciting stage—for she had not dared even read to the end of the chapter, having been late to school the past two mornings because of such an act of self-indulgence. It appeared to Theodosia that perhaps the most honourable thing to do would be to turn to the river and seek an end to her useless life, for she seemed destined never to meet the opportunity for high deeds. In the midst of these rather mournful reflections she turned the corner by the city hall, and was startled to hear the great bell above her begin to toll. She glanced up at the clock. Sure enough, it was nine already. She started on a run, buoyed up by the hope that has encouraged so many a loiterer's heart, that perhaps the school clock would be slow. The distance was not long, and before she had gone half way she heard the voices of the children singing in chapel. She stopped running. There was a funny sensation about her heart. She had suddenly remembered the rule that if anyone was late for three mornings in succession she was obliged to write her name on the blackboard side by side with those who hadn't known any of their lessons the day before or who had been really bad. Theodosia had never had her name on that list. She thought now how tragic it would be if any of the trustees should take it into their heads to visit the school that day and should see her name among the recreants. They would not know that she had known her lessons perfectly yesterday and had "got a hundred in conduct." They would not know that it was merely a matter of a minute or two that had brought her to dishonour. "I should die of shame," she said aloud in the door, to the great amusement of the janitor sitting there.

Miss Loder was reading out the names on the day's black list. Hideous appellation!

"Natalie Dudley," and a very red-faced little girl went up to the board and signed her name with difficulty, amid much trembling of hand and struggling with tears.

"Ruth Webb," "Mabel Wiener" and "Lucille Morison" did likewise. Then came "Theodosia Clendenning" in stern tones. Theodosia

rose from her seat and with "haughty mien and firm tread" (so she assured herself) walked to the front of the room. She disdained the white chalk, but grasping a red piece used for map-drawing, she wrote with a mighty flourish "Theodosia." Then she turned to go back to her seat, but Miss Loder stopped her.

"Theodosia what?" she asked.

Theodosia drew herself to her full height and in accents, staccato with excitement, said:

"I willingly suffer from my own guilt, but never through me shall my father's name be brought to ill-repute."

The awe-struck class held their breath in silence. Miss Loder was taken with a violent attack of coughing. Theodosia walked slowly back and sat down. She was in the seventh heaven. Her opportunity had come, and she had acted "honourably." Moreover, unconsciously she was satisfied that if the trustees came they could never spot a mere "Theodosia."

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENCK, '07.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Tingle of frost when the day is new,
Breezes that warm as the moon grows old,
Hazy October horizon's blue,
Air full of sunshine, dusky gold.

Yellowing leaves in the pleached lane,
Ivy that crimsones against the wall,
Dim coloured fields, where they reaped the grain,
Asters whose petals showering fall.

Sunshine and warmth, till the misty light
Silver and red from the westward glows,
Then, starry-eyed, the transparent night.
Cool with the breath of approaching snows.

ANTOINETTE CANNON, '07.

THE SLEEP OF THE CONDOR

(Translated from the French of Rouget de Lisle.)

Above high Cordillères, above that plane
Which eagles haunt in black and circling flocks,
Higher than peaks amid whose jagged rocks
Hot streams of lava flow, a crimson stain,
With outspread wings, a bird of wondrous size
Surveys America and silent space;
And mirrors, soaring free with lofty grace,
The sombre setting sun, in his cold eyes.
The night rolls up from that far eastern land
Where pampas blows 'neath mountains high and steep,
O'er Chili's towers she spreads the deepest sleep,
And o'er the ocean to its farthest strand.
As on the sea, so on the mainland wide
O'er sandy slopes and grassy plains between,
From hill to hill, o'er gorge and deep ravine,
Rolls up the heavy flood of night's high tide.
A very shadow, dim against the snow
Whose whiteness still is lost in crimson light,
The bird soars, waiting to receive the Night.
She comes, and slowly dims the sun's last glow.
The southern cross, from night's deep glowing sky,
Gilds every peak with its pale yellow light.
The bird, shrieking his joy in hoarse delight,
Spreads forth his mighty wings, and with a cry,
In clouds of beaten snow, o'er Andes steeps
He rises fast; dim earth left far behind.
With wings outspread he soars beyond the wind,
And in the bitter, icy air—he sleeps.

DOROTHY T. WIGHT, '07.

"DULCI FISTULA"

ON THE CHARACTER DRAWING

IN THE WORKS OF JOYNESS-MEISSNER.

German literature gives us more philosophy than people; we get from it rather ideas than individualities. To this rule there is one important exception,—and in my knowledge of German literature, but one,—Joyness-Meissner's *German Grammar*. The people there, the great uncle of the the butcher's wife, and the first cousin of the old gentleman in the white hat, stand out from the pages as vividly as do the characters of Dickens.

For personal revelation, we can note the pathos of, "Granted that I said it, I only resented a not-to-be-borne insult," or turn to the following sentence, which is the third under *Verb Compounds*:

"Waiter, bring me some tea, bread, butter, and two eggs; I wish to breakfast." In this sentence the thoughtful reader can discern a noble consideration for inferiors, for who but a truly courteous gentleman would explain to a waiter that he wished to breakfast? And how well-proportioned and daintily-ordered is the scheme of life brought before us! Who can doubt but that we have here a glimpse of the inmost character of Joyness-Meissner himself—or ought we not to say themselves—for according to the latest discoveries of textual critics, Joyness and Meissner are two distinct people,—a theory that goes far towards clearing up the mystery of the two eggs.

From the delightful search for personal revelation, let us turn to some of the figures that forever light up its immortal pages. There is mysterious companion whose talk concerned "the variety of human that-which-is-to-be-sought-afters, and the not-to-be-destroyed condition of the soul." Then there is "the maid-servant with large feet who carried the dishes out," and "the rich queen with the red nose." All ranks and conditions of humanity jostle each other in his pages. All opinions are there from the calm Toryism of "my uncle says that it is every one's duty to acknowledge the laws," to the rampant revolutionary senti-

ment of "Let the King die. Oh that the King may die. Oh that the King were dead. My uncle says 'Oh let the King die.' My uncle says 'Oh that the King were dead.'"

Such is the mingling of good and evil, rich and poor, hope and despair, that the critic cannot close more fittingly than by quoting from the work itself:

"The seeds of Good and Evil lie in every Human Heart."

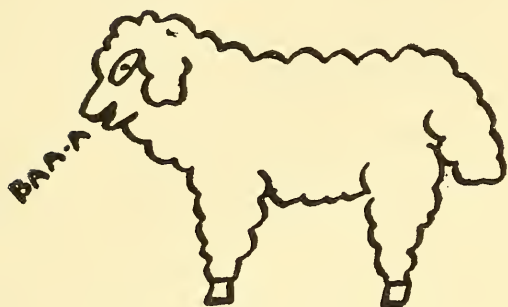
MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

My dear Miss Editor, I am contrite
I can't write;
My brain has feeble grown. I only stare
In despair
At blank pages where my ideas I should jot,
But do not.

I wish I had had pluck to tell the worst
At the first;
But in my senseless way I made reply
"I will try."
In asking me I fear a sad mistake
You did make.

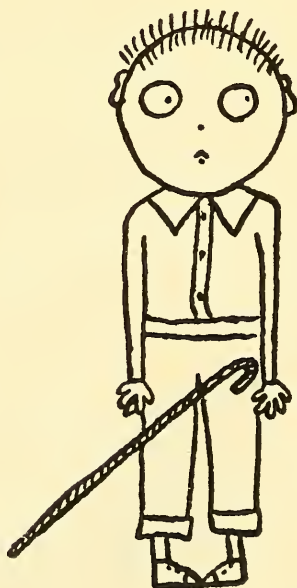
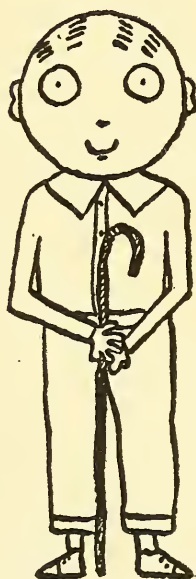
Now ashamed am I to look you in the face;
'Tis disgrace.
No hope have I of e'er appearing wise
In your eyes,
Since all my sleepless nights devoid of bliss
End in—this!

M. M. E., '09.



A shepherd tended his white sheep
Upon the greensward trim
Until a little lamb cried "Baa-a!"
And sadly frightened him.
He changed his job that very day,
'Twas timid, I'll allow,
He was a shepherd up to then—
He is a coward now.

MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.



RHYMES FOR FRESHMEN

I

The coach cried out, "You should have hit
That ball, you Freshman class!"
They answered, "We've been told to wait
And let the Sophomores pass."

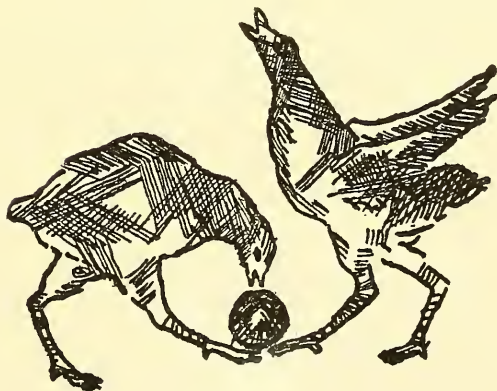
2

The Freshman to the Senior said,
Your actions are misleading;
You didn't say a single word
While doing Oral Reading."

3

"I have a cut!" the Sophomore said.
Aghast at the disaster.
"Come home with me," the Freshman cried,
"I have some surgeon's plaster."

MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.



Fowl Play-

Margaret P. Bladgett

EDITORIAL.

The Freshmen, who not long ago were shown the Trophy collection in Pembroke, may remember exclaiming with surprise over one photograph hanging there, of Bryn Mawr in the early days when Taylor and Merion stood alone upon the campus; and they may have been told something of the manner of life of those first years.

Year by year new buildings, new facilities have been added, until this fall we returned to find the New Library, with scaffolding removed, taking its place fairly and serenely among us. But it is significant that at the same time with the installment of the new Library there is brought home to us most keenly the fear of a cut-rule. We are already on probation, as it were, and a little carelessness on our part will bring it upon us. A member of one of the first classes wrote: "When the Apology Class was told that it was reading more than the Harvard freshmen, nothing could persuade a single student to lessen her preparation by a line." With all our increase of material advantages and facilities, are we losing some of this former high enthusiasm? Cutting is certainly a sign of lack of sufficient interest in our work, and if we are forced to attend lectures by rule we will have lost something of the poise and seriousness as students which is ours by birthright.

It rests with us, then, this semester to reassure ourselves of this birthright, so that when we move into the new Library in February we may at least carry the proof of it with us in the much-disliked roll-cards.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The changes in the faculty are as follows:

Dr. Keasby has resigned and his place is filled by Dr. Mussey.

Dr. Gerould has resigned and his place is filled by Dr. Brown.

Dr. Raggio has resigned.

Miss Hoyt has resumed her place in the English department.

Courses in Greek Art and Archæology are now being given by Dr. Ranson.

Dr. Barton preached the opening sermon of the college year on Wednesday evening, October the fourth.

The Christian Union Reception was held in Rockefeller on Friday evening, October the sixth.

Mr. Robert E. Speer, Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, addressed the students on Wednesday evening, October the eighteenth.

The Senior Reception to the Freshmen was held in the Gymnasium on Friday evening, October the twentieth.

The President's Reception to the Freshmen has been postponed until Thursday, October the twenty-sixth.

The Grand Laundry has been established at Bryn Mawr. Part of the proceeds will be given each year to the Students' Building Fund.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '89. Martha Gibbons Thomas is now warden of both Pembroke East and West.
- '94. Emma Wines is doing graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.
- '95. Mary Denver James was married on October 14th, to Mr. Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, of New York.
- '97. Grace Albert is doing graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.
Helen Strong Hoyt has resumed her place in the English Department.
- '00. Edith Goodell was married on September 26th to Mr. John Gregson, Jr.
- '01. Marion Parris has resigned her position as warden of Rockefeller and is doing graduate work.
Marion Reilly is back for graduate work.
- '02. Elizabeth Stoddard is warden of Merion Hall.
Edith Orlady is warden of Rockefeller.
- '03. Ruth Strong was married on October 16th to Mr. S. Sterling MacMillan.
- '05. Gertrude Hartman is teaching at Miss Baldwin's School.

Margaret Hall is teaching at St. Agnes' School, Albany.
Hope Allen, Theodora Bates and Emily Shields are doing graduate
work at Bryn Mawr College.

1908 to 1909. *RUSH SONG*

Freshmen, you're young, and you're hard to see,
For you match the environing shrubbery.
If you would learn to be great and wise,
Look at your Soph'mores with rev'rent eyes.
Learn to be like us, if you would fain
The standard of excellence here maintain.
Now don't think we're boasting, for that's not nice.
We're just giving you advice.

Tune: *Jimmie the Tout.*

1909 *RUSH SONG*

Rush, rush on through the halls.
Cheer 1909.
We're here to fight our way, thanks to this line.
O give a long cheer for 1909.
Our class is sure to shine.
To the call we Freshmen all
Cheer 1909.

Tune: *March, march, down the field.*

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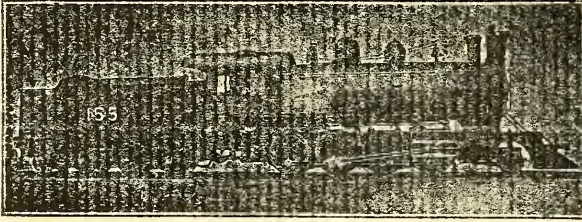
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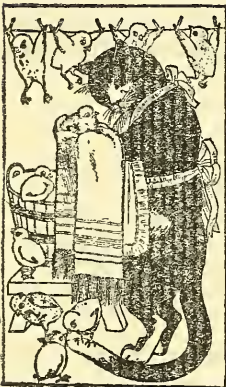
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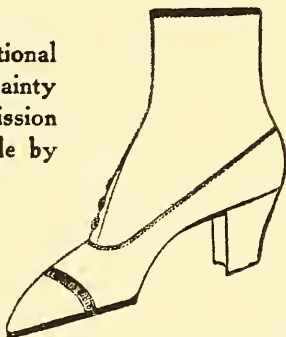
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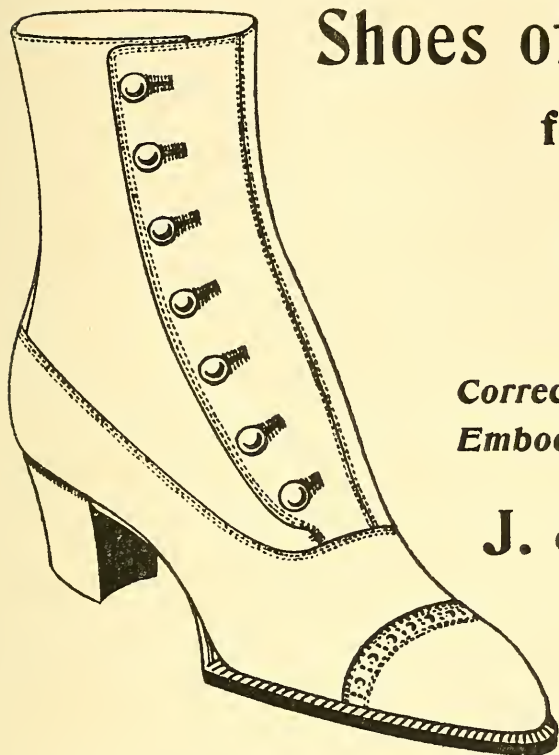
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December, 1905

Tipyn o' Bob

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Baltimore, Baltimore, Vassar.	Smith, Bryn Mawr, Brown, Vassar.	Smith, Bryn Mawr, Brown, Vassar.	Wellesley, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr.	Barnard, Barnard, Wells.	Cornell, Cornell, Holyoke, Wells, Wilson.	Wilson, Simmons, Simmons.
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Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

DECEMBER, 1905

No. 2

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THE SELF-GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE

The Self-Government Conference held here last week was probably as successful as could be expected. The main object of the meeting was the consideration of the forming of a permanent organization of Self-Government Associations in women's colleges; but this could not be accomplished until the proposed organization formed its constitution. For this purpose a committee of five was elected by the delegates. This committee is to draft a constitution for the organization, and present the same for ratification by the delegates at the conference next year.

A very difficult question will be a determination of a basis of membership. One of the chief objects of such an organization should be the exchange of new ideas of different forms of self-government, and for this reason it is advisable to have the membership as broad as possible in order not to deprive some of the smaller colleges of the help they could derive from the conferences. But, on the other hand, it is important that there be some academic basis so that high schools and institutions of that same grade shall not be included in this intercollegiate movement.

Another important advantage of such a meeting is the contact of different college women, which cannot fail to have a broadening and helpful influence upon us all.

But in addition to these bigger and broader advantages, there should be an important and practical gain for the Bryn Mawr Association. Those who have taken any interest in the conference last month must realize that in their self-government they have something for which most of the colleges represented are striving—namely, a real self-government. By reason of this fact every member of the association should feel it all the more her personal obligation to understand and fulfill her responsibility. We are indeed fortunate in having had the self-government grow up with the college, and in having the co-operation and sympathy of the college authorities with it. But though we may have a more advanced and absolute form than have the other colleges represented at this conference, ours is not perfect, and it should be the aim of every one to strive to make and keep it perfect.

LUCIA O. FORD, '06.

MINUTES OF THE CONFERENCE OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT REPRESENTATIVES

The second conference of Self-Government Associations in Women's colleges was held at Bryn Mawr, November 3-6.

Eleven colleges were represented, each sending two delegates, the president of the Self-Government Association and one other member. These were: Wellesley, Miss Eustis, president, and Miss Besse; Vassar, Miss Dimock, president, and Miss Lord; Simmons, Miss Rathburne, president, and Miss Amison; Barnard, Miss Evans, president, and Miss Disbarrow; Holyoke, Miss Pettie, president, and Miss Wheeler; Cornell, Miss Bessey, president, and Miss Murtz; Woman's College of Baltimore, Miss Adams, president, and Miss Stone; Wells, Miss Kelesley, president, and Miss Adams; Wilson, Miss West, president, and Miss Michael; Brown, Miss Barr, president, and Miss Smith. Smith College, although it has no self-government, was represented by two delegates, Miss Dodd, the president of the Council, and Miss Montgomery.

One object of the meeting was the furtherance of the movement, begun at Wellesley last year, to strengthen and enlarge, by an exchange of ideas, the interest in self-government in women's colleges. The more definite end in view was the establishment of a permanent intercollegiate self-government organization.

Two meetings were held: one, Saturday morning at half-past ten, open to all interested in the movement, the other at three o'clock of the same afternoon, at which the delegates and the Bryn Mawr executive board were present. In the former, the president of each association spoke of self-government in her own college and of its particular problems.

Miss Ford opened the meeting with an address of welcome to the delegates. She expressed her conviction that the conference was not merely for the founding of a permanent organization of self-government associations, but, also, for the establishing of a closer bond of sympathy between college women.

It became evident, as the different speakers made their reports, that, beyond the common problems of the colleges, each particular college had its own peculiar problems, arising, for example, from the number of non-resident students, from the situation within city limits, and, especially, from the comparative length of time of the existence of the association. Three associations only held charters granted by the trustees: Bryn Mawr, Vassar, and Cornell. In each case the executive was a board, varying from five to eight in number, consisting of the president of the association and other members appointed in different ways. In most cases the executive had also legislative and judicial powers of some sort. The fact that these usually were so restricted as to be merely nominal presented to many of the associations their great problem.

Miss Reilly spoke last of the history of the Bryn Mawr Self-government Association. She touched upon the problem most important to each college, the problem which, in each case, is the one to be first solved, the problem of establishing such a spirit of individual responsibility that self-government may be really at heart with every member of every association.

At the afternoon meeting Miss Ford, of Bryn Mawr, was elected chairman of the conference; Miss Eustis, of Wellesley, secretary. The business accomplished was the election of a committee of five to draw up a constitution for the permanent associations in women's colleges, to be presented to the conference of next year. This committee are: Miss

Ford, Bryn Mawr, chairman; Miss Eustis, Wellesley; Miss Michael, Wilson; Miss Adams, Woman's College of Baltimore; Miss Lord, Vassar.

An informal discussion followed as to the membership basis of the organization, and as to its value and aim. Absolute freedom of action was left to the committee.

The meeting adjourned with Miss Dimock of Vassar's motion that any suggestions be sent in writing to the committee.

M. B. MORISON, '07.

COMPARISON OF SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATIONS

[Feeling sure that the recent conference here has roused an added interest in self-government, we take the liberty of reproducing, with emendations, the report in the TIPYN O'BOB for March, 1905.]

I. The organization of the Associations.

A.—Nature of the original charter (extent of jurisdiction of the Association and the power of protest of the Faculty).

VASSAR.—Charter gave control over three things: 1. Quiet in buildings. 2. Order on campus. 3. Social engagements (including inter-collegiate relations). The college has control of college entertainments. 4. Athletics.

SIMMONS.—No charter. The students have not yet thoroughly developed their system of government. It is dependent on the will of the Dean.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE OF BALTIMORE.—Charter granted one week. The Faculty have authorized the students to act along certain lines. Steps are being taken to get a definite system.

WELLS.—The charter was in the form of an agreement between the Faculty and students. It gave the students control of: 1. Quiet hours and the retiring hour. 2. Chapel attendance. 3. Athletics. 4. The College Magazine.

WILSON.—Charter gave control of: 1. Quiet hours. 2. Order on the campus. 3. Fire drills. "Quiet hours" includes quiet in the dormitories, near the Infirmary, and in the dining room.

BROWN.—The charter granted by the Faculty gave the students con-

trol of: 1. Matters of conduct. 2. Social life (including formation of societies). 3. Cheating in college work. 4. Absence from recitations. 5. Absence from chapel. 6. Quiet in the halls. 7. Use of books.

CORNELL.—No charter from the Faculty. The warden allowed to students to adopt a form of student government in the dormitories. They control: 1. Quiet hours. 2. Fire drill. 3. Dances.

BARNARD.—No definite charter. The students control matters not academic affecting student body as a whole.

MT. HOLYOKE.—No charter. The students control: 1. Church and chapel attendance. 2. Quiet hours and retiring hour. 3. Fire drill. 4. The College Monthly. 5. Several social functions.

BRYN MAWR.—Charter granted by the Trustees and the President. The Association controls all matters of conduct. The college authorities reserve control of: 1. Academic matters. 2. Public entertainments. 3. Household management (controlled by warden).

WELLESLEY.—Charter granted by the President and the Faculty, with the sanction of the Trustees. The Association controls all matters not strictly academic. The Faculty reserve the control of: 1. All entertainments and organizations. 2. Publications. 3. Matters pertaining to public health and safety. 4. Matters pertaining to household management and college property.

B.—The officers. Their duties and powers.

VASSAR.—President; Vice-president (President of main building and chairman of off-campus committee); Secretary; Treasurer. Self-government Committee—13 members: President, Vice-president, 2 seniors, 4 juniors, 3 sophomores, 2 freshmen. House-presidents—Vice-president, and the 4 junior members of the Self-government Committee. Proctors—about 40 in number, including off-campus proctors.

SIMMONS.—President, Senior; 4 Vice-presidents, Juniors (representing different departments of college); Secretary, Senior; Treasurer, Senior; Executive Board, (appoints an advisory board of Sophomores to look after the Freshmen).

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior; Secretary, Sophomore; Treasurer, Junior; Executive Board—President, Vice-president, and one member from each of the three other classes. Proctors—(Sixteen in number) who carry out the will of the Executive Board, and levy fines for infringement of rule.

WELLS.—President; Vice-president; Secretary; Executive Board—President, Vice-president, Secretary. Self-government Committee—President, as chairman, 2 Seniors, 2 Juniors, 1 Sophomore, 1 Freshman and such representation from outside buildings as is deemed necessary.

WILSON.—President, Senior; Vice-president, (secretary of the Executive Board) Senior; Secretary, Junior; Treasurer, Junior; Executive Board—President, Vice-president, 1 Senior member, 2 Juniors, 2 Sophomores. House President, (responsible to Executive Board). Proctors, (responsible to House President).

BROWN.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior; Secretary and Treasurer, one office, Junior. Executive Board—President, Vice-president, Secretary-Treasurer, two members from each class. Direct power to carry out the will of the Association.

CORNELL.—President, (Chairman of Executive Committee). Executive Committee elects its own Secretary and Treasurer. Has legislative power.

BARNARD.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior; Secretary, Junior; Treasurer, Sophomore. Executive Committee—five: 1. Senior (chairman), President of Undergraduates, 1 Junior, 1 Sophomore, 1 Freshman. Student Council—nine: President, Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer of Undergraduates, Chairman of Executive Committee, and the four Class Presidents. Has control of all matters not strictly academic.

MT. HOLYOKE.—President, Senior; Secretary, Senior; Treasurer; Executive Board of seven: President, 1 Senior member (chairman of Village Committee), 2 Juniors, 1 Sophomore, 1 Freshman, 1 recent graduate. House Chairman, nominated by Executive Board, and elected by halls. With proctors enforces quiet and ten o'clock rules. Meet with Executive Board. Village Committee, Seniors. Has charge of village students.

BRYN MAWR.—President; Vice-president; Secretary; Treasurer. Executive Board—President, Vice-presidents, 3 members chosen from two upper classes and the graduate students. Advisory Board of 10, 2 from each class and 2 from the graduates. Advises with Executive Board. Proctors, 3 or more in each hall. Head proctor elected by the proctors in each hall, and responsible for them. Proctorial Board, consisting of all the proctors.

WELLESLEY.—President, Senior; Vice-president, Senior; Secretary,

Junior; Treasurer, Junior. Executive Board—President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, and 1 member from each of the 3 upper classes. Constitutes lower court of Association. Advisory Committee of 10 members, 2 from each class and 2 from Association at large. This committee consults with Executive Board. Joint Committee—President (ex-officio), 2 members from Association at large. Consults with a committee of the Faculty on questions concerning the jurisdiction of the Association. House Committee—1. House Presidents elected by halls. (Vice-president of Association is House President of Village.) 2. Chairmen of floors, elected by halls. In the village, chairmen of village houses. Responsible to Vice-President of Association.

C.—I. Regular meetings of Association.

VASSAR.—Two regular meetings, one in the fall to explain system of government, one in the spring for election of officers.

SIMMONS.—Two regular meetings, one in the fall, with the Vice-presidents, one in the spring.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—Monthly meetings for discussion of general questions.

WELLS.—One meeting in the spring to elect officers.

WILSON.—Two meetings, one in the fall to explain system of government, one in May for elections and reports.

BROWN.—Monthly meetings for general discussion.

CORNELL.—Two meetings, one in the fall to explain system of government and to allow Freshmen to sign constitution, and one in the spring.

BARNARD.—Two meetings, one in November and one in May.

MT. HOLYOKE.—Two meetings, one in September to explain history of League and to give opportunity for signing constitution, and one in May for elections and annual reports.

BRYN MAWR.—Two meetings, one in the fall for reading of constitution and explaining system of government, and one in the spring for annual report.

WELLESLEY.—a. Annual meeting in the fall for reading constitution and by-laws. b. Monthly meetings for reports from Executive Board and House Presidents and for transacting any other business.

2. Signing of constitution.

In Cornell the signing of the constitution means choosing whether

the student will be a member of the Student Government Association or under Faculty rule.

Vassar and Woman's College also have signing of constitution.

II. Rules and Regulations:

A.—Ten o'clock rule (for lights.)

VASSAR.—No ten o'clock rule (abolished).

SIMMONS.—Lights out at 10.30 p. m.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—Lights out at 10.30 p. m.

WELLS.—Lights out at 10 p. m.

WILSON.—Lights out at 10 p. m., in dormitories. Lights out at 11 p. m. in library. Lights out at 11 p. m. in Senior Hall.

BROWN—

CORNELL—

BARNARD.—No ten o'clock rule.

MT. HOLYOKE.—Lights out at 10 p. m.

BRYN MAWR.—No ten o'clock rule.

WELLESLEY.—No ten o'clock rule (abolished when Student Government was adopted).

B.—Quiet hours, how enforced.

VASSAR.—Quiet in morning and afternoon during recitation periods. Quiet in evening. Students report breaking of rules to proctor. Proctor reports to House President as higher authority. House President reports to President of Association. Sunday quiet maintained without proctoring.

SIMMONS.—Quiet from 7.30 to 9.30 p. m.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—No control of quiet hours.

WELLS.—Self-government Committee acts as proctors.

WILSON.—Quiet hours morning, afternoon and evening.

BROWN.—Quiet in corridors and in library.

CORNELL.—Quiet except one hour before and after each meal. Absolute quiet after 10 p. m.

BARNARD.—Quiet maintained in recitation halls by Student Council and Executive Committee.

MT. HOLYOKE.—Quiet in morning and afternoon during recitation hours. Quiet in evening. Enforced by proctors.

BRYN MAWR.—Monday to Thursday, quiet from 8.15 a. m. to

1 p. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 7.30 to 9.15 p. m., and after 10 p. m. Friday, no evening quiet hours until after 10.30 p. m. Saturday no quiet hours until after 10.30 p. m. All maintained by proctors. Quiet in lecture halls enforced by Executive and Advisory Boards.

WELLESLEY.—Quiet hours in dormitories, 7.30 to 9.30 p. m., 10 p. m. to 6.30 a. m. (absolute). In recitation halls during recitation periods. Quiet in dormitories and recitation halls kept by chairmen of floors and by proctors and personal responsibility.

Proctors have substitutes while away from halls except at Vassar, where it is considered better to leave the matter to personal responsibility.

C.—Penalties.

VASSAR.—1. Loss of visiting privileges. 2. Loss of privilege of being on committees. 3. Position on campus changed. 4. Removal from campus.

SIMMONS.—No penalties.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—Power for inflicting penalties has not been used.

WELLS.—1. Student's name brought before Student Government Committee. 2. After warning, a written reproof. 3. If this is not effectual, suspension used.

WILSON.—1. Student brought before Board. 2. As last resort, brought before Association.

BROWN.—1. Reproof by President of Student Government Association. 2. Written reproof from Student Government Association Board. 3. Summons to appear before Executive Board. Recommendations to the Dean.

BARNARD.—No penalties.

MT. HOLYOKE.—No penalties have yet been used.

BRYN MAWR.—1. Fines for purely mechanical faults such as forgetting to register. 2. Remonstrances verbal or written. 3. Serious reprimands by Executive Board. 4. Suspension. 5. Expulsion.

WELLESLEY.—1. Registration privileges taken away. 2. Personal reproof by House President. 3. Different degrees of written reproofs. 4. Personal reproof from President of Association. 5. Expulsion from college buildings. 6. Posting notification on Student Government bulletin board, with or without name of student. 7. Expulsion from Student Government.

D.—Church and chapel attendance.

VASSAR.—Compulsory by Faculty.

SIMMONS.—Compulsory by Faculty.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—Compulsory by Faculty.

WELLS.—Compulsory by Dean.

BROWN.—Compulsory by Faculty.

WILSON.—Compulsory by Faculty.

BARNARD.—Not compulsory.

MT. HOLYOKE.—Compulsory, under control of League. Honor system.

BRYN MAWR.—Not compulsory.

WELLESLEY.—Not compulsory.

E.—Self-government control in academic work.

VASSAR.—No cut system.

SIMMONS.—Cut system by Faculty.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE.—Cut system by Faculty.

WELLS.—No cut system.

WILSON.—No cut system.

BROWN.—Thirteen cuts allowed. After that, Executive Board legislates. This power given to students by Faculty. Legislation regarding cheating in examination.

BARNARD.—Cut system by Faculty.

MT. HOLYOKE.—No cut system.

BRYN MAWR.—No cut system. A tacit honor system exists in examination by which a student will report any cheating she sees.

WELLESLEY.—No cut system.

The meeting adjourned owing to the lateness of the hour, and the subjects which remained were left for informal discussion the following day.

SMITH.—No self-government. Council composed of ten members—3 Seniors, 2 Juniors, 1 member of the Second Class, together with the presidents of the four classes. The object of the Council shall be to represent the students in their common interests and to serve as a medium of communication between the classes, or between faculty and students, to influence the students in the direction of definitely organized public sentiment for the regulation of their social life, and in general to aid in establishing a better understanding between faculty and students upon subjects of mutual interest.

THE QUEST OF JIMMY McCLURE

Jimmy McClure was a well-known figure in the town of Belmont. Every day, and many times a day, he was to be seen hastening through the quiet streets, his dark eyes, as if always in unrewarded search, roving restlessly beneath the overshadowing black locks. His lips, too, moved noiselessly; and, although he often wiped the perspiration from his brow, he was never known to slow his steps.

The village people always stopped their work to watch him as he passed. Some of them called out a hearty "Hello, Jimmy," others laughed or shouted derisively, and still others sighed and shook their heads in pity. But Jimmy did not heed them; for he was not as other men, and during the long days he had no thought except of his Quest and to free himself from the haunting Fear that froze his blood. Every morning he had to set out from his father's house, wander on this Quest until it was so dark he could no longer see his way along the streets, and all the time his mortal Foe pursued him, ever ready to spring upon him with deadly intent if he should slacken speed.

Although Jimmy's days were so full of suffering, his nights were spent as peacefully and quietly as those of any other human creature, for at the threshold of his father's house he put aside the thought of his great search, and the Foe departed leaving him free to enjoy the pleasures of his home. Jimmy loved his family dearly when they did not try to interfere in matters that concerned only himself, and he had taught them, for the most part, to leave him alone when he desired it. Once, many years ago, when the Quest and the Foe had first begun to thrill and torture him, Mr. McClure had taken him away to a great institution. Not until he had entered the iron gates did he realize his father's purpose in bringing him. Then he knew that something must be done, for in this place he could never find his Quest. Quick as thought he touched one of the physicians on the shoulder, "Sir," he said, "my father is suffering from a slight mental derangement. I trust you can help him." The physicians had then consulted together for a while. There had been a little laughter among them, a few vehement expostulations from Mr. McClure. Then the father had taken his son home. Jimmy, when he saw that the incident was to have no evil consequences for him, had forgiven his father, but he no longer trusted him. His confidant was now his brother,

George, who would listen for hours to his hopes and fears, sometimes encouraging, sometimes consoling.

Although, as time went on, Jimmy's affection for his brother increased constantly, George never could dissuade him from his endless daily tramps. In vain he explained that no good could ever come about in that way; Jimmy knew better. Indeed he felt sure that the time was now at hand when his search should be rewarded, and he was right.

One fair morning in early May he started out with hopes higher than ever they had been before. He did not try to explain this feeling. He only knew that the sun shone warm and the birds were singing, and he was happy, until suddenly the Foe beset him, making him suffer misery proportional to the pleasure he had only just now enjoyed. All day long the Foe pursued him, until now, as evening drew near, Jimmy was weary in mind and body, and his headlong speed was deterred by the stumbling of his feet. His lips ceaselessly framed the thoughts of his brain, and his fear-haunted eyes roved from point to point; then suddenly they rested—quiet for the first time in many years—on the face of a Girl who stood alone on the opposite side of the street. With a mighty bound, fear fell from Jimmy's heart. In its place rose a great, exuberant joy that caused his blood to tingle and his veins to throb with its power. Was this his Quest? He had not expected it to take this form, but the absence of Fear and the exhilaration in his brain told him his search was at an end.

The old, racking weariness left him, his shoulders squared, and as he moved briskly toward the Girl his eyes never left her face. He saw her quick movement of alarm when she discovered that he was directed toward her, and he exulted in it, for it showed that she had noticed him, and recognized him as a man. Before she could turn away he was at her side. He wanted to tell her everything—how he had watched and waited for her, how he had suffered for her, and how happy he was now that his search was ended; but his voice stuck in his throat, and he could only say in a barely audible whisper, "Come, let us walk away together." Jimmy's exultation did not let him perceive that the emotions of fear and anger were waging war within the Girl, and that the former feeling had won when she said gently,

"Thank you so much, but I am waiting for my father now."

He knew it would not do for a father to take part in the affair between himself and the Girl, because, although the object of his Quest

had been found, it had not been won, and he must commit no act that might destroy his chances of success. So he lifted his hat courteously and retired to the other side of the street again, where he watched the Girl until she disappeared.

After this event, Jimmy became a changed man. He still haunted the streets of Belmont, not, however, as an unhappy victim of fear and suffering, but as a man who exults in the joy of living. All day long he thought of her, as he walked up and down the streets, and more than once he was gladdened by the sight of her, for she was often in the town driving or walking with her father. His plan was to wait until he should see her alone; then he would tell her all. Now, however, he was content to wait, so long as he might catch a glimpse of her, and occasionally, when no one saw but she, lift his hat to show her he revered her as a gentleman should revere a lady.

When the long, happy day was ended, Jimmy would return home, to live again his joy, in recounting it to his brother George. Almost every evening he had some new tale to tell. Once he had seen her driving in the carriage alone, except for the coachman, and he had been tempted to leap in beside her—that she might know once for all how things stood with him—only, as George said, it was best not to be hasty, but to let things take their course. Another time he had sat next her in a car, and he would have spoken but for the presence of her sister. So the days passed and Jimmy's love grew, becoming at length so deep and strong that it reached out to many things besides the girl who had aroused it. He loved the whole world, but more than all else he loved George, his brother, who shared his secrets.

It was with this feeling in his heart that he watched George drive out one warm afternoon behind his little, black pony; and he smiled in tolerant affection at the gay wave of the hand, and the hearty shout, "It's too hot for you, old fellow; better turn in and have a rest!" What did Jimmy care for physical rest when, by a little exertion, perhaps, he might see that face which, of all faces in the world, had brought peace to his soul.

When his brother was out of sight, he turned toward the village, and after wandering a while without seeing the object of his search, struck off on a country road, where he might think in quiet. When twilight fell he turned towards home, and then, hearing the sound of wheels in the distance, he stopped. Moved by a sudden impulse, he stepped to the side

of the road, and as he did so George drove rapidly past, and by his side sat the Girl.

Jimmy sprang forward with a cry, but the trap had already gone; and when he had seen it disappear in the distance he sank to the ground and lay there in his misery. Then he heard the Foe approaching behind him with stealthy tread, and rising to his feet he ran swiftly homewards; and as he went, Fear grew in his heart until it extinguished sorrow and anger; for the Foe was dogging his steps more swiftly than ever before, and he knew that at any moment he might be overtaken.

At last, pale and trembling, he reached his father's house. The wild, hunted despair of his eyes could not be hidden by the damp locks of hair that hung over them, and his quivering lips in broken accents implored deliverance from the Foe that now pursued him to the very haven where he had always before found refuge.

George met him at the door and told him the Quest was hopeless.

"But the Foe, the Foe!" Jimmy wailed.

"Yes, we must consider the Foe, to be sure," George answered, as he led his brother to his bed-room. "Now that you have no longer any Quest to follow. I suppose you wouldn't mind staying for a while in a place where foes never gain admittance?"

"No," replied Jimmy, "No!" And he repeated the syllable at intervals all through the night.

The next morning he and George started for the Institution.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

MY MIDDLE-AGED ROMANCE

We were spending the summer in the small New England town of Scarbury, when I lost my faith in romance. If the village had been larger, or if I had had more to occupy my attention these occurrences of which I relate might have passed unobserved. But as everybody "took notice" of everybody else, I also, in the course of two summers, became interested in what I thought was a real romance, rather sombre and middle-aged, it is true, but none the less real. It was my habit to spend the warm, sleepy, late afternoons reading in the hammock swung between two pines near the end of the lawn. Our house stood at the corner of two streets, and from my hammock I could watch the occasional passer-by, while through a convenient gap in the hedge I could look up the other road even to the little white cottage at the end of it.

The hero of my story, very properly, was the first to present himself. I noticed, for several evenings in succession, a plain-looking, rather undersized man of perhaps more than middle age, who passed by at about six o'clock on his way to the white cottage. He came from the station and always carried a small and very bulgy black satchel with him. He invariably wore the same shiny, black suit, with its long, old-fashioned coat, and I soon noticed that he always had a flower in the buttonhole. He was a patient, almost stolid, individual. Nevertheless he wore not infrequently an odd little smile, as if he were secretly pleased with his own thoughts. It was this air of hidden happiness and the flower in his buttonhole which saved him, in my eyes, from utter commonplaceness, and made him an object of speculative curiosity. I learned that he had just bought the white cottage and was living there alone, except for the old woman who sometimes cooked and mended for him.

One very warm evening in August I saw my middle-aged hero setting forth to the station, about seven o'clock, resplendent in all the incongruous glory of evening dress. The satchel was absent and in its place he bore a new light overcoat. A thick gold chain swung across his somewhat expansive waistcoat and a red geranium was pinned on the lapel of his coat. Completely astonished, I racked my brains to think what such grandeur of raiment might indicate. Could it be that he was bent on a love adventure?

If his expedition was indeed for such a purpose conquest was

apparently not speedy, for it was almost two weeks before he came back. I myself did not witness his triumphal return, for I had gone camping and did not come home till some ten days later. But immediately upon my arrival I was informed that my "little man with the satchel and the boutonniere" had appeared once more. He had brought his bride with him! She was a thin, little, old woman, they told me, with sharp eyes and a sharp nose, and an obviously imperious disposition.

Next evening I beheld the bride,—we all called her "the bride,"—and decided that she was not just exactly the stuff which heroines are made of, romantic heroines especially. Had my Don Quixote taken to himself a bad-tempered, not to say shrewish, Dulcinea? I charitably changed my opinion of her, however, when I saw her meeting with the hero. She came up to him with an odd, restrained gesture of welcome, one hand outstretched, then she turned around, he drew one arm through his, and they strolled back, out of step, to their cottage. This little, middle-aged comedy occurred every evening now, the lady was never absent from the trysting place, and the hero always came up from the station, prompt to the minute. I tried to imagine that he walked more erect. I even endeavored to persuade myself that she was not altogether shrewish, but the only thing which certainly was not fancy was that their "vine-clad cottage" was beginning to look a bit less romantic perhaps, but also less shabby. Dulcinea then would keep the shields polished and the armor bright in her lord's castle. I felt assured that my middle-aged romance would continue a romance with an occasional pleasing touch of comedy.

With this hope I returned to the city for the winter, and by the time we were back again in Scarsbury, in July of the following summer, I had very nearly forgotten the entire incident. One evening, however, I saw my hero again, but so changed that I scarcely recognized him. He seemed quite forlorn. The old, black suit, with its long coat, which had long ago been discarded, was now once more in evidence, shinier and more threadbare than ever. One elbow was darned, skillfully, to be sure, but with art which did not conceal itself, and the edges of the sleeves were bound with substantial black braid. The old square, high, derby hat which had hitherto seemed an essential part of his attire, was now replaced by a sombre black felt, making him look shorter and more patient than ever before. The smile of inward satisfaction was gone from his face, he was, indeed, "The Knight of the Rueful Countenance." Worst sign of all, there was no buttonhole flower!

My curiosity was at last roused to the point of action. That very afternoon I strolled up the road to the cottage, hoping that the place itself might offer a clew to the hero's most melancholy mien. I discovered with dismay that the picturesque hedge which had formerly enclosed the dooryard with a thicket of green had completely disappeared. In its place was a very neat, very green, barbed-wire fence. What cottage in any romance ever had a barbed-wire fence? My fancy was hopeless in the presence of this fact.

As I paused a moment in wrathful contemplation of the new fence an old man came around the corner of the house, trundling a wheelbarrow. I recognized him as the gardener we had employed for the flower beds earlier in the summer, and on seeing me he approached at once. He was removing the last traces of the hedge, to be burned.

"She told me to burn up all this here," he said, removing his hat and mopping the crown of it, "but it's green, an' 'twon't burn in a month o' Sundays."

"You have cleared up a great deal?" I began, preparing to cast about for further information.

"Yep; been mendin' the house some, too,—had a job o' paintin' all day yesterday."

"The place looks very neat now, after all your work," I ventured, with designing flattery. He surveyed the scene of his labors with a comprehensive glance of pride, and, settling down into his wheelbarrow, he answered:

"Hitty couldn't rest till she'd had the hull place cleaned out."

"'Hitty'?" I repeated, inquiringly.

"Yep,—Mehitable,—she began this spring, bright an' early on house-cleanin', an' *he* don't get no peace." He jerked with his thumb significantly in the direction of the city, and added, shaking his head thoughtfully,

"Hitty don't give a man no peace."

Shades of romance! what kind of heroine was this?

"First beginnin', she made him real comf'table here, but a woman's got to be always a clearin' up. He'd ought to've got married," he pursued, "but soon as ever *she* found out he was a thinkin' of it last year she come right along and stopped it all off."

What could the man mean?

"Who is 'Mehitable'?" I demanded.

He rose from his seat in the wheelbarrow, grumbling resentfully, "Won't let a man smoke his pipe in the house, neither."

"But who is 'Mehitable'," I interrupted. If my fancy must fall about my ears, I did not want the catastrophe to delay. I had suffered my middle-aged romance to deal in comedy, if it must now resolve itself into a middle-aged tragedy, I wanted to hear the mysterious worst at once.

"Hitty?—don't you know *her*? Why, she's his old maid sister!"

MARIAM LOUISE COFFIN, '06.

PAN.

Where stand the silver poplar trees
About the water's rim.
(Deep pools that are the liquid light
Of twilight still and dim;)
Where violets and parsley grow,
And yellow daffodillies blow,
There sits and pipes a child.
His eyes are clear pellucid skies,
The song he pipes is wild,
But sweet as thrushes are at morn
Or winds when daylight dies.
He is a child, and yet so wise,
His song, that he, I know
Was in the ancient ages born;
Yet he will never older grow,
There will he pipe forever more
Of ev'ry lovely thing,
And ever sweetly as before
In his eternal Spring.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

MILLINGTON GREEN

Meredith let himself into the office and stood, his back against the closed door, looking out through the high window where the November sun, round and golden, was floating on the motionless blue harbour. Below him, in dusty work-begrimed array, extended line after line of yellow-brown buildings; only a muffled clatter arose to remind him of the rushing, struggling world outside. As he watched the glow fade on the bay, and, one by one, the red signals swing up to the rigging of the river-boats at anchor, the events of the long day that lay behind him grew less momentous—the strain of the last few months seemed to slacken its tension.

Almost listlessly he walked across to his big business desk, where a pile of unopened mail lay neatly outlined on the expanse of blue blotter. Several notes he ran through hastily; they were, most of them, professional expressions of good will for the coming decision of the case he had been fighting for almost a year. Meredith smiled grimly; to his keen insight, they were so many triumphs. The men who had sent them would have expressed themselves in a less friendly manner if the verdict to be pronounced the following week had not seemed so surely in his favour.

Suddenly the look in his keen, straight eyes changed. From between two official papers he drew a square, white envelope, and, wheeling round in his chair so that he faced the water and the sunset, he bent over the closely-written pages in the fading light. Slowly, with evident pleasure, he read through once to the end, and again a second time; then, for a full minute, he sat thoughtfully gazing out of the window at the shifting clouds, the letter open on his knee. Far off below him, from the harbour defenses, the evening salute rumbled; the sound seemed to rouse him to decision, for he rose quickly, and, pressing the electric button beside him, drew out his watch and noted the time, closing it again with a resolute snap.

A door on the opposite side of the room opened and a man somewhat younger than himself entered.

"Everyone is gone, Meredith," said the newcomer. "I've been waiting to see if you wanted me for anything—oh, and to tell you that the newspaper people have been here. I gave them our point of view most satisfactorily, and it ought to have weight, I think, in the decision."

"Thank you, Hilliard; no, there's nothing to do. I—" Meredith turned slightly, and, with careful interest, straightened out the documents on his desk, "I've decided to go away for a day or two. There's nothing to be done now; as soon as the decision is known it can be telegraphed me, and I'll return immediately. I'm going off for a change—home." He straightened up and looked, daringly, at Hilliard.

There was silence for a moment, and then Hilliard pushed his hands down into his pockets, advancing nearer the other, determination in every feature:

"My dear Meredith," he argued, "for heaven's sake think what you're doing. Nothing to be done? Why, your actions for the next few days are absolutely crucial. You know perfectly well that the most important work on the case must be out of court, and you yourself must be here to direct it. What—"

"I've had a letter this afternoon from my sister," returned Meredith calmly, "in which she reminds me that I haven't been home for over a year; and I've decided to spend Thanksgiving in Millington Green. That will be my address—Millington Green," he repeated almost gently.

"My dear Meredith," sputtered Hilliard futilely, "My dear Meredith—"

But Meredith, jerking his arms into his coat, his hat and stick in his hand, was already out of the room and half way down the corridor.

"I wonder," laughed Eleanor Meredith, "why it always rains on Thanksgiving Day. Look—," she drew one hand from the pocket of her short khaki coat and pointed out across the valley. From beyond the tops of the hill ranges, stretching in long, downward slopes to the sound miles away below, was sweeping slowly a dense white wall of mist, which softened the granite crags and twisted like smoke through the bare forest ridges.

"It will reach us before we get home," she added.

Rufus Meredith smiled at her affectionately:

"I haven't been out in weather like this for years," he said. "To be tramping 'cross country with you once more makes me lose ten years. I might easily be twenty-five again, Millington Green's only lawyer, with a case of trespassing or poaching now and then—I almost wish I were. It's delicious to be home again, Nell, and doing all the old things with you."

"O," she cried impulsively, at the familiar name, "I never thought you'd come. I knew this tremendous case would be decided during these few days, and I was afraid you *couldn't* come."

"I suppose I really ought not to have. I just did. I honestly believe I was homesick." He turned and looked at her with open pleasure. Her soft hair was damp and waving, her eyes were bright with the exhilaration of out-of-doors, and the colour in the graceful curve of her cheek came and went as she talked. "Nell," he said, half laughing at her, half in earnest, "why don't you marry Owen Lee?"

She looked out over the gray countryside a moment without answering him, and then she said, seriously:

"I don't know, Rufus."

Back they turned slowly through the wet woods. At every few paces something familiar, a clump of nut-trees, an old trout pool in the winding stream, a stretch of meadow, a tumbling stone wall, called up reminiscences. Ten years had melted away to nothing.

The rough footpath ended suddenly at the edge of a brown, stubbly field which the stream, crossed by a stone causeway, cut in two. A broad cattle track led down past the marsh and up over the rise beyond. Out here in the open the mist swirled in wet clouds against their faces and hung heavy about them in the gathering dusk.

Suddenly Meredith stopped abruptly and pointed ahead of them. Along the top of the ridge toward which they were climbing strode a man in hunting clothes, a gun under his arm, a game-bag slung across his shoulder. He walked with his head back, one hand resting in his pocket, and snatches of the tune he was whistling drifted down to them.

"It's Owen Lee," cried Meredith.

Eleanor nodded.

"Yes," she answered, "he must have come from the river. The shooting is very good along the marshes this fall."

Meredith put his hands to his mouth and halloed:

"Owen, Owen Lee," he shouted.

The figure ahead of them stopped short for a moment; then he waved his arm and came running down toward them.

The two men shook hands warmly.

"Your old luck still holds, I see," laughed Meredith, tapping the other's bags. "I wish I had known you were going out."

"Come to-morrow," urged Owen, "I can promise you some rare sport."

The enthusiasm faded from Meredith's eyes:

"If I'm here," he said.

"Nonsense," interrupted Eleanor, "let the old case wait."

"Rufus, you and your case are the special pride of Millington Green," smiled Owen. "Really," he added seriously, "it's going to be a wonderful achievement. When will you know the verdict?"

"It ought to be wired me to-night," said Meredith.

For some time no one spoke; the three walked on in silence together to the top of the rise. Here the path divided, and Eleanor turned to Owen.

"Come up to-night," she said, "it's so long since we've all been home together, and there's so much to talk over."

"Yes, I will," answered Owen, "and why can't we three sit up and wait for Rufus' telegram. We'll be the first to congratulate him, Eleanor."

He shook hands with Rufus again, and then, waving them good-bye, disappeared across the fields in the dusk.

From the other side of the hall came the steady murmur of voices, and every now and then a low laugh. Eleanor Meredith sat alone before the great crackling fire in the dark library. The yellow light drew long shadows across the hearth and their soft flicker soothed her strangely. Her brother's long-wished and utterly unhoped-for visit had brought up a multitude of old questionings, and, as she waited there before the fire for him and Owen, it was as if some event were impending, as if something—she was only half-conscious of it—were about to be realized. "I'm nervous about Rufus' telegram," she told herself.

A step sounded on the threshold.

"Has Owen come yet, Rufus," she asked, without looking up.

"It's I," said Owen Lee. "Rufus is surrounded down in the drawing room by an adoring Millington Green. He said he'd come in a minute."

Eleanor leaned forward at his voice, her chin on her hands, and gazed into the fire. He pulled a seat up beside her and held his hand toward the blaze.

"It's a famous fire," he said, comfortably.

At his words she settled back behind the wide wings of her chair

and watched him as he talked on to her in his friendly way, unconscious of her scrutiny.

"Owen," she interrupted him impulsively, "you're the oldest friend I have beside Rufus; and you're the most different people, you two, almost that I know. I wonder why we get along so well together?"

He shook his head, smiling at her impetuosity—it was not like Eleanor to talk so, Eleanor, usually so matter-of-fact.

"Why won't you marry me," he asked.

She looked at him thoughtfully, and, as she looked, an expression of affection for him grew in her eyes. "Rufus asked me that this afternoon," she said.

He leaned across quickly and put his hand upon hers. "Eleanor," he began, "Eleanor"—and then he stopped, unable to express all he would say. The strength of his devotion touched her, and its helplessness.

"I know, Owen," she said, gently; and she bent down and kissed him.

For a long time they sat there by the fire talking quietly of their happiness. Then Eleanor rose. "We must find Rufus," she said. "I want him to know first. I'm so afraid he may think us unmindful of all he has at stake in the issue of this law case of his. The verdict practically decides his career."

As she spoke, Meredith's voice came to them from the other room.

"I'll be in the library in case anything comes," he said. "Eleanor and Owen are waiting for me."

As he entered the two made a place for him by the fire.

"O, this couldn't be better," he cried as he sat down by them; "this is like old times." Then something in the others' manner caught his attention and he turned inquiringly to his sister, a half-expectant excitement in his face.

They told him then, and his happiness almost equaled theirs. He kissed Eleanor and rested his hand a minute on Owen's shoulder; and they three sat laying delicious golden plans for the future. The great case was quite forgotten, and they talked on, heedless of passing time, of their old friendship, and of the new bond between Eleanor and Owen, and of how Rufus must always share their joy with them.

"We'll spend our Thanksgivings together each year," Rufus was saying, "to remember to-day by; and I'll never again let anything interfere with my visits home to Millington Green, and—"

Someone ran hastily across the hall and into the room, waving aloft a yellow envelope. Behind the first followed all the others in breathless suspense. They stood back in the shadows of the big room waiting expectantly for Rufus to open his message. Hesitating a moment, he finally broke the seal. The attention of all was riveted on his face, but no hint of pleasure or disappointment was to be gathered from his expression. Slowly he folded the message and slipped it into his pocket, and then, without enthusiasm, he said:

"They wire me that I've won."

A buzz of congratulation broke out, and they all pressed about Meredith to tell him how glad they were. He received them indifferently, almost as if they were talking of something which did not concern him. Meredith's whole attitude was changed since he had received word of his success. The man of a few minutes before—wholly content with his life, a good comrade—had become, in some inexplicable way, Meredith, the clear-headed lawyer, the successful, rather sceptical Meredith, whom Hilliard knew.

When the protestations of good-will had somewhat calmed down, Meredith turned to Eleanor.

"I have to leave on the midnight train," he said, "this verdict has involved new complications, and I fear that it will be a long day before I can get to Millington Green again."

Eleanor and Owen cried out in their disappointment; the three had drawn slightly away from the others and were standing in a little group by the fire. Meredith held out his hand:

"Good-bye, Owen," he said, quietly. "I'd rather leave Eleanor to you than anyone else in the world." Then he turned to his sister,

"We've had a wonderful three days together," he smiled at her gently, "it's been worth years of rough experience."

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

"DULCI FISTULA"

ON A FORGOTTEN BIRTHDAY

If it should happen by unkindly fate,
 That after many days of earnest thought
 And cherishing of that familiar date
 On which my love into this world was brought,
 If it should happen, through the unjust share
 Of this world's labours portioned as my task—
 Which were too great for my frail mind to bear,
 And yet release from them I might not ask—
 That I should leave the greeting of my lord
 Until so late that letters served no end,
 Although I know my sin does not afford
 One slim excuse its weakness to defend,
 Could you, in pitying love, stretch out your hand,
 Absolve my sin, and say, "I understand?"

HERESA HELBURN, '08.

SARAH MARY'S OBEDIENCE

(*A true story.*)

With head at a higher angle than usual, James resumed his seat. The coachman touched the horses and the carriage drove on through the narrow street, scattering the children at play in the gutters. It was not until the broad avenue was reached that the footman suffered the scornful look to leave his face. Then he grumbled about the strange fancies of "the missis."

But in the carriage was Sarah Mary Murphy, sitting very erect. Her face, shining with unwonted use of much soap and water, wore the half-timid look of a child striving for dignity. Plastered back over a high forehead her glossy, black hair hung in two stiff pigtails. Her keen eyes struggled with a natural tendency to laugh. In the fingers, roughened with the aid she gave her mother at the tub, was held, tightly clasped, a

dainty note. To this slip of paper was due the disgust of James and the bashful pride of Sarah Mary.

"Remember to be a little lady." Her mother's warning sounded in her ears and deafened them to noises of the street. In her eyes there was but one picture,—a gracious vision awaiting her at the top of a marble staircase, ready to lead her to a specially prepared feast. As the distance grew shorter the poor child kept repeating: "I am very happy to see you," "I am very happy to see you."

Mrs. Richard Prescott, Jr., was only less nervous than her little guest. Unaccustomed to children, she was at a loss for something to say to this "child of the worthy poor," whom she had bidden to lunch out of duty as a member of The Sunshine Circle. It was hard work, this bringing of cheer into the lives of the unappreciative masses.

But above all else, Mrs. Prescott was a winning hostess. So at the table she strove to put the little stranger at ease. So gracious was she, that Sarah Mary conquered her awe and began, in her turn, to lead the conversation.

"Mrs. Prescott, do you read?" was the first tentative question.

Mrs. Prescott smiled amused assent.

"Is it not a pleasure to you after a day's work to turn to the thoughts of the great masters of the world?"

Where did the child evolve that query! It had a familiar sound. Finding that some reply was expected, she said: "I do enjoy reading when I have time, but I—"

Realizing that somehow she had blundered, Sarah Mary opened anew.

"Do you sweep your room? Do you teach the children to help you? Do you save your pennies for pictures?" were the strange inquiries that made Mrs. Prescott alarmed for the child's sanity.

"Such things should not be discussed, dear," she gently chided.

For a while Sarah Mary was quiet and listened attentively to a monologue on the "beauties of Nature," and "the elevating influence of music," and "soul needs of a child."

Then Sarah Mary seemed again to hear her mother's injunction. So the child made one final attempt to obey.

"Does your husband drink?" startled Mrs. Prescott out of her absorbing interest in the way she was helping Sarah Mary to better thoughts.

"My child, that is a very naughty thing to say. I'm surprised that you do not know that such things are not talked of by ladies."

The little lip began to quiver. "But that's what the ladies say when they come to see us, and I promised mother I'd be a lady."

EMILY SOLIS-COHEN, '09.



A well known periodical
With arguments methodical
Has said that Bryn Mawr students
Would never make good wives,
For of dusting and of sweeping
And of scrubbing and housekeeping
We never have experience
In our gay college lives.

So we maidens energetic
Had best turn from sports athletic,
And drop the useless hockey stick
And learn to wield a broom.
For those that Bryn Mawr disparage
Say our only hopes of marriage
Lie in our capability
Of tidying up a room.

MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.

EDITORIAL

There is in a recent book of college stories a little description of a girl who would have her class colours of only the best grade of satin ribbon, and would keep them carefully, never allowing them to become spotted or dusty. It is rather a nice bit of sentiment,—this keeping one's symbol as genuine and pure as one would wish the ideal it stands for to be. It comes from the right sort of class spirit.

But unfortunately class spirit may easily degenerate into mere class rivalry. Class rivalry undoubtedly gives college life a great deal of wholesome spice and fun; but if carried too far it often leads to a dangerous habit of neglecting to make our own judgments in inter-class matters, and of shielding this neglect by a consistent singing of our own praises and running down of the merits of our neighboring classes. And this is at bottom really selfish—a desire for our own glorification. True class spirit, on the other hand, should make for just the opposite quality; by inspiring us all to work together for a larger interest than our own personal one, it should teach unselfishness. This is essentially what college spirit does for us, also, in a bigger, more general way, but for this reason all the more surely. And so it is good and corrective for us to be brought at times under the direct influence of the broader college spirit. Our chances for the complete laying aside of class spirit in favour of college spirit are few, and, therefore, we feel sure that the decision of the mass meeting of November thirteenth, to give the May Day plays through college rather than through class organization, was a wise one.

An alumna sends us the following advertisement from the New York *Herald* of October 29th, 1905, thinking that its appearance here will give it wider circulation:

WANTED.—About Jan. 1, a Bryn Mawr graduate to travel for about three months to Egypt and Palestine with father, mother and young daughter in order to coach the young lady while traveling for entrance examination to Bryn Mawr. Address, giving age, references, etc., A. C., 129, Herald.

NOTICE

DULCI FISTULA

A Book of Bryn Mawr Nonsense Verse.

Edited by

Helen Worman Arny

Evelyn Macfarlane Holliday

Bryn Mawr, 1904.

For the benefit of the Students' Building. Price, \$1.00.

That there is a humorous side, as well as a serious side, to Bryn Mawr days, only we who have lived the life can thoroughly appreciate. It is with a view to making the humourists of the early days of *Fortnightly Philistine*, and of the generation now making the TIPYN o' BOB hold his sides with laughter, acquainted with one another, as well as to increasing the fund of that ever-patient, omnipresent, almost mythical goal of all Undergraduate hopes—the Students' Building—that a book of Bryn Mawr nonsense verse has been published. Its contents are made of selections from the two college magazines, and of some new verses written especially for the book.

The editors believe the collection to be representative of the best humour of the Bryn Mawr Undergraduate, past and present. As Miss Holliday says in her preface, "If you have laughed over these verses in the *Philistine*, or that David, the TIPYN o' BOB, we hope that, like ourselves, you have laughed heartily enough to desire to see them again. If you have never met them, we hope that you will enjoy these interpretations of the Bryn Mawr spirit. For, remembering that we still hold to *Veritatem Dilexi*, you shall know certainly that these are our veritable views of the side of college life which has always, for us, been headed classically 'Dulci Fistula.'"

Copies of the book may be had of the editors, or of Miss Martha Thomas, Pembroke East, Bryn Mawr.

HELEN W. ARNY, '04.

LECTURES AND DRAMATICS

1908 TO 1909

On "the night of Saint Charles Borrome," the patron saint of Milan, as the attractive old English program put it,—or to the uninitiated, the fourth of November, the curtain went up on a Sophomore play which was more or less of a surprise to everyone. Shakespeare, in Bryn Mawr dramatics, has been for the past few years quite avoided. But the pitfalls which blank verse and inadequate appliances offer to even the wary were quite overcome in the case of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

In every case the lines were clearly and intelligently spoken; the stage managing deserved great credit for the quick shifting of scenery and the spirited way in which the play went off.

The scenery itself was good; especially charming were the forest scene, with its autumn leaves rustling under foot, and the evening scene, where Proteus and his band serenade Sylvia. The use of the class lanterns was a pleasing arrangement for throwing light upon Sylvia's face while keeping the rest of the stage in darkness. The old Italian costumes were splendid, and captivated us all, more or less, with the gleam of silk and brocade and with an age when people were so good to look upon.

The standard of acting was good, and the parts were all well chosen, from the comical Thurio to the stately Duke. Dorothy Merle-Smith made a very sweet Sylvia; and Myra Elliot both as Julia at home and as Julia disguised in "something meet and most mannerly" interpreted her part with real feeling. Especially well done was the scene in which she presented the ring to Sylvia. Marjorie Young made such a good and beautiful Proteus, that the only fault we could possibly find is that she was not quite enough of a villain! As the other hero, Emily Fox was a dashing Valentine, full of vivacity and sparkle. Theresa Helburn, who acted in the play as well as managed it, gave us an exceedingly good, typical representation of Speed. Her counterpart, Launce, as taken by Rose Marsh, with her "cruel-hearted" dog, succeeded in bringing down the house with laughter that has seldom been more genuine. Her dog, we may say in passing, richly earned the extra chrysanthemum sent him by the Freshmen.

In short, it was a play which we, as a college, were very glad indeed to be able to show to the Conference delegates.

G. W. C., '06.

Dr. Kühnemann's Lecture.

On the evening of October 31st, Dr. Kühnemann, Director of the University of Posen, lectured on the development of the Faust-idea. He began by saying that the origin of such figures as Faust was due to the desire of men at all times for a superman. Historically, Faust was a man of some learning, of great personal magnetism and of unsurpassed boldness and duplicity. He caught and held the popular imagination, to which he seemed a deliverer, and worked upon it for his own ends. Although hated by the more discerning, he gained immense fame among the people.

Dr. Kühnemann then showed how the story, in its wandering through the centuries, took on the character of the ages through which it passed, religious, magical, psychological, until the period of the decline of German literature. Then, after a period of inactivity, Lessing was the first again to take up the story. After him all the writers of the storm-and-stress period essayed to portray Faust more or less unsuccessfully until we come to Goethe.

Goethe's *Faust* is a collection of much of the material used before, a development along lines laid down by other men. Goethe has made Faust the type of a hungry soul only to be satisfied by complete knowledge. In this way he typifies science. The Devil stands for the trivial, the commonplace, in its strife with ideas and ideals. After everything else in life has failed to satisfy him, Faust turns to the foundation of a perfect race of men, a perfect form of government, in the hope of finding peace. Thus in one sense *Faust* might be a product of to-day, namely in its sense of the importance of social endeavor.

DOROTHY STRAUS, '08.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '93. Helen Thomas Flexner visited college with her little son in November.
'97. Gertrude Frost was married, September 8th, to the Rev. William S. Packer, and is now living in Cincinnati.
Elizabeth Caldwell Fountain has a son, John Caldwell.
Clara Vail Brooks has a daughter, Margaret, born July 14th.
'99. Katharine Houghton Hepburn has a son born November 8th.

- '00. Johanna Krocher is doing graduate work in biology at Columbia.
Reita Levering Brown has a daughter, Alice Driver, born October 11th.
Caroline Sloane Lombard has a daughter, Frances Sloane.
Reiné Mitchell was married on September 27th, to Mr. Thomas Righter.
Alletta Van Reypen was married on June 5th, to Baron Serge Alexander Korff, professor of law at Helsingfors University, Finland.
Elizabeth White was married on June 7th, to Mr. Charles Miller. They are living in Stamford.
Katharine Barton was married on June 8th to Mr. Robert Child. They have spent the summer abroad, and are now living in Chicago.
Helen McKeen has graduated from the New York Law School, and will soon take her examinations for the bar.
- '01. Bertha Goldman visited college in November.
- '02. Nan Shearer Lafore has a son, John Armand, born May 30th.
Lucile Porter Weaver has a daughter, Jane Porter, born June 5th.
- '03. Ruth Strong was married to Mr. S. Stirling McMillin in September.
Maria Hickinan and Alice Waldo, '04, are teaching in Miss Chapman and Miss Jones' school in Chestnut Hill, Pa.
- '04. Alice Boring is making use of her fellowship in biology at the University of Pennsylvania.
Amy Clapp is teaching at Mt. Holyoke College.
Nannie Adair is teaching at Ogontz.
Marjorie Canan was married to Mr. Lawford P. Frye, in Altoona, on September 9th. They are now living in Ardmore.
Adola Greeley has announced her engagement to the Rev. Charles Lawrence Adams, of Pittsfield, Mass.
Margaret Scott, graduate scholar in history, is teaching at Miss Wright's School.
Edna Shearer is studying in the University of Edinburgh.
Emma Thompson is taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr this year.
Clara Wade is studying in the University of Munich. Mabel Wright, '02, is with her.
Jane Allen, Evelyn Holiday, Clara Case, Lucy Lombardi and Ethel Peck visited college recently.
- '05. Marguerite Armstrong is teaching History and English in Miss Mittelburger's School, Cleveland.

- Florence Child and Mary Spencer are studying medicine at Johns Hopkins.
- Alice Howland is assistant to the principals at the Misses Shipley's School.
- Eleanor Lodor is teaching at Mrs. Robin's School in St. David's.
- Madge McEwen has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter L. Schmitz.
- Pauline Witherspoon is teaching chemistry at the High School, Louisville, Ky.
- Frederica Le Fevre, Avis Putnam and Alberta Warner are abroad.
- Bertha Seeley visited college this fall.
- The Class of 1905 held an informal reunion the week of the Sophomore play. A dinner party was held at the White Rabbit on Saturday, November 4th. The following members were here: Ashley, Allen, Arnold, Austin, Bates, Bean, Brewer, Clarke, Cooper, Day, Eddy, Fowler, Flickinger, Havemeyer, Henry, Herrick, Jackson, Jaynes, Johnson, King, Little, Lewis, Longstreth, Morrow, Moore, Nichols, Norris, Otheman, Shields, Shoemaker, Tattersfield, Thurston, Thornton, Wines, Whittall and Waterbury.
- New York Bryn Mawr Club.*—At the first tea of the club, Julia Langoon Loomis, '95, received. Effie Whittridge is living at the club this winter.
-

COLLEGE NOTES

- The Oral dinner took place in Pembroke, Friday, October twenty-seventh.
- The First French Oral was held October twenty-eighth.
- Dr. Kühnemann, Director of the University of Posen, lectured in German on the development of the Faust idea, October thirty-first.
- Delegates from eleven colleges were entertained here for the Self-Government Conference, November third to sixth. An open meeting took place in the morning and a closed meeting in the afternoon of November fourth.
- The Sophomore play, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, was given November fourth.
- Lantern night fell this year on November ninth.
- The Sophomore dance to the Freshmen was given November tenth.
- The first German Oral took place November eleventh.

A mass meeting was held November thirteenth. The May-day plays were voted to be given through college rather than through class organization. The Rev. James H. Ecob, D. D., pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, preached in chapel, Wednesday evening, November fifteenth.

Bernice Stewart, '07, has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur McKenzie.

- Augusta French, '06, is spending two years abroad. She expects to graduate with 1908.

Genevieve Thompson, '07, visited college last week, and is now spending the winter in California.

Catharine Stone, '06, and Ethel De Koven, '06, visited college this fall.

The fire-captains are: Head captain, Esther White; Merion, Anna McClanahan; Radnor, Marie Wing; Denbigh, Lelia Woodruff; Pembroke East, Esther Williams; Pembroke West, Katherine Huey; Rockefeller, Jeanette Griffith.

The class officers for the year 1905-06 are given below:

1906—Mary Richardson, president.

Elsie Biglow, vice-president and treasurer.

Maria Smith, secretary.

1907—Esther Williams, president.

Julie Benjamin, vice-president and treasurer.

Margaret Reeve, secretary.

1908—Josephine Proudfit, president.

Jacqueline Morris, vice-president and treasurer.

Virginia McKenney, secretary.

1909—Olive Maltby, president.

Isabel Goodnow, vice-president and treasurer.

Dorothy North, secretary.

ATHLETIC NOTES

A 'Varsity-Alumnæ game of hockey was played on November third. The 'Varsity team won with a score of 5-1. Those who played are as follows:

Alumnæ.

Raymond, '03
 Little, '05
 Havemeyer, '05
 Clarke, '05
 Wagner, '03
 C. Case, '04
 Fetterman, '03
 Longstreth, '05
 Watson, '03
 Andrews, '93
 Nichols, '05

'Varsity.

Brownell, sub., '07
 Hill, '07
 Richardson, '06
 Ford, '06
 Storrs, sub., '09
 Hutchins, '07
 Sharpless, sub., '08
 Williams, '07
 Hewitt, '06
 Vauclain, '07
 Rawson, '06

The scores of the match games of hockey are as follows, the champion ship being won by 1906:

November 7.—'08, 9; '07, 4.
 November 8.—'06, 3; '09, 1.
 November 9.—'08, 6; '07, 2.
 November 10.—'06, 10; '09, 7.
 November 13.—'06, 6; '08, 2.
 November 14.—'06, 4; '08, 1.

The hockey teams have the following captains and business managers:

1906—Esther White, captain.
 Dorothy Congdon, manager.
 1907—Esther Williams, captain.
 Adèle Brandeis, manager.
 1908—Lydia Sharpless, captain.
 Jacqueline Morris, manager.
 1909—Janet Storrs, captain.
 Isabel Goodnow, manager.

1906 ORAL SONGS

Tune: Everybody Works But Father. Words by Louise Cruice.

Everybody works but Foulet,
He sits up all day
Hearing us flunk our Orals,
Murmuring, "Qu' est ce que c'est?"
We toil thro' French books dreary,
Ciel! Qu' est ce qu' il y a fait!
Foulet doesn't get weary,
He flunks till May.
(But we'll get thro' some day!)

Everybody works but Collitz,
He and M. C. T.,
At our schmerzlich struggles
Smiles with grausom glee.
Juniors, oh, take warning
At our schrecklich fate.
Sprechen Sie Deutsch, or, scorning,
You'll be too late.
(But we'll all pass some day!)

Tune: How'd You Like To Spoon With Me? Words by Jessie Thomas.

Come and parlez French with me,
Non merci!
Come and sprechen Deutsch with me,
Nein, danke!
Take the chair we offer so politely,
Read the passage over eruditely;
Louder, please, we could not hear,
Your rendering was not quite clear,
Go home and study morning, noon, and night,
You'll have to come again we fear.

Tune: Oh, Bring the Wagon Home, John. Words by Helen W. Smith.

Oh bring a handsome hearse, dears,
Propel it, 1908,
To haul us from the Orals, dears,
For death will be our fate:
Oh bring my cap and gown, dears,
Of which I was so proud,
I used to glide around in it,
'Twill serve me for my shroud:
Oh bring my cap and gown, dears,
I love it as of old,
Oh may it cling around my bones!
When I am in the mould.

Tune: Every Little Bit Helps. Words by Adelaide Neall and Anna Mac-Anulty.

Give us just a hint or two,
Every little bit helps, every little bit helps,
1907, we swear to you,
Every little bit helps, every little bit helps,
Work both night and daytime, too,
Or the Oral time you'll rue;
This is our advice to you,
Work! work! every little bit helps.

Though we speak both French and Dutch,
Every little bit helps, every little bit helps,
No one understands us much,
Every little bit helps, every little bit helps,
When we speak to Foulet, he
Turns as if he'd like to flee,
Yet we cry perpetually,
Work! work! every little bit helps.

SOPHOMORE PLAY SONGS

*1908 to 1909**Tune: Way Down in My Heart. Words by Adda Eldredge.*

Freshmen, all this month, we've had to ||work some for you;||
Parties we have cut, we've had to ||shirk some for you;||
But, if our poor play has not been ||irksome for you,||
We're glad we've had that chance to work some for you.

ADDA ELDRIDGE, '08.

*1909 to 1908.**Tune: April Girl.*

O the Sophomores they
Give a Sophomore play,
While the Freshmen stare
In the Freshman way.
With open mouths and wondering eyes,
They laugh and clap in glad surprise.

Wouldn't you
Do it too
If you were watching a Sophomore play?
If you were watching a Sophomore play?

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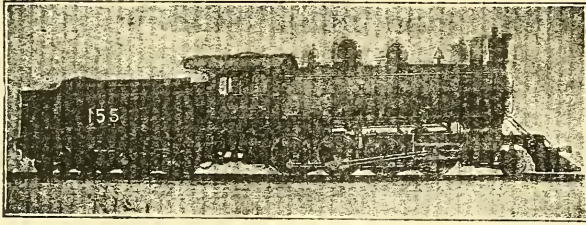
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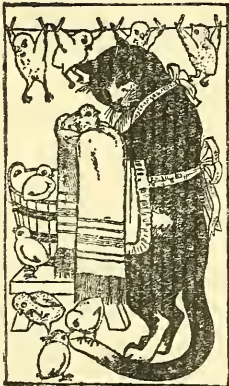
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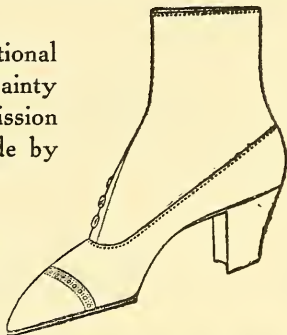
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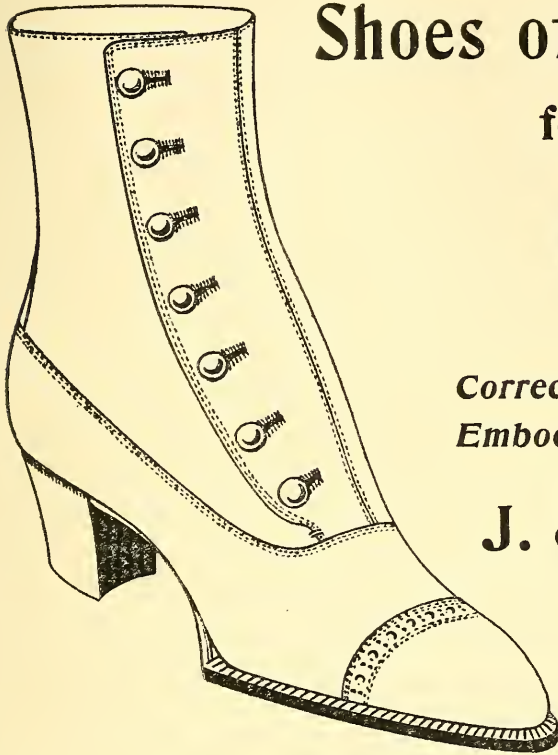
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Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1906

No. 3

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ON A PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE CENCI

O innocent, sweet eyes!
Twin mirrors of the soul
Of maidenhood,
Tender and only wise
In doing good.
O shadowy, shy smile!
So faint it seems
A glimmer caught the while
Thou wert in dreams.
O angel smile and eyes!
Fountains of purity.
And can it be
That such wild deeds
Within thy weary heart
(O Beatrice rare,
Child of despair!)
In thy desperate needs,
Thou dost devise!

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

LORD, TERRIBLE IN ASPECT

It was arithmetic hour in Sister Agnes Mathilde's room and the class writhed and squirmed in the agony that compound proportion brings when one is thirteen. On the very last bench in the last row Henrietta was kicking her heels,—in a subdued, ladylike, St. Philip's Academy fashion, of course,—and wishing that the world would come to an end before Sister took up the papers. For Henrietta had played paper-dolls last night in study hour and did not know what compound proportion meant; and, moreover, at last she had learned what love is—not the everyday liking for mother and the baby, but a genuine passion—"Lord, terrible in aspect"—"with him hell would be heaven and without him heaven would be hell." Yes, that was just the way she loved Sister Agnes Mathilde. And now—but she just saved herself from groaning aloud and bent her very crimson face over her *American Book Company New Arithmetic*.

Her agonized attempts to find the beginning of the part from which one could easiest pick out some scraps of information were interrupted by a pull on her dress from Alice Smith. She looked up and—Hurra—Mother was coming in.

Now, not excepting meal times and Christmas vacation, there was nothing on earth Henrietta enjoyed so rapturously as when Mother came in. For Mother always came in to do something exciting and amusing and delicious. Henrietta giggled with rapture as she remembered Mother's smile, so tenderly loving and sorrowful, when she made Alice Smith stand in the front of the room and give the etymology of insubordinate,—just for eating chocolate creams in class. She remembered, too, the delight she had felt the next week in bringing in for synonyms the sentence: "One piece of candy spoiled the peace of the whole class." It felt so nice to be quite respectable—"teacher's little assistant" as she was. But that was long ago now, and Henrietta's days of being good and pursing her lips when you wanted to borrow her eraser were over, too, and in the past year she had twice enjoyed the honour of being the especial object of Mother's visits, once for lateness and once for whistling in the cloak-room. Yet she could still enjoy the feeling, the sweetest of human emotions, of being better than somebody else—for Hattie Jones had, as it was rumoured, sent notes to boys and had stood in the front of the room for twenty long minutes while Mother talked about Heaven.

So, as Mother entered, curtseying at the door, Henrietta sat back in her bench, folded her arm and prepared for a delightful quarter of an hour and a remission of the arithmetic papers. And now Mother courteously demanded Sister's permission to address the class, advanced to the front of the platform and began:

"Ladies, it is a satisfaction to me that there has at last come a time when I can speak to you, not to punish, but to commend. We, myself and your loving teachers, have often sorrowed over the thoughtless conduct and idle ways of one of your number. Henrietta Brownson, come up to the platform."

Feeble and dazed, Henrietta crawled out of her seat and up to the platform, falling over Alice Smith's feet on the way. *What* was the matter? It was two years since she had done anything respectable. Perhaps—yesterday in history she had known about Abraham Lincoln—but that wasn't very good. And what was that white thing Mother had in her hand?—most likely a holy picture for being good; chocolate was nicer than holy pictures and didn't cost any more; but, then, maybe she could get a dollar from father by the picture; no,—father had a poor memory—why not successive dollars?

"Ladies, Henrietta is not distinguished by brilliancy of intellect or by excellence of behaviour. I wish you all, however, to comprehend her humility and obedience." And from the white thing in her hand, an envelope, she drew—yes it was—Henrietta's Latin composition book. Henrietta knew well enough what was on the flyleaf, and she shuddered. It was bad enough to be called humble and obedient before the class—and Alice Smith—but to have that—beast—read her resolutions was too much. She glanced timidly at Sister, but she was gazing dreamily out of the window.

"I am now," went on that dreadful voice, "going to read you some resolutions which our little companion" (something inside Henrietta just then said D—I—R—N— very distinctly) "has made to improve her character.

"I, Henrietta Brownson, hereby realize that I am a gluttonous, lazy, selfish beast. I am going to try like the very Dickens,' Henrietta, my dear, I must reprove you for that word, 'to be good. I hereby resolve (1) to eat only seven apples a day,—that is, outside of meals; (2) to practice an hour every day and two hours on Saturday; (3) to do all my lessons every day; (4) to—" But Henrietta knew what was coming,

and with the instinct of self-preservation she rushed to Mother, grabbed the book, put it in her shirtwaist front and waited for the thunderbolt.

But none came. The revered one curtseyed herself out in silence. Henrietta, holding to her blouse, went back to her seat and gave up a blank arithmetic paper—she hoped Sister would attribute the blankness to emotion.

Of course, she apologized to Mother. You always apologized if you went to St. Philip's. But it was worth it—her passion was hid from its object—and she had phazed Mother.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

TO THE LIGHT ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE

Above the tower the tall, majestic crests
Of purple mountains, where the last light rests
Before it dies;
There unknown children of the darkness haunt
The crags and forests, standing grim and gaunt
Against the skies.

When lofty trees bow low before the gale,
Or when the stars are clear I never fail
To wait for thee.
And then, it may be that I live in dreams
Thy radiance, like a longed-for signal, seems
To beckon me.

I know not what thou art, nor do I care;
But borne on cloud and storm-wind through the air
To thee I'd ride,
Thou weird, enticing spirit of the night,
Leaving my world behind, I'd seek thy light,
There to abide.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

*UNDER STRESS OF CIRCUMSTANCES**A Sketch.*

Phœbe Winton turned the corner of the side street and found the doors of the Academy of Music still closed. She looked up at a clock, standing before a nearby jeweler's, and saw that it still lacked three-quarters of an hour of the time set for the concert. She laughed at herself for caring so much that all unconsciously she had come so early. But the amusing sense only lasted for a second. The fact was she cared too much to be able to get any saving sidelights of humour on the situation. She had come to the theatre to meet Miss Evelyn Tracy, who had asked her, some two weeks before, to go to the first Symphony with her. The friendship between Evelyn Tracy and Phœbe Winton was a strange one. It had been made at a hotel the previous summer, where Miss Tracy was spending the season and whither Phœbe had gone for a two weeks' holiday, it seemed to her, but in reality as companion to one Mrs. Warren, a friend of Evelyn Tracy's mother. Phœbe came from a household of small culture, but she had gathered in her last years at the High School a number of romantic ideals, which she confided with such incoherency and so much feeling to Miss Tracy that the latter thought there must be a great deal back of this eager straining for self-expression. In consequence this would-be philanthropic young person, a débutante of but one season, made up her mind to become the friend of the less fortunate girl and to elevate her plane of intelligence. She therefore made herself very charming to Phœbe and in a short time, by gratifying her own desire to be kind, grew fond of the object of that kindness. Phœbe was won by Miss Tracy's first overtures and soon harboured a passionate affection for this new friend, which accounted for her early arrival at the Academy.

At two thirty the doors were opened, and Phœbe stepped proudly, the first one, into the lobby. For some time she was content to amuse herself with the people as they came, straggling in, one by one and later

in larger and larger groups, but in spite of herself there was an under-current of anxiety, of wishing that the next face might be the one she was waiting for. She began to grow restless, and walked several times out to the pavement to glance anxiously in either direction, only to be borne back again in the rush, more discouraged and forlorn than before. The crowd was now surging through the narrow entry, and her eyes were tired with straining to scan every face. Gradually the people thinned out. Only a few patient waiters like herself remained, and even they, one by one, were joined and hurried in by apologetic friends. At length she was left alone in the gloomy lobby, and the low wailing and grumbling of muffled music came to her at intervals between the clanging of car-bells and the various noises of the street without. She stood there for an hour or more, trying to worry herself into fearing there had been some accident, but knowing all the time that she had been forgotten. She felt that to her life's end she would be able to close her eyes and see again the details of that lobby; and that to her life's end she would bear with her the sorrow of that period of waiting. Finally she left the building.

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Half way home she saw an automobile coming slowly along the crowded thoroughfare, and to her utter dismay recognized the girl on the front seat as Evelyn Tracy. Phœbe longed for the miracle, longed for the earth to open and swallow her up, but instead of that, in spite of herself, she kept her eyes fixed on the other girl. She saw Miss Tracy look toward her and then to the man beside her, who, with a skilful turn, brought the machine within a few feet of her. Then Miss Tracy beckoned and she went. There was real concern in Evelyn's voice and real sympathy on her face, as she said: "You poor child, you have just come from the Academy, haven't you?"

"From the what?" asked Phœbe, in a bewildered tone.

"You know, I forgot all about the concert. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh!" answered Phœbe, as though coming to her senses, and in a sprightly way continued: "I am afraid, Miss Tracy, it is I who must apologize, for I forgot all about it, too. No, I have been shopping all day."

Then followed laughing and the introduction of Phœbe and Evelyn's brother, whose sudden appearance from college in the new machine had

put all thoughts of the concert out of her head. They asked Phœbe to get in, but she pleaded the excuse of another errand in a nearby store, and they went off without her. She turned and walked quickly in the other direction, with a smile of proud self-satisfaction on her lips.

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENCK, '07.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, ODE IX, BOOK I

Soracte stands thick robed in whitest snow,
Beneath their wintry load the trees bend low,
And bitter frost hath stopped the river's flow.

Pile high the friendly fire and banish cold,
And thou, Soracte, pour with hand more bold
From Sabine jars the vintage four years old.

Leave all else to the gods; when they've allayed
The war by wind on restless waters made,
No breath shall stir the oak or cypress shade.

Seek not to ask what chance to-morrow brings,
Count each day fortune gives among the things
You've gained. Scorn not the dancing rings,

Nor sweet amours, while youth leads in life's race.
Now is the time to seek the trysting place,
In campus or in courtyard and to trace

By traitorous laugh, the maiden coyly hidden
To snatch the pledge from off her arm unbidden,
And for your boldness to be lightly chidden.

THERESA HELBRUN, '08.

HOPE OF A HOPE

If what the poets dream be really true,
That love and truth and beauty never die,
And life is but a shadow and a hope
Of a great, shining, bright reality,
O then, in pity, let me know the truth.
But if the dream be but a splendid lie,
And poets be blind leaders of the blind,
Who, in their mad delusion, think they see
A glorious shining in the heavy dark,—
If this be true, let me, O God, be mad.

HELEN W. SMITH, '06.

THE DEVOTEES

Elizabeth hid her hands in her muff so that Catherine might not see how they trembled. She was amused at herself as she did so, for any nervousness was distasteful to her, and her own manner was of a studied calmness that just missed indifference. It had been easy for her to create the air of repose that surrounded her, for her emotions were naturally of a quiet intensity that preserved an even pleasantness of relations with her friends and enabled her to convey to them delicately, but definitely, her complete trust in them. Such utter reliance and belief made anything else on their part impossible.

That she should feel uneasiness with Catherine was particularly amusing, because of the very nature of their feeling. The two were on an equality of footing, and their consciousness of it afforded no entrance for doubt. Now Elizabeth was preparing to ask a favour for her newest friend, and she was aware that Catherine did not approve of Roxanna.

She glanced through the prints she was holding: "How lovely this landscape is! I saw a print of it at Mrs. Vanbrugh's yesterday."

"Ah! I should not imagine it is the sort of thing that would particularly appeal to Mrs. Vanbrugh."

"Your tone implies reproach toward her taste. But, Catherine, her taste in pictures, and other things, too, is really charming, though she takes it rather seriously."

"I should think she would take it seriously—that is, with apparent seriousness—and so I widen my reproach."

"By apparent seriousness you mean that she feels she must let people know that her taste is good, that she thinks that without her assurance they might doubt? In other words, you think—"

"Exactly; that Mrs. Vanbrugh is vulgar." Catherine's tone, if not aggressive, was at least determined.

"But you have rather preceded yourself and made the case somewhat hopeful. If she is conscious of her vulgarity, she may overcome it. But, you know, I don't think she is vulgar, and I wish you would tell me why you think she is. You see I resent your criticism, not because I would consider not resenting it disloyalty to Roxanna, but because I think you are unfair, and I don't want you to be that." Elizabeth's slim fingers pushed back a lock from Catherine's forehead.

Catherine smiled: "You are very sweet and foolish! Let us be frank—the comfort of having some one with whom one can be frank! Occasionally, of course, for sustained frankness would be terribly wearing. To begin with, I think Mrs. Vanbrugh vulgar because she is unconventional. Her dress, her manner, her whole appearance strikes me as that."

"Unconventionality in such matters is distasteful to us, I suppose, because it savours of pose. But I should say that Roxanna had rather an exaggerated conventionality. She is not quite sure of herself, of her position, and unrestrained desire to appear sure makes her overdo. Her real feelings are somewhat simple."

"You can have much more intimate knowledge of her, Elizabeth, than I," said Catherine, leaning forward as if to urge her point upon Elizabeth. "I really can only judge from the conversations I have had with her. Then she certainly lacked distinction. Her ideas were trite, and conventionality of mind is worse than unconventionality of appearance."

"That is not the real Roxanna." Only the gentleness of Elizabeth's tone saved it from being dictatorial. "She really has depth, and she is sensitive, too. I see clearly now, Catherine, why you disapprove of my friendship. (You are a very nice person, but you are astonishingly critical.) You think that my tenderness for Roxanna is made somewhat absurd by her assertive nature, that my love for her is pathetic because

of her ordinary personality. I say that I have felt the charm of her beauty and kindness and sincerity, and have succumbed to it. Are you going any further?"

"Yes," Catherine's smile as she spoke was not quite spontaneous, "I am going as far as possible, and be as harsh as possible. I do not always see the reasons for your friendships, or the reasons for your lack of affection in certain cases. You remember that you never cared for Ann."

Elizabeth winced at the last words. A great desire seized her to let Catherine know how deceived she had been in Ann, to shatter the idol, to make this worship of her ridiculous, the remembrance of her hateful. She said, quite quietly and sweetly:

"No, I never liked her, and so I can see why you don't care for Roxanna. My opportunity to like Ann is, of course, vanished completely; your chance to be fair to Roxanna you still have. May I bring her to tea on Thursday?"

"I wish you would." Catherine's voice trembled; her eyes were wet.

II.

Catherine was glad that she looked well. She felt confidence in herself, ability to deal with the situation. Appearances meant a great deal to her; she interpreted them with passionate exactness and her interpretations influenced her; but she knew that it was the same with other people, and she took care that their interpretations of her appearance should be, not favourable,—for Catherine, though confident, was not egotistical,—but accurate. She would be in more intimate contact with Roxanna to-day than ever before, and her possibility of interpretation had been enriched by her recent conversation with Elizabeth. Roxanna should have an equal chance. But in her lucid consideration of the situation Catherine did not admit her feeling of antagonism toward Roxanna.

Elizabeth and Mrs. Vanbrugh entered. Elizabeth had the composure of one who expects to see her attitude justified. To-day she was keenly alive to Roxanna's beauty, and she felt that Catherine could not resist its perfection, although she might object to its unusualness. Dull brown hair grew irregularly along Roxanna's broad forehead and was intricately arranged with many turquoise pins. Her eyes were intensely blue; her skin had the soft, fresh bloom of rose-coloured flowers. Her mouth,

small and rather lacking in curves, had a self-satisfied expression that made the lower part of her face disagreeable, but one soon saw that this expression was affected to conceal shyness. Her chin was very narrow, deeply cleft, and determined.

Catherine did not resist the appeal of outward loveliness, her greeting was but a degree removed from friendliness.

"Have the new prints come?" asked Elizabeth. A faint smile trembled about her mouth.

"Just to-day. Shall we look at them? This little brown one is my favourite."

"Ah!" exclaimed Roxanna. "How lovely it is! And no one to make comparisons. It is like a place I saw once very late in the fall. Just a slope of brown grass with thin birches and small, thick evergreens casting shadows in the moonlight. It had the same infinite stillness and softness as this picture. When I gave words to my delight, some one said, 'Yes, but think how it must look in the spring when the daisies are in bloom. I wish it were frosted now.'"

Catherine sighed. "People of that sort and the commonplace ones who never get beyond definite conversation are misfortunes, are they not? The worst sort, I think."

"One can endure commonplaces that are indefinite, but the others—" Roxanna made a sweeping gesture. "But the worst sort of people (as you say) I think are the over-critical, Elizabeth."

"I think I mind the over-appreciative sort more than any other. Even if exclamations are preferable to observations, one tires of them. Analysis, after all, is best."

"How dogmatic you are, Elizabeth," said Catherine. "I hope you are not acquiring the manner."

"Why, because dogmatic persons are so dreadful that they couldn't be included in our conversation even? I am afraid I am curiously affected by tea and firelight and pleasant company—I grow dogmatic instead of retrospective." The slightness of the conversation irritated Elizabeth. She felt herself unable to guide it, Catherine would not, and Roxanna felt no obligation except to be agreeable.

"How provoking of you, Elizabeth! I had not thought of it before. But you have made me see how perfect the conditions are, and I should love to be retrospective."

"And I! Don't you think you could, too, Elizabeth?"

"My dear Roxanna, you almost prevail upon me. I am going to

take the prints to the light, and I shall leave you two to your reminiscences." Elizabeth moved away.

"She can't exactly leave us to our reminiscences, can she?" laughed Roxanna. Catherine was almost startled by the sweetness of the sound. "But with this fire I feel that I could invent some that would interest us both, and make them really spontaneous."

"That would quite justify the invention." As Catherine leaned forward the firelight gleamed upon her topaz locket.

"You have Ann's locket." Roxanna's voice was almost a whisper; she did not seem surprised, it was as if she were merely stating a curious fact. Catherine's surprise was evident. "You knew her? You cared for her a great deal?"

"Ah! who could help caring? The summers that I spent with her are a time set apart."

There was a silence. Then Roxanna looked at Catherine and saw why she did not speak. Catherine smiled at her, somewhat sadly, but comprehendingly. They glanced at Elizabeth, at her gracious, sombre-clad figure bending above the pictures, at her gentle, reserved face, her clear, unshadowed eyes and sweetly serious mouth. But these were not the things that Catherine and Roxanna saw. Their eyes met again. The bond that had united them had excluded Elizabeth.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

SIR ROGER AT BRYN MAWR.

On a chilly day in the month of December, my friend Sir Roger and I stepped out of the hall of the comfortably appointed inn, "at the Sign of the White Rabbit." As we had lingered unusually long over our luncheon and a discourse on "collegiate instruction for young ladies" the frosty air greeted our heated brows most pleasantly. I had induced the gentle knight to inspect the great institution of learning, Bryn Mawr, in order to revive his faith in the intellectual capacities of the gentler sex. For it was not many years since, that he paid that last trying visit to the mistress of his affections, the widow from across country, and found that her library consisted of French novels and ponderous volumes of Locke, Virgil and Bernard Shaw. Of the former, such absurdly appearing words as "je vous aime de tout mon coeur" conveyed no meaning to the good Sir Roger, whose best known and only friend in the realm of

books is the Chronicle; and of the latter, he knew little more, since he discovered they were of wood, with a veneer only of literature. Therefore he was quite prepared to learn whether the reading material of the ladies of Bryn Mawr is of French or of wood.

The exterior view of the halls known as Rockefeller and Pembroke, pleased my good friend to an extent that made my heart within me glad for him. They are, so he said, of the same style of architecture as is his country house, Coverly Halls, in Chestnut Hill, and also (so he gleaned from the Chronicle) as are the colleges of Oxford and Princeton.

We next went to investigate the contents of what a young damsel in a black flowing garment described as the library. The curiosity of the good knight to see the books of the institution was so great that he would not permit of our obtaining a goodly view of the exterior. So in our haste, we went blindly from room to room, pleasantly anticipating the discovery of nothing but works of literature, until we arrived in a large sort of gallery. Here we stopped, and the gentle Sir Roger, perceiving no signs of his quest, allowed his face to fall. It dropped, and its sad spectacle moved me to compassion; so pitying him, I suggested that we on with the hunt. Nor was my attempt to revive his hopes in vain. He grasped mine arm in true affection, and I am sure would have asked me to visit him once more at Coverly Halls, had not a labourer just then appeared. Thus at the cost of a most-probably-forthcoming invitation, we learned from the man that the structure was not a library, but a library-to-be, and that the reading matter was kept with care under lock and key in the hall opposite with the imposing tower. As distinguished guests, we were allowed a mere cursory glance at Plato, Pliny and Genung, whose contents cast an awed silence over my friend Sir Roger. He was satisfied, he earnestly avowed, that all women are not possessors of the shallow intellect of his most revered widow lady love.

Thus I guided him, lost in thought, over the billowy ground until we arrived at a low, flat stretch of land where some young ladies were madly pursuing a small dot of "something, we knew not what," yet upon further inspection we discovered that there was a well-defined method in their madness, and that it was a sport in which they were idly indulging.

The keen interest the good knight took in regarding this spectacle, soon dispelled the reticence and gloom cast over him a short time before. The thought of a healthy body and a mind at ease displayed by each young lady on the field, re-awakened Sir Roger's old and undying interest

in exercise. Our attention was soon called to the melodious singing, wafted to us from across the field. It came from the fair throats of an hundred young persons who seemed every now and then to urge those taking part in the sport to "hit long." Sir Roger, who had been intently watching the game while discoursing, inquired of me in an anxious voice, why the active members were so constantly exhorted to "hit long," since when they did so, a whistle was blown and the dot (which we had found to be a ball) was to all appearances, given graciously to the opposing side.

Since I had not numbered Spaulding one of my "favorite authors," I was as utterly at sea in the matter as my good friend, so I gently suggested that we return to our lodgings. Because the all-pervading question had not been fathomed, and the atmosphere was becoming frigid with the sinking of the sun, the gentle knight lost all further interest in the game, and with me wended his labourious way up the hillside, back to the inn.

Gazing with one last admiring look at the archway, my dear friend Sir Roger sighed longingly in mine ear, that it would give him the greatest pleasure to dine some evening with the ladies whose books are of the form neither of French novels nor of wood.

MARY C. RAND, '09.

ON THE DEATH OF ANTIGONE

Antigone, the strong, yet gentle, maid,
The daughter of King *Ædipus*,—who died
In agony, for he great laws defied,—
The guardsmen seized, and then their king obeyed.
Inside a hollow tomb of rock they laid
Antigone, who soon became the bride
Of death. And Creon's son lay by her side,
His soul with her's, in darkest Hades' shade.
The sisters three, relentless to the last,
Did thus fulfill the hard and grievous fate
Which they had woven for this race of kings,
The house of *Ædipus*, on which they cast,
In punishment for crimes of ancient date,
The mournful shadow of their dusky wings.

HELEN DUDLEY, '08.

"DULCI FISTULA"

TO MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A Triolet.

Oh pshaw! Mr. Shaw,
You're the Devil's Disciple,
For you follow no law,
Oh! pshaw, Mr. Shaw.
What the world treats with awe
You deride as a trifle.
You're the Devil's Disciple.

E. M. SCHENCK, '07

A MONOLOGUE

SCENE: *A Fourth Avenue surface car in New York on a wet Sunday morning. A dejected old woman, with a dilapidated bonnet, is nodding in one corner of the car. A stout man in a silk hat and frock coat is immersed in the Sunday papers in another. The car stops with a jerk. Enter a lady. She lurches forward as the car starts up, and steadies herself with one hand on the door jamb.*

LADY (*half aloud*).—Mercy! My white gloves! It's a disgrace to the company that these cars aren't kept cleaner! (*She sits down and takes her purse from her muff.*) Will you please stop at Thirty-sixth Street? You won't stop at Thirty-sixth Street! Well, this is very peculiar management not to stop your car at the corner where your passengers want to get off. You *can't* stop at Thirty-sixth Street? Why not? I'm sure I've never been in a surface car before that wouldn't stop at every corner. Is this an express? Well, then, I don't see—besides, it's

raining, and I don't want to get wet, and, even if it isn't your usual custom, won't you stop there to-day? No, I can't. No, I won't get off at Thirty-fourth Street. Why, I never heard anything like this before! I shan't be put to such an inconvenience. Will you please give me your number? I shall write to the company about it. I know the manager very well, and there's no doubt that he'll look into the case at once. It's a perfect disgrace to the traction company. O you *will* stop the car there. Ah, I thought you would. What! Do I *want to climb up through the ventilating well!* What do you *mean!* What? Wha— Oh, is it? In the tunnel! O yes! Yes, Thirty-fourth Street will do. Yes, yes. Thank you.

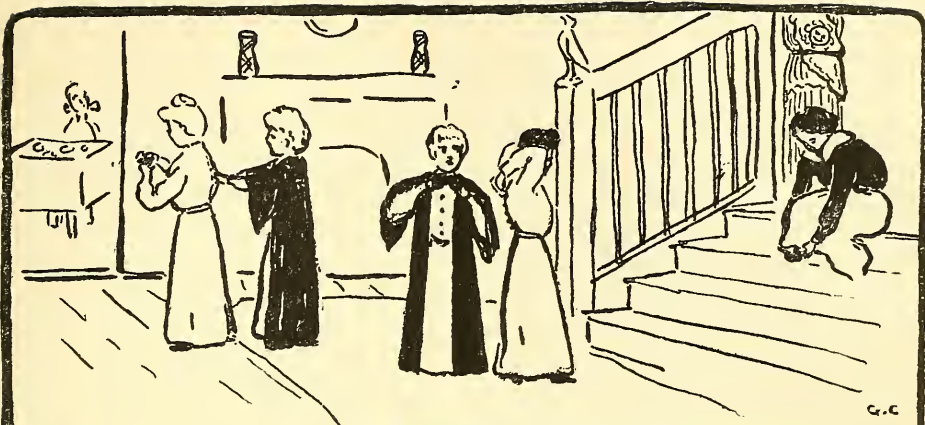
MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.

TO THE LOCK-CLOSET

Some books are too often abused
 For me to abuse 'em.
 Some professors too easily amused
 For me to amuse 'em.
 Some hopes are too like despair
 For locked doors to smother,
 And titles of some are more dear
 Than reading another.

I give not what James calls love;
 But wilt thou accept not
 The worship the heart lifts above
 And the third floor rejects not.
 The desire of the flunked for a pass,
 Of a pass for a merit;
 Like a poster to keep off the grass,
 It enlightens the spirit.

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

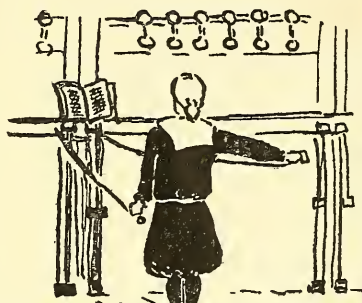


G.C.

8:15 A.M.



A little
Daily Constitutional

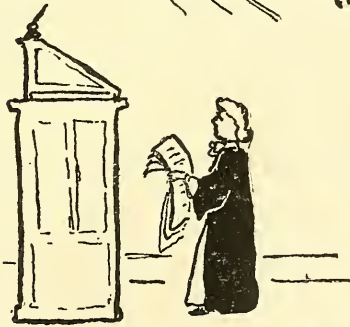


Midyears.

Black
list.



1st Girl:- "Now please show me
again just now you do that
pirouette!"



When giving a Major Critics
report, — the way they say
it feels

Little Glances of College Life

EDITORIAL

When visitors come to see us, they sit in our easy chairs, drink our tea, smile at the funny stories of our friends, repeated for the seventy times seventh time, for their benefit, and go away with the amiable conviction that life always moves along for us in just such leisurely fashion. They little realize that the moment they have departed we return to our note-books, and the teacups are pushed into a corner to await, neglected, that mythical Saturday morning "when we shall have time," until some friend borrows them for a similar purpose, or a kind-hearted maid puts them in order. Of course we all know those few, serene-browed persons who have their essays in the box hours before ours are begun, and who go in town at the week's end. But for the large majority of us, almost the greatest problem of college life is the arrangement of our time and the effort to include in it all that we wish to do.

A group of friends were discussing this lack of time one evening in rather a despondent spirit. One of them who had been reading Mr. Brigg's *Routine and Ideals* came forward with schedules as the panacea of all ills. "Just plan," she said, "that you will do oral reading, for instance, in that hour from ten to eleven between lectures, and then you will do it every day as a habit, and not lose half the hour making up your mind." But another among them who had heard recommended certain words of Goethe about daily devotion to the arts, inquired whether she should put in her schedule "Hear a song," 8.30-8.35; "Read a poem," 1.30; "See a fine picture," 5.45, "and, if possible, speak a few sensible words," dinner-time; and objected that work would be merely mechanical without enthusiasm.

There is a well-known pleasure in economy, but there is also a pleasure in abundance; like the witty things spoken in conversation and never printed, or the fruit that is allowed to dry up on the tree, unplucked, it gives one a feeling of richness of life. It is the *extra* study we give a subject, the associations that are formed in our minds, that make our work more pleasing to us than a strictly parsimonious selection of facts crammed at mid-years. To find time for this extra work is a real need. Schedules are undoubtedly the best aid in getting the daily drudgery part of our work done since they prevent it from accumulating, and when this is once off our minds there is time left us for doing the extra reading, for the finding of our own illustrations of ideas suggested to us, for the enjoyment and perfume, as it were, of our study.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S LECTURE

On Monday evening, November 20th, Mrs. Craigie, (John Oliver Hobbs) spoke in chapel on "The Artist's Life." The artist she somewhat amusingly defined as one who thinks more than there is to think, sees more than there is to see, and feels more than there is to feel. It is difficult to distinguish the artistic temperament; lovesickness, said Mrs. Craigie, does not of necessity imply the creative genius. We may all have sincerity, but the artist is so much the master of himself that he can express his divine ideas without exaggeration, although, according to the standards of most of us, to whom ignorance is indeed bliss, he must forever seem to exaggerate. The highest art is creative, and cannot be confined; what a strong man's brain conceives as real must be accounted real. A romance, said Balzac, may be a splendid lie, but in essentials it must be true. The artist's methods are three in number: the first, that of observation, from a note-book; the second, that of imagination, which is never accurate; the third, that of study of document, which is an indolent method at best.

As illustrations of the artist's life, Mrs. Craigie sketched briefly the histories of Balzac, Brahms and Turner. The great self-confidence of genius was in Balzac, fostered by his unquenchable perseverance, "his infernal patience," as he called it. His method was to look upon life sympathetically, but without private emotion; intimately, but with no prejudice; in the "small talk" of life he found its tragedies. The extraordinary self-control of Balzac, through his early life of unsatisfied ambition and his later days of almost superhuman labour, renders pathetic the long-desired period of happiness with Countess de Hariska which was not vouchsafed him until almost too late. Balzac explains himself when he says "Happiness is made of courage and work; with energy and my illusions I have managed to live."

In contrast to Balzac's tumultuous existence came the sheltered life of the musician Brahms, who was misinterpreted and disliked because he expressed emotion calmly and without overstatement in an age when exaggeration in art was considered truer and more beautiful. But the songs of Brahms having stood the test of time because they are true, are unforgettable.

Turner presents the type of the idealist in art. From being scorned by even Thackeray, who lived to regret it, he was rescued by Ruskin and presented to the world, which has since learned to admire him. Unlike

Balzac and Brahms, he was timidly sensitive and felt criticism acutely. Having suffered in his youth from an unfortunate love affair, he was able to find solace and sympathy only in nature, toward which he turned for inspiration. His method was like that of Balzac, to work up material and make sketches, completing them from memory. Hence, though he probably never drew a lane typographically correct, he gave it the qualities of all lanes—painted, in short, a “universal lane.”

In answering the question, How shall the artistic temperament be treated? Mrs. Craigie concluded that Balzac was given too little sympathy, Brahms too much, while Turner was “despised by the artist, believed in by the hairdresser.” The real artist is not to be treated as lazy and immoral, nor worshipped as divine; and not at all to be flattered. The facts of history seem to indicate that genius which is in humble circumstances gets more sympathy than genius fostered by fortune.

M. L. COFFIN, '06.

MR. POEL'S LECTURE

On the afternoon of November twenty-third Mr. William Poel, director of the Elisabethan Stage Society of England, Member of Council of the new Shakespearean Society, lectured on “Shakespeare and the Elisabethan Play-House.” The lecture was illustrated by an interesting series of lantern slides made from rare old prints. Mr. Poel began by showing us pictures of Shakespeare's own theatre, the Globe. This was a round building, the “wooden O” of *Henry V*, unique on account of the protruding “tuppenny” gallery added outside the base of the building. This theatre was burned down in 1613 and rebuilt under the same name. In the Globe, as in other theatres of the day, the stage projected into the pit and the players could be seen from almost all sides. The idea of this structure probably developed from the morality plays held on carts pushed into the middle of the market square or inn court-yard, where the audience crowded up from every direction. There was little scenery in Shakespeare's time, and what there was consisted of simple stationary draperies. Two doors opening upon the back of the stage were always found in the old play houses, an idea taken from court performances given on the floor between two doors.

Mr. Poel then showed some entertaining glimpses of the costumes worn by the Elisabethan actor, and curious customs of that day which Shakespeare, always looking at the world about him, wove into his dramas. Horn-books, morris dances, old musical instruments, duels in which each man used two swords, the fashion of riding two on a horse, mean much more to us if we have definite pictures in our minds. Some erroneous ideas of the costumes of that day were spoken of and corrected by means of photographs of the productions given in England in the old Elisabethan manner. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, for instance, should be simply dressed because in rank they are much inferior to the Duke, and other great nobles of the court. The outlaws, also in the same play, would not wear green uniforms, but merely their wornout civilian costume, in the manner of our modern tramps. Olivia in *Twelfth Night* should be in deep mourning for her brother, and black, worn also by her servants, would help make them distinguishable on the stage "If you tell an actress nowadays that she should wear black for Olivia," said Mr. Poel, "she will answer, 'Oh, but black isn't becoming to me!'" Mr. Poel then mentioned the incorrectness of introducing a train of mourners at Ophelia's funeral, when it is clearly stated that there is only one priest. Why do not men, he asked, go back to the old editions published in Shakespeare's lifetime, and learn from them?

Now, with our stage set in a frame we have a play given on an entirely different principle. It is given from the picture point of view; the eye has become all important with us and the ear is slighted. Shakespeare wrote his plays for the other method of production. With no scenery to be moved in place, but with a few simple hangings, the scene could change a dozen times, and the play would flow uninterruptedly along, without cuts. Unless we give his plays in the way in which they were intended to be given we do not get Shakespeare's mind, his art, his dramatic construction.

1907 TO 1909

When the Freshmen entered by the back door of the Gymnasium, on the evening of Friday, November 17, they were received by the jovial attendants of a county fair. All the characters that we connect with such a gathering, town-crier, fortune-teller, balloon vender, and innumerable others, swarmed around them. Along the sides and in the corners of the room several shows immediately began. Among others, we may mention the miraculous performances of a dwarf, and a touching pantomime of Oriental life, while the consumption of an endless store of doughnuts and popcorn balls employed all spare moments.

Finally the Freshmen were requested to take seats towards the front of the room, and the curtain rose on a dramatic adaptation of Tennyson's *Princess*. It would be difficult to state the exact nature of the piece, since it was neither a serious dramatization of the poem, nor yet a parody, for elements of both were somewhat indiscriminately mixed. Such little discrepancies, however, were lightly passed over, since the effect of the whole was one of extreme prettiness. Surely the remote atmosphere of the "Might Be" could not have been more successfully produced than in the opening scene, with its outburst of song birds, its sunny landscape, and its gaily-dressed figures, flitting hither and thither. We were transported into the land of fancy, where all are alike beautiful, with here and there a humorous touch to startle us back into the reality of college life and the trials we all must endure. The strongest sympathy of the audience no doubt went out to poor Cyril who, with heroic sacrifice, made love to one woman while his eyes spoke eloquently to another. Again the audience felt inclined to join in the rollicking chorus of his drinking song, when he finally hazards all, and breaks the bonds that have too long restrained him. An attractive and dignified character was the Princess; we could only wonder that she withstood so long the charms of her golden-haired lover and his touching importunities. The minor *affaire de coeur* of Florian and Melissa, the interference of Lady Blanche, the grace and the pretty singing of the maidens, each in turn claimed the attention and enthusiasm of the admiring audience.

When the curtain finally dropped on the happy couples the Freshmen were brought back to a realization of the rather more serious college life of which they formed a part by the presentation of the Banner, with appropriate words, by Miss Williams, and its acceptance by Miss Maltby.

A. G., '08.

BANNER SONG

1907-1909

Tune, "Little Boy Blue."

Once more we're gathered together to-night,
United again we stand
To greet the incoming Freshman class,
To offer a welcoming hand.
And as our Juniors stood firm by us
In sunshine and shadow too,
Loving you ever and failing you never,
Your Juniors will stand by you.

When the years have fled and we've gone before,
For happiest days must pass,
And you, as Juniors, stand here in our place
To welcome a Freshman class,
May it still remain as it is to-day
And as it has ever been,
That hand in hand together stand
The red and the loyal green;
May it still remain as it is to-day,
Though we may be scattered far,
That together the green and the loyal red
May honor and serve Bryn Mawr.

FRANCES ELEANOR MASON, '05.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '89. Julia Cope Collins is spending the winter at the College Inn.
'00. Jessie McBride has been back at college.
'01. Sarah Isabel Towle is to be married on December 23rd to Mr. Irving Moeller.
Francis Mott Ream has announced her engagement to Mr. John Kemmerer.

Ellen Ellis visited college December 20th and 21st.

- '02. Edith Totten, chairman of the Washington Committee of the General Alumnæ Endowment Fund Committee, has announced a Christmas sale of autograph books. Orders may be sent to Helen Lee Stevens, 1626 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
- '03. Fanny Brown is teaching at Miss Baldwin's.
Philena Winslow and Doris Earle visited college.
- '04. Ruth Kellen was married on December 11th to Mr. Thomas Wiles.
Alice Schedd is teaching in New York.
Jane Allen and Evelyn Holiday visited college this fall.
Bertha Norris spent a week here in December.
- '05. Florence Craig has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Whitney, of New York.
Helen Garrett was married in New York on December 1st to Mr. Keith Smith, of Utah.

Winifred Sturdevant visited college in December.

The Bryn Mawr Club of Boston: Last autumn the Bryn Mawr Club leased rooms of the College Club, at 40 Commonwealth Ave., for the year 1905-6. In addition to the convenience of the location for meetings or for members wishing to spend the night at the club, a desirable feature of the present arrangement is the restaurant privileges furnished by the College Club. The new rooms were opened November 4th by the regular fall business meeting and a tea, which were well attended. The following committees were elected for the ensuing year: Committee on Admissions, Bertha G. Wood, '98, *chairman*; Mrs. Thorndyke Dudley Howe, '02 (Anna Sturm Rotan); Brenda Fenollosa, '03; Rachel Brewer, '05; Elizabeth Harrington, '06. House Committee, Elinor Dodge, '02, *chairman*; Eleanor H. Jones, '01; Margaret H. Bates, '05. The first of the regular teas which are held the first Tuesday of every month, was given December 5th.

COLLEGE NOTES

The class of 1907 entertained the class of 1909 on Friday evening, November 17th. After a country fair and a dramatization of *The Princesse* the banner was presented.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs) lectured in chapel on "The Artist's Life" on Monday evening, November 20th.

Miss Susan B. Anthony visited the college November 21st.

Mr. William Poel, of England, director of the Elizabethan Stage Society, Member of Council of the New Shakespearean Society, lectured in Chapel on "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Play House" on November 23rd.

A week-end conference for Christian work was held at Bryn Mawr December 8th to 10th under the auspices of the Bryn Mawr League for the Service of Christ. The conference was opened by Miss Janet McCook Friday evening, December 8th. A Bible study conference was held on Saturday at 11.30, in Merion, with Miss Sanders as leader; Mr. John R. Mott spoke in the chapel at 5 p. m. and at 8 p. m.; and Miss Saunders held the closing service of the conference in the chapel on Sunday at 5.10.

On Friday evening, December 8th, Dr. Dewey, of Columbia, addressed the Philosophical Culb on "The Problem of Morality."

The second Senior oral in French was held December 9th.

The second Senior oral in German was held December 16th.

The class of 1909 gave a costume dance to the class of 1908 Saturday evening, December 16th.

Rev. Dr. Floyd Tomkins, of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, preached a Christmas sermon in chapel on Wednesday evening, December 20th.

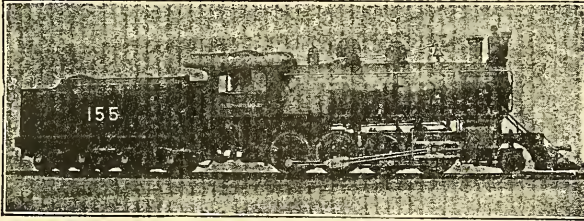
Mr. Edward Twichell Ware, of Atlanta University, Georgia, lectured in Chapel on "The Education of the Negro," and read from *Uncle Remus* on Thursday evening, December 21st.

The Christmas vacation began at one o'clock on Friday, December 22nd, and ended at nine o'clock on Monday, January 8th.

The following students are registered for the prize competition in Nineteenth Century Critics: Misses Baily, Baird, Benjamin, Chandler, Ecob, Hawkins, Matheson, O'Sullivan, Peters, Pope, Robinson, Williams.

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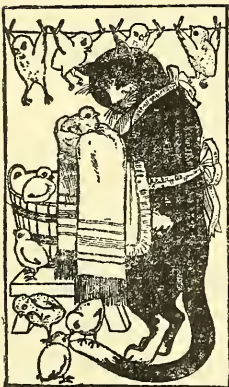
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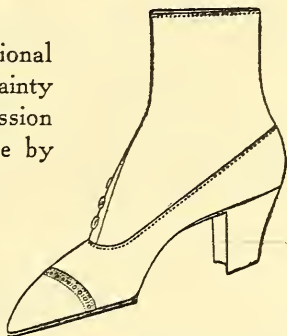
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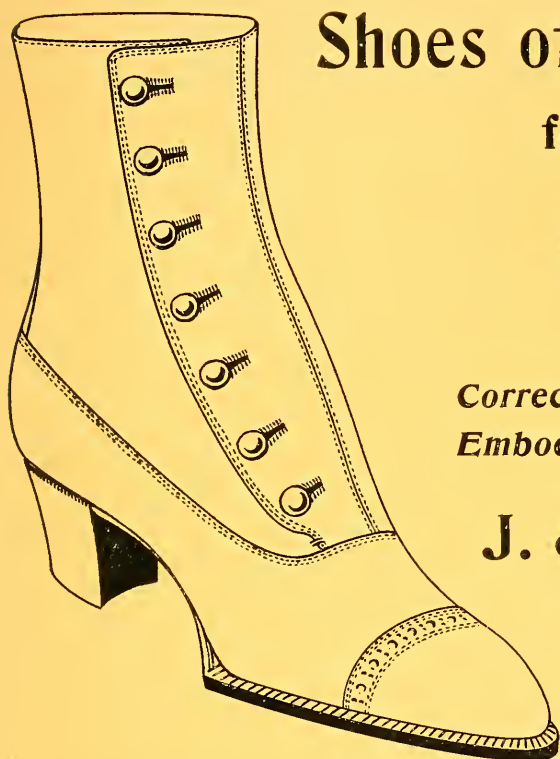
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February, 1906

Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

FEBRUARY, 1906

No. 4

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IN COURSE OF TIME

A young man seated himself on a bench in Madison Square, near that bewildering fountain which drowns itself at regular intervals. The cold sunshine of an October day had not warmed things up very much, even at noon, and the crowd of men and women, hurrying from their offices to lunch or back again, drew their coats tightly across their chests. The wind flapped their clothes about them when they turned a corner, and they held their hats on by main strength. The young man shrugged his shoulders, shivering, and smiled. It was not a smile of mirth or of contentment; it was what they call in novels a "forced smile," and it was very expressive of his frame of mind. He felt that he had too long given way to his wretchedness, and that now it was time to be happy. So he smiled, but it was a miserable failure, and he returned to gloomy thought again, watching the people who passed, without interest. He had long ago given up hope of seeing any one he knew.

There was not a soul in the city with whom he could claim more

than a casual acquaintance. His "chief" saw him only on terms of the strictest business, and he found none of his companions in the office congenial. Three months ago he had come to New York, and the strain of steady work and loneliness was beginning to tell. At first he had spent his solitary evenings very pleasantly. There had been a great many things to see, and those people whom he knew through his family invited him to dinner now and then. Later he became interested in some writing that his employer gave him to do, and his time went very quickly while he worked over it. But the life was not a natural one. He was too young to thrive in solitude and he was a man very dependent on companions, one to whom friends were necessary. He had been working very hard for several weeks and was beginning to feel it physically, when one night he suddenly realised that he had not seen a friend for months. The thought came to him as a shock in his exhausted condition. His friendlessness awoke first his pity, then his horror, and it came home to him again and again in the intervals of his work, so that he actually dreaded to stop for fear of becoming conscious of his loneliness. "I must find a friend," he thought, "else I shall go mad, for I can't stand this much longer."

Now, as he sat brooding in the park, the barrier between sanity and madness was very slight, and he knew it. He knew very well that if he should let go of himself one minute, if he should suddenly laugh as loud and as long as he wished, he might never get himself under control again. He shook himself angrily and rose, straightening his tired body.

"How do you do?" said a voice cordially and so naturally that it was like balm to his morbidness. "I have been wondering if you were you for some time, but with your hat over your eyes I could not be sure."

He found himself looking down at Cornelia Bowne. He had never known her very well, only during one summer, but her warm greeting made him feel agreeably intimate.

"I wonder you knew me at all," he said; "it is so long since we met."

"I think I shall never forget that shake of your shoulders. Do you remember that dance at Olivia Grant's?"

— He found her laughter very becoming to her. Her teeth were so white, her cheeks so rosy and her eyes so merry. He laughed with her contentedly.

"Do you ever see Miss Grant now?" he asked, with pleasant memories of her beauty.

"Yes, indeed. She and I have a studio together on Twenty-second Street, where we do really serious work with our painting."

"And is she as charming as ever?" In his pleasure at meeting her his face had lost something of its haggardness, but Cornelia saw a change in him. She thought he had grown older and sadder, and something like pity made her say:

"You must come and see. Are you very busy—too busy to take tea at the studio to-morrow afternoon? Ah, that's nice! Here's my card. Good-bye!"

As she jolted up Broadway in the street car, she thought kindly of Francis Peele. "How wornout he looked!" she said to herself. "Well, I always liked his face, and it isn't unbecoming to him to be a little thinner. He seemed interested in Olivia. They always are!" She smiled and then suddenly grew grave.

* * * * *

"Francis Peele is coming to see you this afternoon," Cornelia's voice preceded her through the open door as she entered the studio. The skylight fell coldly on the large, untidy room, whose only comfortable spot was within the radius of the fire. Near the chimney, in a deep wicker chair lay Olivia Grant. The fire-light lent a glow of colour to a face that was naturally pale, and softened the shadows in her yellow tea-gown. The scarlet cushion behind her head darkened her hair into blue-blackness. Her languidness of body and of voice was in marked, though not altogether unpleasant, contrast to Cornelia's alertness.

"To see me? Why not to see us?" she asked. There was no answer. After a minute she turned her head and looked at Cornelia, as she was gathering up a scattered collection of paint-brushes. Olivia thought she was smiling in the dusk, but she was not sure. She began to gaze into the fire, and a few minutes passed, while Cornelia moved about the room, pushing easels into place and straightening rugs. Then Olivia sat up with some energy and said:

"Cornelia, I wish you would stop thinking absurd things. I have felt for some time now that you thought Francis Peele liked to come and see me especially. It isn't true in the least. I haven't a scrap of emotion in my liking for him, and I'm sure he hasn't any silly sentiment about me." She leaned back in her chair again, and then added, with less emphasis: "If he's in love with anybody, he's in love with you."

Cornelia lit a lamp at this moment, and in its sudden glare her lips looked tremulous, but she said, in a most matter-of-fact tone, "Of course not." Olivia did not contradict her, and she noticed it with a pang.

Several months had passed since that bleak morning when Francis Peele had met Cornelia in the park. He had gone promptly to the tea the next afternoon and had stayed long. That night he walked up and down outside his boarding-house for a long time. His madness had left him; he had met two agreeable and sympathetic women ready to like him, and he determined that, if it was in his power, he would make them his friends. He lost no opportunities. He called to see them often, took them to the theatre whenever they would go, and, above all, he talked to them—sometimes about himself, generally about them, but, in either case, freely and easily. He was profoundly interested in their work, criticised it carefully when it was necessary, and praised it eagerly when he could. He did a hundred little kindnesses for them, amused them when they were merry, helped them silently when they were discouraged. He proved himself indeed a friend worth having. And in return Cornelia and Olivia gave him their warmest affection, and Cornelia, perhaps, a little more.

The tea-table had been drawn up within reach of Olivia's hand and the kettle had already begun to simmer on the crane, when a knock at the door announced that Francis Peele had arrived. He entered the room with that assurance of a warm welcome which gave his voice a certain cheerfulness, but both women noticed immediately a shade of constraint in his greeting.

"You really seem to be expecting me," he said.

"Of course we are," said Olivia. "Cornelia has actually spent five minutes arranging the pillow in this chair for you. Do sit down."

"What has happened at the office to-day? Anything nice?" asked Cornelia, handing him a cup of tea.

He settled himself luxuriously among the cushions and stirred his tea, gazing into it absently. "This is the best time of day," he said. "How good you have been to me this winter! You don't know what you saved me from, really."

"Something very, very dreadful, I'm sure," said Olivia, carelessly.

He did not answer, but smiled at Cornelia, to whom he had confided what his state of mind had been the day they met. She smiled back naturally enough, though her heart beat faster than usual.

He answered her question now. "Yes, something did happen at the office to-day—something rather horrid."

Olivia leaned forward in surprise. "Something that concerns us?" she asked.

"I hope so." He smiled ruefully. "The fact is, Mr. Chickering is going to move to Chicago and has made me the offer of partnership if I go with him."

"Oh!" cried Cornelia, "but that is a great honour—a great opportunity. Of course, you are going?"

"Yes, I have accepted. There was nothing else to do—it is, as you say, a great opportunity. But the trouble is, you see, I go to-morrow, and I do hate to say good-bye."

"Oh, I am so sorry! How we shall miss you," said Olivia, gravely. "Why, you have become a part of our household. And yet I am glad for you—truly glad. I know how hard you've worked for it, and I congratulate you with all my heart!" She held out her hand and he seized it warmly.

"You are awfully good, Olivia," he said. "But as for missing—why, I can't bear to leave you both. We are such good friends—and what good times we have had together!"

"Oh, but friends are always meeting," said Cornelia. "You will probably come back to New York soon, and then things will be just the same."

"On, no, they won't," returned Francis, sadly. "You will both be married by that time and have forgotten me altogether."

"You have a very poor opinion of friendship," said Cornelia in a low voice.

"Why, you may have a wife of your own then," said Olivia, gayly, "and what will you want with two women, artists at that, for friends? But let's not be gloomy now. I want to have only happy memories of this evening."

They fell to talking more cheerfully, and finally became almost hilarious in their attempt to be natural. When Francis finally rose to say good-bye, a silence fell on the little group. Olivia shook him affectionately by the hand. "Good-bye and good luck," she said, smiling at him. "You will write us all about it, won't you? Remember, we are interested in everything you do."

"Yes, indeed," said Cornelia. Looking at her, he fancied there were tears in her eyes, but he scarcely thought about them then.

"Thank you, thank you," he said. "I shall write you reams. Good-bye, dear friends."

When the door had shut behind him, Cornelia turned and looked at Olivia.

Olivia began sadly to put on her coat and hat. "Well, we have lost a very pleasant companion, a very good friend. I don't like to think how long it will be before——"

"Are you going home?" interrupted Cornelia. "Don't wait for me. I have some sketches I want to arrange before I begin the *Vita Nuova* to-morrow." Olivia looked intently at the glove she was fastening.

"Very well," she said. "I shall wait dinner till you come." She went out humming softly, without looking at her friend.

Cornelia made a pretense of sorting a pile of loose drawings, but at last sank into a chair and let her hands fall gently in her lap. She did not cry, she even tried to smile, but the firelight swam before her eyes. She sat there until the fire began to pale. Then she raised her head and made a movement to rise. But her muscles relaxed suddenly at the sound of footsteps on the stairway, and she remained sitting by the dying fire. The door opened with a bang, and Francis Peele entered.

"Are you here, Cornelia?" he asked, peering eagerly through the darkness. "Ah, I hoped so! Cornelia, I cannot go without telling you what I did not realise until I started to leave this afternoon. I always loved you as my friend; you know that, I'm sure. You filled all the longings I ever had for a true friend. I thought that was all. But this afternoon, somehow, I came to know I could never live without you. I love you, Cornelia, not as a man loves his friend, but as a man loves the woman he wants for his wife. Can't you change your friendship into that kind of love, dear?"

For the first time Cornelia felt the sob in her throat, but she did not let herself cry. "I did, long ago," she said.

ELLEN THAYER, '07.

MISUNDERSTOOD

Once there was a girl that had never been understood. When she was a child she was already very beautiful, and her parents, who were of an artistic temperament, attributed her naughtiness to originality. When she grew older, her beauty was a thing to marvel at. She spent most of her time at school in looking out of the window, and her teachers, seeing the dreamy depth of her wonderful gray eyes, thought she was of a poetical nature and could not partake of the coarse food that was given to the other scholars.

The spiritual loveliness of her face became greater as time went on. Soon she had many lovers, each of whom told her he loved her, not so much for the mere beauty of her face, as for the beauty of soul that he saw through it. She said little herself, and seemed little interested in the talk of others. This her lovers explained in various ways; some said that her mind was on higher things, others that she was so clever that the talk of ordinary people must bore her. There was no one in the town, they said, that was good enough for her, no one that could understand her.

She, too, longed for some one that should understand her.

Finally there came to the town, for the sake of rest from the toils of statecraft, a great man. "Now," said her relatives and her lovers, "here at last is some one that may be able to understand our Beauty." And the relatives tried to throw them together, and the lovers to keep them apart. It turned out as they had expected. In three weeks the great man and the beauty were engaged to be married.

"Do you know, dear," she said to him shortly before the wedding, "that you are the first person that has ever understood me?"

"Is it possible?" said he. "I had not realised that you are hard to understand."

"That is just it," said she. "You knew from the first that I am stupid."

And he did not contradict her.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

SPRING'S LAMENT FOR WINTER

Why hast thou vanished from my arms, beloved Winter?
On thy cold cheek I laid my soft warm hand.
'Twas then I heard a bluebird sing and all the air was bright and I
 was glad.
But as I turned to kiss thee thou wert gone.
Now have I followed thee so far
Unto the bare bleak regions of the North.
And wander now beneath thy tall black'fir trees
Forever following after thee,
Yet art thou ever gone before.
Oh wilt thou not return once more?
See, I will pluck for thee my fairest flowers
And pour the myriad hues of all my dancing fountains at thy feet,
While all the air shall ring with songs of birds.
Will not this beauty win thee back again?
Or is it true, as some voice seems to tell me,
Thou lovest me not as in the early time,
When we two walked the bare black woods together
And naught was green save one small birch tree
Shivering beneath thy wild, cold snowflakes?
If this be true then are we ever parted,
For I must follow now the path to summer,
Where all is bright and warm and beautiful.
Yet oh, how lonely is my heart without thee!

HELEN WILLISTON SMITH, '06.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

Though a matter-of-fact sort of person, Edward King could not be outdone in ghost stories. When people crowded about open fires, or huddled close to each other far from the dark corners, Edward King could always be counted on to increase the tension to the highest pleasurable limit. His method was simple, and he vouchsafed no explanation for

the "queerest experience of his life," which the following tale relates.

One autumn, several years before, he went down to Lakewood to spend the month of October. He mixed little in the hotel life and gayety, for he was weary with the hard summer of work which had forced his vacation to this late date. Most of his time he spent in long horseback rides along the roads winding through the pines or curling out over horizon-bounded wastes.

One gray afternoon at the end of the month King started out on his customary ride. The monotonous stillness of the woods about him and the sky above made him vaguely restless. Yet he urged his horse scarcely above a walk, with an undefined feeling that a sharp trot or canter would outrage nature's expectant mood. There was an attitude of listening in the motionless pines, and a horse's gallop would surely overwhelm the sound of an expected arrival. Suddenly King caught his fancy up, laughing at himself for a fool. He felt the quiet irritating his nerves, and he determined to strike into the open country, where the silence could not be so stressed. Turning down the first opening, he soon came to a long sandy road winding between two pine woods, with a glimpse of bare fields further on. King rode on slowly, with but little regard for his surroundings, until the growing dusk struck sharply on him. He looked at his watch and found that it was nearly six. Then his glance wandered over the brown fields stretching away on either side of the road, and he realised that he had no idea of the way home. He decided that his wisest course would be to ride on until he came to a house, and to ask then for direction. But the country was singularly desolate, even for the wilds of Jersey. A great expanse of uncultivated land lay about him, with here and there a black tree relieving the outline of the level fields. The gray sky was slowly deepening into black. Now and again a solitary bird flew through the emptiness.

At last King caught sight of a gleam of light shining through the gathering darkness, and shortly he came to a long, low house, placed a little back from the road, but with no defined grounds about it. One window was lit up. Otherwise it was bleak and gloomy enough, but King saw there his only chance, and, dismounting, he walked up to the door and knocked. For a while there was no sign from within. Then King heard steps echoing, a chain rattled, and the door creaked open. A child stood before him. King could make out that it was a little

girl, but he could not see her face at all.

"What do you want?" she asked, with an undercurrent of hostility in her voice.

King explained his situation, and she told him to wait while she went to consult her mother. She came back shortly and told him that he would have to stay with them for supper, as it was a long ride from Lakewood. She would attend to his horse, while he was to go in and open the door on his right, where he would find her mother.

Groping his way along the dark hall, he finally came to a door, and, opening it, he saw before him the kitchen. It was very bare; indeed, the table spread in the centre was almost the only furniture. There was a broad fireplace opposite the door and a woman sat crouching over the burning logs. She did not even turn her head as King came in, and only looked up when he spoke to her. She gave a curt assent when he asked if he might have supper, and then lapsed again into her musing. King looked at her with interest. She was a lean, haggard country woman, with nothing unusual about her but her great dark eyes. They moved about continually, flashing now and again when the flames lit up their blackness. Soon the child came back, and they sat down to supper.

It was the strangest meal King ever had. The mother and daughter were curiously alike. The child could not have been more than ten, yet she had a mimic copy of her mother's thin, bent figure, and her sombre eyes reflected exactly her mother's. Their glances roved about the room continually, lingering longest on the shadowy corners, and rarely lighting on King himself. Beyond supplying his wants they paid no attention whatever to him.

Finally the meal was over. King asked if he might remain awhile, as he wished to rest his horse and he himself was still tired. Again the woman gave a curt assent. She told him that they did not sit in the kitchen in the evening, and he was to follow her to their sitting-room at the other end of the house. They had to climb up and down some short steps, besides crossing several rooms and passages, so that King judged the house to be very old. As far as he could see in the darkness, the part they traversed was deserted and ruinous. When they reached the sitting-room it proved nearly as bare as the kitchen they had left, so that King could not guess the reason of the change. There was another fire burning here, and the woman immediately sank down into a chair beside it, while the child took up a book and began to study. The

low roar of the fire intensified the quiet within, while a newly-born wind moaned about the house.

Suddenly the wind sprang up and the panes rattled violently. King glanced up. There in the window was a woman's white face. In her restless dark eyes was an agony of pleading. Loose strings of hair blew about her thin forehead and drawn cheeks.

"There's a woman who wants to get in," King cried, turning to the mother. The woman only jerked one shoulder, and the little girl looked up with a gleam in the shadows of her eyes. King thought she looked almost amused. He turned again to the window, but the face was gone, and he decided that it must have been some chance passer-by looking in at the light.

The child continued reading, the woman kept on staring at the fire, and then again the wind lashed the house so that the glass clattered in the frames. King looked up and there was the same white face in the window. King turned excitedly to his companions.

"You must let her in!" he cried.

"It's none of my affairs," the woman murmured.

The child watched him steadily.

"Look again," she said, and glancing at the window he saw that it was merely a dark square.

King could not understand it. He looked at the window, it was empty; he looked at the mother and child, they were unmoved. Really, the whole affair was extraordinary. Another gust of wind jarred the casement, and there again was the white face, with more intense appeal in the eyes than ever before. King could endure it no longer.

"I am going to let her in," he announced. The child stood up.

"I am going to get your horse," she said.

King scarcely heard her as he ran to the window. The face was gone for the third time, but he knew the woman could not be far. He threw up the sash and looked out. A chill crawled over him. He was leaning out a second-story window.

LOUISE CRUICE, '06.

MÈRE CATHERINE

Mère Catherine used to live alone in one of the oldest and smallest cottages of a village in the *Berri*. She was a shrunken, bent old peasant, with a round face as brown and wrinkled as a baked apple. No one knew her age; she was not quite sure of it herself. One summer, when I asked her how old she was, she said: "Ah, Mademoiselle! I am getting very aged, seventy-two years and two months." And the next summer, when I saw her, her answer was still the same, "seventy-two and two months." She seemed not to change from year to year. Every afternoon that I walked through the village I saw her at her cottage door, knitting and talking with a neighbour gossip. She wore a brown checked dress, a blue gingham apron and a white cap that seemed to glare in contrast to her dark, leather-like face.

She was neat in the care of her cottage, as well as in her dress. Her little one-room dwelling contained two or three pieces of heavy old furniture, a clock over the chimney that had ticked there for a century—and in which she took great pride—a kettle or two in the fireplace, and a few plain wooden chairs. The red tile floor was bare except for a little mat by the bed; there were no pictures on the walls; the larder contained nothing but bread, dried fish and a bottle of wine. *Mère Catherine's* cottage was neat, but poor indeed. Yet there were flower pots in the window. Evidently she was fond of flowers, for she kept them also in the yard before her door—geraniums, verbenas, marigold and a tea-rose climbing up the gray stone cottage wall. When I complimented her on her *belles fleurs*, the first time I visited her, she said: "Yes, Mademoiselle, I love my flowers, and I have to have them, for life is too sad without them." Dear soul! thought I. In her poverty she doubtless goes without food, rather than give up her flowers.

Thrift, economy, poverty; this was my impression of that visit to *Catherine*. It was not long, however, before a conversation with Rose, our gardener's wife, entirely corrected my idea of the old peasant. I was told in a whisper, under promise of secrecy, that *Mère Catherine* was rich, very rich. "She owns much land across the river," said Rose, "and she has fifteen hundred francs under her mattress that I am to take to her nephews after she dies."

ANNA WELLES, '08.

THE LOST PLEIAD

Whither have ye gone, my starry sisters?
O whither have ye gone?
I cannot trace your steps upon
The trackless dawn.
The clouds are broken where
I trod them unaware
In my sad search for you, my vanished ones.

Why come ye not, my sisters, yellow-tressed?
In long, unending flight,
I seek throughout the dreary night
Your braided light.
O come ye back, and we
Shall once more seven be.
Why come ye not, O my beloved ones.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

TRANSLATION OF HORACE—ODE IV

The warm west wind breathes in the face of winter,
The Tiber melts before the smile of spring,
The curve-keeled skiffs are dancing o'er the water,
Across the snow-freed fields the shepherds sing.

Now Cytherea dances in the moonlight;
Her beauteous nymphs with dainty-moving feet
Ruffle the flowers, while fire-hearted Vulcan
Blows into flame again his forge's heat.

Now bind once more thy gleaming brow with myrtle
And roses, gathered in the morning dew;
Worship the wood-fawn in the sacred thicket,
A sacrificial lamb with incense strew.

Pale death with equal foot the peasant's cabin
Approaches, and the palace of the king:
O Sestus, hope is long—'tis life deserteth,
And night at last lies over everything.

When thou art lodged in Pluto's cheerless dwelling,
No wreath-bound master of the flowing wine,
Shall toast with laughing lip thy Lycida,
For whom thy youths contend, thy maidens pine.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

OWEN ROGERS

I

Owen Rogers let the heavy iron gate swing back to a click behind him, pausing for a moment to look up across the sloping lawn where the square white house gleamed through the pine trees along the edge of the rise. He slipped his hands in his coat pockets and walked on slowly, breathing in quickly the smell of the freshly cut grass. As he came to the shrubs bordering the drive, he pushed his way through their thickly intergrown branches, brushing some fallen rhododendron petals from his coat as he crossed the gravel, and stopping at the bottom of the broad, low steps.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lathrope," he said, looking up at the dark-haired, elderly woman, who turned from her writing at his voice, her pen still in her hand.

"O, Owen," she said, smiling at him, "I'm so glad you've come over; Mary spoke, at breakfast, of sending you a note. She's very anxious to see you again."

"I heard last night that she had come home." Owen came slowly up and sat down on the top step, swinging his soft cap between his hands. "I hadn't heard from her for over a month, so I was surprised," he added.

Mrs. Lathrope pushed her writing away, and absent-mindedly straightened out her piles of directed envelopes; then leaned back in her low chair, her hands resting on the arms.

"Mary's a strange child," she said. "She's changed even during this year away. Do you remember when she first came here, Owen, after her mother died, years ago, when neither of you could have been more than seven?"

Owen nodded, laughing. "I wonder what mischief we didn't get in together," he said. "Mary's last argument always used to be that 'Aunt Polly wouldn't care anyway.'" He stopped, and then asked abruptly, "How has Mary changed, Mrs. Lathrope?"

"She's quieter than ever," the other answered, "and more beautiful," she added enthusiastically. "Last night the Everetts came over and some of the others, and every one was making a great fuss about her—and an outsider would never have seen how pleased and happy she was." Mrs. Lathrope pulled a half-written note toward her. "I wish you had come over, too," she said.

"A man was coming out from town from the publishers," Owen replied, an embarrassed light in his straightforward eyes. "If I had known sooner about Mary I would have sent him word to change our engagement."

Mrs. Lathrope leaned forward quickly.

"O, Owen, how could I forget," she cried, "I am so interested about your book—but Mary's arrival has put everything out of my head. The publishers have accepted it?"

"Yes," he said, looking out over the sloping lawn, across the distant road and the fields on the other side, to the sparkling blue line of the river. "Mr. Blaire came to talk it over with me last night."

"Mr. Blaire——?" questioned the other, "why is he not——"

"Yes," interrupted Owen, "I don't know why he came himself." The young man rose, glancing at the half-finished note on the table. "I've been keeping you," he said.

Mrs. Lathrope smiled. "Mary will want to see you," she answered him; "you'll find her out in the garden." Then, when he was half-way down the steps, she added: "I asked you about coming to tea next week, Owen? If you will stop here on your way home, I'll give you a note for your mother, too."

Down the drive Owen went until at his left a narrow path opened between two great rhododendrons. Winding about through the low bushes and clumps of red-leaved trees, it led him to an open sunshiny lawn.

At the entrance of the path Owen paused, one hand holding back a low branch, his eyes turned toward a latticed arbour covered by climbing vines. Standing, her face half toward him, was a woman of about twenty-five; she selected the roses from a great heap on the arbour step beside her, clipping their stems and arranging them in her flat basket. She was singing softly to herself as she moved her hands deftly, gracefully.

"O, Mary," he cried, and he went toward her quickly.

She turned, a rose in her fingers. "Owen"—she spoke quietly, smiling at him—"Owen, I wondered just when you were coming to see me." She held out her hand to him, looking squarely into his eyes. "It's good to see you again," she said.

They went over to the arbour together, and she pushed aside her roses, sitting down on the broad step. "I've been having a beautiful time," she said, "but I'm glad to be home."

"A year is a long while," he answered. "I had begun to stop remembering that you were coming home at all—and then, last night, I heard, in a roundabout way, that you were here."

"I meant to write to you. It was hard to get time, though."

There was a pause for a moment. Then Mary asked: "When is your book coming out, Owen?"

"In a month or so," he replied, his voice calm and uninterested. "Did you read the manuscript copy I sent?" he asked in the same tone.

"Yes." Mary pulled off the petals of her rose, one by one. "I think it is the best you have done yet," she said.

For a moment Owen sat silent, watching a humming-bird dart in and out among the flowers, its glossy wings shining in the sunlight. Then he said: "It was nice of you to read it," and before she could answer he rose. "I must go to get your aunt's note for my mother," he told her.

II

Owen had driven over with his mother to the Lathropes; she and Mrs. Lathrope were in the drawing-room talking together, as they waited for their guests to arrive. Mary had taken Owen to the library to see some books which she had brought home with her.

The library was on the farther side of the house, a low-ceiled, square room, the walls panelled in white above the book-shelves, four deep window-recesses opening out on to the sunny south lawn.

Owen slipped the books he had been looking through back in their places, and turned to Mary, who was watching him from one of the windows, her arm resting on the board sill, an occasional whiff of wind ruffling up her hair.

"Thank you for letting me see the books," he said a little formally, and stood still in the middle of the room.

There was an amused gleam in Mary's eyes. "You're very welcome," she answered solemnly. "We needn't go back yet—come and tell me a great many things I have been wanting to hear about." She moved over, making room for him, and he sat down by her uncomfortably.

"Aunt Polly has told me of the unapproachable Mr. Blaire himself coming out to talk to you about your book," she began. "We're very proud of you, Owen."

"O," Owen sat up more stiffly yet, "probably there was no one else to send."

Mary laughed at him. Then her face grew serious. "I liked your story very much," she went on.

Owen got up quickly and walked over to the great fire-place opposite.

Mary watched him silently for a moment; then she, too, rose: "We had better go to the others," she said quietly, and went toward the door.

"Mary," said Owen, his head back, his hands in his pockets tightly clenched, his voice very deep, "I did my book for you."

She came back and stood beside him. "I knew all the time that you cared for what I thought of it"—she smiled at him, the expression of her eyes suddenly changed.

"I cared more than I can say."

"And you thought that it made no difference to me—you know now that it does, Owen?"

"O, Mary dear," he said, and then he stopped, as if he were afraid of his words. But she was still smiling at him, and, before she could speak, he put his arms about her and bent down toward her and kissed her.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

*"DULCI FISTULA"**THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT THEME*

It is an English reader. Yea!
And she stoppeth one of three.
"By thy angry brow and glittering eye
Now wherefore stop'st thou me?"

"The dining-room is open wide,
And I must hie me in,
The girls are met, the feast is set;
Mayst hear the merry din."

She holds her with a threatening hand,
"There was a theme—" quoth she.
"Hold off! Unhand me! Let me go."
Eft soon her hand dropt she.

She holds her with her glittering eye;
The hungry girl stands still
And listens like a three years' child,
The reader hath her will.

"Full well I know, some time ago
No theme I had from you;
So twenty-three, as penalty,
To-morrow will be due."

The hungry girl forgets her lunch,
For her nor food nor rest!
She sadly goes to execute
The reader's cruel behest.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the night.
She's written thirteen daily themes,
Ten more she still must write.

The sun came up upon the right,
Over the gym came he.
Now twenty themes are on her desk,
She still must scribble three.

Now Taylor bell tolls ten o'clock,
O! see the maiden hurl
The themes in her division's box,
A sadder, wiser girl.

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

A SONNET ON BEHINDNESS

When I consider how my nights are spent,
And all my days in this dark mid-year tide,
To seek some talent which may yet abide
Within me (for it cannot all have went :)
And spiting undertakers to present
A ruddy face, when all my friends have died
Of overwork—how labour sleep denied?
I sadly ask, would patience not resent
These murderous looking things on which we feed,
Such as *dégout* of beef, spice soup, oh angry fate!
Yet clinging fast to hope be this thy creed
To cram from morn to morning without rest
They also passed who neither slept nor ate.

ADELAIDE NEALL, '06.

WEATHER PROPHECIES, AND HOW THEY COME TRUE



Prediction

Fair will be the skies
And warm the air,
So dresses light and
Dainty headgear wear.

Reality

Apparel finest did I don,
And sallied forth to meet the
sun,
It rained, it poured, with
might and main,
My best clothes will ne'er be
good again.



Venture not forth; aloft the
Storm-clouds lurk,
And rain and sleet and wind
Will do their work.

I was to go to Valley Forge,
I 'phoned him not to come,
The sun came out at early
morn,
And shone till day was
done.



Prepare for scathing winter's
Chilling blast;
The pond below will
Surely freeze at last.

With blithe looks and fond,
Did I speed to the pond;
But the ice was quite thin,
And I promptly fell in.

HELEN MOSS LOWENGRUND, '06.

THE TRAVELLER'S DECISION

Toward the close of the day the traveller came to a place where the road divided. At the crossing sat an old man under a large elm tree.

"Which of these two roads would you advise me to take?" enquired the traveller.

"It is a matter of taste," the old man answered. "the road on my right leads to Heaven, the one on my left to Hell."

For a short time the traveller stood in deep thought. Then, selecting a mossy spot, he sat down under the tree.

"Which road do you intend to take?" the old man asked.

"Neither," replied the traveller, leaning back with a sigh of satisfaction against the tree, "I am going to stay here."

HELEN DUDLEY, '08.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

Do you remember the day you opened an old chest up in the garret and found father's gun? And after you had taken it out and fondled it, you put it back, intending to ask for it that very night at the supper table; but when the word "gun" had hardly passed your lips, mother threw up her hands in horror. But you visited the garret again and opened the chest and took out the gun. You put the bore up to your eye and found it straight and true. At the sound of a creaking on the stairs you quickly dropped it back into the chest and ran away. But the idea of owning and using the gun still rankled in your bosom. You dreamed of being a soldier and surprising the enemy in ambuscade; until one day you crept up to the garret and got the gun, and with it under your arm you stole down, as each stair creaked and rattled under your guilty feet.

You hid it back of the woodpile in the shed, and spent hours with oily cloths and fine sand cleaning the bore and shining the barrel. You sat on the stump near the chicken-coop and pretended that each strutting fowl was a fleet deer or a raging buffalo.

One morning, when mother had given you some pennies for being a good boy in remembering to scrape your shoes occasionally on the door-mat, you hurried down to the corner store and spent some for shot, but bought barley candy with the rest, so that mother should see your face sticky with sugar and not question the expenditure. Then you dropped the cartridges back of the woodpile beside the gun.

The next day you put the shot in your trouser's pocket, and with the gun under your arm you ran over to Willet's woods. There had been a snowstorm, and you found little animal tracks in the snow. You crouched in the underbrush and thrust a cartridge into your gun. How cold your legs and fingers were, but still you waited, waited. You began to be hungry and miserable. You imagined that you were freezing to death; then you felt the gun, and it comforted you. Soon you heard a faint scratching noise, and you saw a squirrel running down a tree. The little animal sat up with a nut in its paws, so near that you could have touched him with the muzzle of your gun. Shivers of excitement ran down your back, but you could not bear to shoot the little defenceless thing. So you moved your foot and the squirrel ran back up the tree, where, safe on a high branch, he scolded and chattered at you.

Then you changed your position and waited again. You wondered whether there were any Indians in Willet's woods. Besides it was cold, so cold! A chipmunk came pattering out from a little path and began digging at the roots of a tree. You suddenly took aim and fired. It was so near you could not miss. How the noise echoed through the trees! When the smoke cleared away you saw the little thing stretched out on the ground and the snow around was stained with blood. Jubilant at your success, you ran up; but the tiny beast quivered and was dead. Then your heart gave a thump, and your throat got all dry and lumpy. You moved the little limp form with your foot and tried to make it stand on its legs, but it fell all in a heap. Somewhere in the woods perhaps there were some little hungry chipmunks; but you knew they would wait for food in vain. You could not bear to look at your bloody deed. The gray squirrel began to scold you again. You picked up your gun and ran as fast as you could towards home. You stole through the kitchen, up the back stairs to the garret. Then you dropped the gun and cartridges into the chest and slammed down the lid.

MARJORIE YOUNG, '08.

PARASITISM

Everybody works but Fungus,
And he hangs 'round all day,—
Sponging on the alga,
Stealing its starch away.
Alga synthesizes,
Toiling by day-light:—
Everybody works in Lichen
But Par-a-site, and he's a loafer.

DOROTHY M. CHILD, '09.

THE LAW CLUB

On the evening of January twenty-fifth, Mr. Talcott Williams addressed the members of the Law Club, choosing as his subject the "International Duties of a Great Nation."

He began his discussion by a review of the ancient attitude of one powerful nation to the rest of the world; the Greeks, for instance, considered all but themselves as mere barbarians. Following this came a time when all nations were thought equal, with equal rights.

At present, however, this idea of equality no longer holds. Five or six great nations are now the leading powers of the world; the rest are necessarily inferior. We have, as a result, the "sphere of influence" of each of the world powers, delimiting responsibility in regard to surrounding territory.

Mr. Williams then reviewed the Monroe Doctrine, and the steps in its development. The United States, he said, has pursued a policy different from that of any other nation; while aiming to extend its sphere of influence, it has also steadily promoted the individuality of separate states. This idea of sovereignty as the product of law is a necessary development, one which every other nation will in time come realise.

No power, Mr. Williams concluded, is bounded by its actual boundaries. The United States has grown step by step, taking to itself states, territories and insular possessions; it has even created Cuba into an independent state. Such an extension of influence is, however, only one step in the growth of a sense of responsibility on the part of the great powers towards one another and towards the rest of the world. Besides patriotism, something else is needed, a feeling of responsibility as regards all humanity.

H. M. L., '06.

NOTICE

The Undergraduate Association of Bryn Mawr College has decided to give, in memory of Mary Helen Ritchie, the carved oak doors for the new Library. All subscriptions sent to Anna McAnulty, Pembroke West, will be gratefully received.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '97. Alice Jones is spending the winter in Paris studying under Mac-Monnies.
Mildred Minturn is spending the winter near Paris.
- '98. Hannah T. Carpenter sails in February for Italy.
Lucile Merriman has announced her engagement to Mr. Malcolm Farmer, of New York City.
- '00. Clara H. Seymour has announced her engagement to Mr. George St. John, Master of the Florida-Adirondack School.
Leslie Knowles sailed for the West Indies on February sixth.
Julia Streeter sailed for Italy on January thirteenth. She will return in April.
- '01. Bertha Goldman and Hetty Goldman, '03, sailed for Europe January twentieth. They expect to return in October.
- '04. Martha T. Rockwell is spending the winter in California.
Louise Lyman Peck has announced her engagement to Dr. Albert C. White, of Providence.
- '05. Frances Eleanor Mason has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Manierre, of Chicago.
Bertha Seely is back at Bryn Mawr, in the Record Office of the College.
-

COLLEGE NOTES

On Wednesday evening, January tenth, Dr. Floyd Tompkins, rector of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, addressed the Fortnightly Meeting.

On Thursday afternoon, January eleventh, Ben Greet's company played *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. The proceeds of all tickets sold through the College for that performance were given by Mr. Greet to the Students' Building Fund.

On Wednesday evening, January seventeenth, Mr. J. A. Wilbourn, of Tokio, spoke on Japanese missions before the Christian Union.

Miss Mary E. Woolley, president of Mt. Holyoke College, spoke before the Graduate Club, in Rockefeller Hall, on Friday evening, January nineteenth. Her subject was "The Significance of Some Changes

in the Education of Women."

On Monday evening, January twenty-second, Mrs. Florence Kelley, secretary of the National Consumers' League, lectured on "The Work of the Consumers' League." Mr. Mussey also made a short address, urging the formation of a Consumers' League at Bryn Mawr. This league is now being formed. Applications for membership may be sent to Doronthy Congdon, '06, and Melanie Atherton, '08.

On Wednesday evening, January twenty-fourth, Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, principal of the Central High School, Philadelphia, addressed the Fortnightly Meeting.

Dr. Talcott Williams addressed the Law Club on "The International Duties of a Great Nation" on Thursday evening, January twenty-fifth, in Pembroke East.

On Wednesday evening, January thirty-first, Dr. Ecob, of the Unitarian Church, Twenty-second and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, addressed the fortnightly meeting of the Christian Union.

Agnes Goldman, '08, sailed for Europe on January twentieth.

Nan Pratt, '06, returned to College January twenty-seventh.

Harriet Houghteling, '07, sails for Europe in March.

On December sixth, nineteen hundred and five, the Faculty passed the following additional regulations concerning the Merit Law: In brief, any student who has more than half of her work below merit by the end of her junior year, or by February of her senior year, must take an additional year of work in order to obtain her degree. During this time the rest of her required one hundred and twenty hours will be distributed evenly through the remaining semesters; together with such advanced courses—sufficient to bring her work to as nearly as possible twelve hours each semester—as the Petition Committee shall assign. During the whole of this time the student is upon probation, and her work must prove satisfactory to the Petition Committee.

The Trustees have also decided that no student shall be qualified to take part in class plays, or athletic teams, or to hold any office on the Undergraduate, Self-government or Lantern Boards, who has not up to that time received merit in one-half of her work.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The Athletic Association has made the following regulations concerning skating:

No one shall go on the pond unless the skating flag (a white flag with red spot) is flying. One flag will be placed on the tennis courts and one on the edge of the pond.

Tickets must be worn while skating. These may be obtained from Miss Applebee, who is in the gymnasium every day from 5-6 P. M. and 8.30-10 P. M.

The pool is reserved for water-polo on Mondays and Wednesdays 9-10 P. M., Tuesdays 5-6 P. M. The water-polo captains are: C. Woerishoffer, '07; E. Schaefer, '08; K. Goodale, '09.

Track practice, *i. e.*, putting the shot, racing, rope-climbing and jumping, is held in the gymnasium on Tuesdays 8.30-10 P. M. The captains are: A. Lauterbach, '06; C. Woerishoffer, '07; I. Richter, '08, and M. Nearing, '09.

The gymnasium is reserved for baseball on Mondays and Fridays 8.30-9.30 P. M. The captains are: G. Hutchens, '07; L. Sharpless, '08, and F. Belleville, '09.

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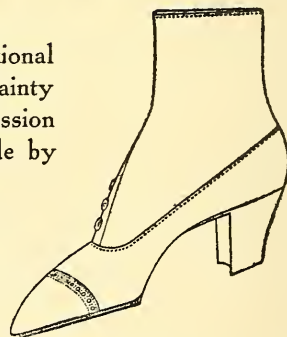
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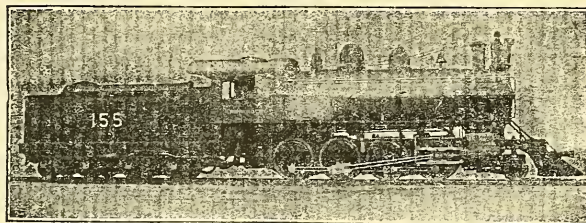
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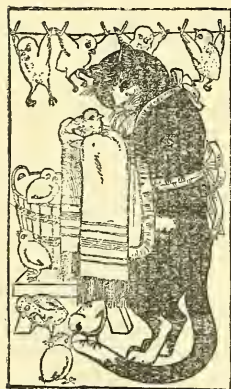
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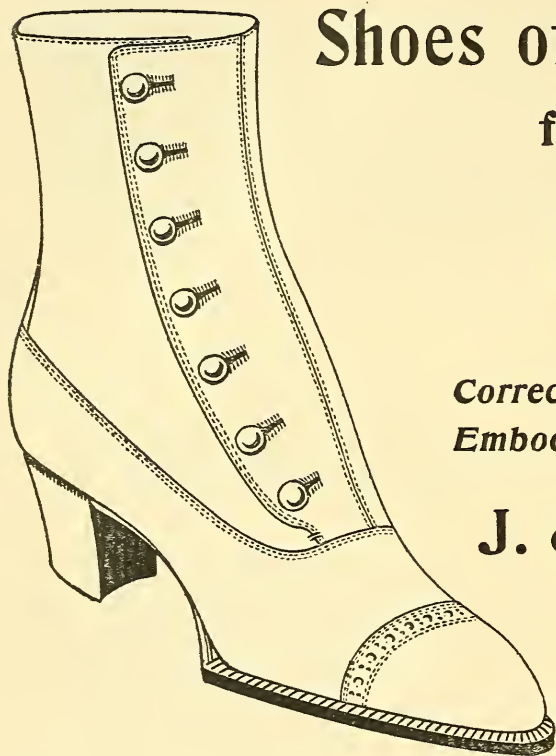
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Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

MARCH, 1906

No. 5

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CE N'EST QUE LE PREMIER PAS QUI CONTE

It was the honour of Holdimand to have been one of the first settlements in the Province. It was its great good fortune to have been first settled by the fugitive United Empire Loyalists, flower of British-American families. Holdimand actually, as is its proud boast, was a "town when Dufferin was a street." Dufferin now is a large railroad town, that catches a bustle because of its nearness to the border, and draws newcomers from the back-country districts; but it is sooty and irregularly built. Holdimand is a village where all habitation is either sentimental or necessitous. Its creek in these days fulfills an economic use by offering boating, fishing and picturesque meandering appearance to summer visitors. Since the canal was built it no longer gives waterway to all of the produce of the fertile Peninsula, and grinds the flour for half the Province. But if the sun of Holdimand has set, the sunset glory still lingers and sheds, it may be, a more fervid light than in the fullest day. The town pride and the family pride of Holdimand

are great: they are, it seems, incompatible, rust-and-moth-proof against the prosperity of Dufferin, and the prosperity and attractions of individual summer visitors from over the line or from Dufferin. With years, with loneliness, with church intercourse, there has come to be suffrance in Holdimand, there is even now a certain amount of mingling, in a mild social round, of the various elements of the town. But it is still a hard place for any of whose forebears Holdimand is dubious to settle in for the whole uneventful round of the year. They may be driven, in a mad career away from all equivocal intercourse, to an almost entire isolation.

There was one family who retired there from Dufferin—aunt, uncle and little niece, of Holdimand extraction but plain Scotch stock—who fell into this state. The senior MacDermotts had always a prejudice to Holdimand society, as it offered itself to them, in spite of great affection for the place. Their niece Ollie, who came to them as a child, and grew up in the school as a bright, active, downright Scotch girl, felt no prejudice directed against her till she left school. But the year after she left school the place became intolerable to her. The change from her whole childhood's custom came about with a certain neat pettiness characteristic of the place.

The change began on a Sunday evening in the April after she had left school, one of those spring evenings of mellow light and still air in which church bells ring out with peculiar sweetness. The stream of church-goers blackened the broad walk down the long main street to the English church. The church lay down a poplar bordered lane in the fields at the very outskirts of the town. It had been rebuilt since a burning by the Rebels of '37; now it was of terra-cotta stone with a rusted tin spire that sparkled out to-night against a salmon sky above the green columns of the poplars.

Two of the younger, sprucer matrons, on their way to church, chanced to whisper a word to each other as they noticed a tall, fair boy, overgrown, perhaps, and loosely knit, turn into the street ahead of them. He had in some way an English face, with his clear cut but somewhat massive features, tanned skin, and very pale blue eyes. He was probably not yet at his majority.

Mrs. Colvert turned to Mrs. Mackenzie. "Where's Ollie to-night?" she asked, with a somewhat eager smile. "I haven't seen Fred go to church without her for years. Or anywhere else much," she added

with a laugh.

"Yes, if it goes on much longer, now he's out of school, his mother'll have to get used to its being something more than school connections," Mrs. Mackenzie's light voice seemed to convey in ever so slight degree, exultation in misfortune. As she ended, she caught sight of two girls on the other side of the street, where wayfarers were few. "There's Ollie now," she said, "and that pretty Beatrice Logan that's visiting her from Dufferin."

Across the street, the two girls were also hastening along toward church. Ollie MacDermott was the taller and slimmer. She had dark brown hair, very curly, tied at her neck, intense blue eyes, and a skin covered with many pale freckles, so pale as to be almost unnoticeable. Her nose was straight, and her lips thin and usually parted. Now a pale even colour suffused her face as her companion talked quickly to her, with, it seemed, an underlying laugh all the time in her face as she turned to Ollie.

"You didn't tell him you had heard a great deal about him, Bee? How could you? He'd know exactly where you'd heard it." Ollie spoke in a somewhat deep voice. She looked at Beatrice earnestly and grew redder at Beatrice's expression; but she could not restrain a fragment of a laugh.

"Don't you worry," said Beatrice in a gay tone, taking hold of Ollie's arm, "he was embarrassed enough himself when I asked him if he knew you. He stammered out that he knew you 'somewhat,' then that he'd gone to school with you."

"That he knew me 'somewhat.' He told you that down in Dufferin?" Ollie almost stopped and dropped Beatrice's arm. She saw Beatrice nod, and her eyes hardened.

"I never heard of Fred's saying such a thing before," she said in a fierce tone.

"Well, he said it sure enough," said her friend with a laugh, then, nudging her, "There he is now across the street, cross as a bear at me for appropriating you this last night before he goes to Colburn."

Ollie did not look across, though Fred was looking over at her expectantly. He quickened his gait, and reached the church lane as they did. There involuntarily all three stopped a moment, Fred lifting his hat, and smiling happily just behind the two girls. Ollie looked at his steadily, seeming to gather her full decisiveness into her blue eyes, the lines of her mouth, her tone, as she spoke.

"I don't care to have you come to see me any more, Fred. I will wish you satisfaction in Colburn now." She gave a quick glance at his flushing face, but she turned so quickly, and with an insistent hand on her friend's arm hastened so well towards the church that Fred had no opportunity to answer. But Beatrice spoke hurriedly as they went up the steps.

"Ollie, Ollie," she whispered. "Oh, I'm sure he was only embarrassed."

At that Ollie dropped Beatrice's arm. "You can't and won't persuade me," she said sharply as they entered the white vestry. "I've lived in Holdimand long enough to know that people here don't say they know you 'somewhat' out of mere embarrassment. Mrs. Hallam always says that behind our back, and Aunt Mary won't have anything to do with her since she found it out. Now that Fred's left school he's beginning his mother's way. If I didn't cut him myself now, Aunt Mary would make me." Fred Hallam did not make his appearance in church that night.

The next morning Ollie, from her boat tied under the willows, saw Fred leave Holdimand, going by the early train to Colburn, nearby, where he was to enter the bank. For a whole week she did not hear from him. He did not come home over Sunday, as he had expected. But she had a note.

"DEAR OLLIE: It was tough on me for you to cut me out of your sight last Sunday. I have been trying to make out what the trouble is. You were always better at seeing that sort of thing, you know, than I was. Won't you enlighten me this time? Do, because I've stacks of things I want to tell you about Colburn."

He took the situation then for another of the half-laughing tiffs they had had from childhood up. Exasperation now came to help out Ollie's fading resolution. He did not come home the second Sunday, either, and a second note—angry or irritated now—did not excuse him. Ollie answered neither. Colburn was another town like Holdimand, except that its prosperity was not so far gone.

"She's probably getting letters that phase her, about his having a good time with her friends in Colburn," Ollie thought, looking at Mrs. Hallam's still pretty face across the dark black walnut pews of the church the second Sunday. She read over with some bitterness the memorial tablets of brass or marble, erected to United Empire Loyalists, that now gleamed in the bright spring sunlight. Canon Woolsey looked

more the ideal white-haired old clergyman than ever, but perhaps the spring lassitude that was drugging the scattered congregation held him also, for he discoursed long and aimlessly. Ollie heard the clear cock crows sounding out and dying away. She looked through the windows over the sunny green fields to the blue bank of the creek, and to the dim blue outlines of Fort Hill against the horizon. At last she whispered caustically to her aunt that Mrs. Hallam forgot to use her lorgnette as freely as common, and that Mrs. Coverley wore her Sunday pamade less thickly than usual. The Copleys had been repeating to her on the way to church various uncomplimentary remarks that Mrs. Hallam had made about her.

Yet, if at this time Ollie had moods of petulance and distraction like this, she seemed for the most part very active. She was out in the fresh air a great deal, rowing and setting out the yellow, stunted house plants in the broad beds of brown earth that were cut out of the green of the lawn.

It was towards the end of the third week of Fred's absence that Mrs. Copley one afternoon brought news to the MacDermott family as they all sat on their broad verandah. Fred Hallam had gone to the Northwest. The sudden dangerous illness of his uncle there had called Fred as the only one to take up the business. The news—if her aunt judged rightly, from Ollie's silence at the moment and her troubled night—seemed to have fallen on Ollie like a bombshell. The Northwest had been always a sort of El Dorado to Fred, from which his family had restrained him. Now that family duty had called him there, there was no knowing when he would return. Ollie had sent him away with their life-long connection broken. It must seem now, that in her desire to estrange herself, she had builded better than she knew. The old custom of her life might well seem to have dropped suddenly into the past.

Fred stayed in the Northwest a year. During that time Ollie never heard from him, at first she thought because of his anger and business, later from preoccupation. Her life during the same time was in a state of transition, more pronounced than her family had looked for in the first year out of school. She began to detest Holdimand and find an intolerable aridity in the very air. During the summer, her childish pleasure in the recreations of the place began to wear away. She had still kept fast all her school days' friends, but now she began, little by little, to absent herself from their small picnics and rowing parties,

to feel old bonds loosening, in short. Her family was not, like most, inter-related with all other good Holdimand families. There was no longer Fred, present or in memory, to bring her into connection with everything. Her family sent her away "to be gay, and get away from Holdiman *ennui*": but she came back in the spring, a month before Fred's return home. She had come by this time to judge her condemnation of Fred's hasty, or to desire, at any rate, revision. She remembered that, try hard as she might, till that fatal time she had detected no trace of snobbishness in him. But now it was noised abroad through the village that Fred, since his uncle's recovery, had been getting the romantic time he had demanded of the Northwest; so that Ollie was fearful of the goodness of his memory.

He came home, and did not come to see her for a week. Then, at a church festival at the Coverley's, she met him face to face on the lawn, was greeted warmly and without confusion, and asked to sit and talk to him in the summer house over the creek. They had been used to play there as children. She was struck to the heart to-night by her conviction of changes fixed deep in her since then; she wondered if they existed in him also, if they were turned in the same way. It was a part of her change that she should be awkward and embarrassed; it was apparently part of his that he should be frank and unrestrained. The faces of neither had changed, however, from their youthful contours of a year before.

He turned an open unembarrassed glance towards her as he sat leaning crosswise against the rustic rail of the summer-house. She sat a little way around the curving seat in the full moonlight, which lighted her curly dark hair and white dress. She leaned her elbow against the rail, and looked steadily out over the dark water splashed with silvery moonlight, to the yellow lights and gleaming roofs and gables of the houses across, all set in soft unbrageous masses of willows along the bank. The sky above was studded with stars.

"It is a great place, the West," he began, with excited eye, and he went on to tell of the manifold experiences it had afforded him. He had come back from his year in the world more youthful than ever, apparently. The wells of spontaneity in the girl, on the contrary, seemed to have been drying up a little the past year. He seemed enthusiastic, she indifferent. Yet she proved herself a good listener. "I'll tell you something, Ollie," he said at last, leaning over toward her suddenly, but

looking—his face now in a full shaft of moonlight—only abstractedly at her with his pale clear eyes. "I'm going to get back to the Northwest as soon as possible. I'm going to get exchanged there from Colburn. The fact is, I was just on the point of being engaged." His voice, his expression, his eyes, were surcharged with eagerness. But at the actual words he became apparently absorbed. "I tell you," he said a little awkwardly, looking down at his hands, "I tell you, because we are such old playmates, even if you did, I must admit, rather throw me over about the time I went away."

At his last words Ollie rose. "That is true," she said in an even tone, "but, Fred, is it not getting late?"

HOPE E. ALLEN, '05.

IN THE PRIESTS' GARDEN

I remember Vespers at the convent rather dimly as a quiet, pleasant time, surrounded by candle-light and flowers, incense and music. But from the many Sunday afternoons one stands forth, marked for particular remembrance by the unusual pleasure of its consummation. On a hot day, we marched, a procession of white-frocked, poke-bonneted little girls, across the sunny square from the school to the church, up the granite steps, and into the cool, dark interior. I sat where the men could not see me, in the shadow of the confessional on the Blessed Virgin's side, and when the charm of trying to follow the Latin Psalms had worn off, I slipped out through the "Door of the First Station." I found myself in the priests' garden, a place of which an occasional glimpse had made me dream for days, but which I had never dared to enter.

Now the dear place seemed deserted, and I might follow the yellow sand paths that checkered the green grass with bewildering regularity; I might rush into the soft masses of love-in-the-mist, and study the oddly shaped German flower beds and the sun-dial. The sparrows twittered incessantly in the trees. Further off I heard water falling. The idea of a fountain was delightful, and I followed the sound. At the end of a poplar-bordered path, among beds of fragrant white flags and flame-marigolds, I found the fountain,—and the Bishop. I knew he was the Bishop, because once my mother had taken me to High Mass

to hear him preach. He was sitting in a garden chair, his eyes closed, his hands folded.

"Oh!" I said. At that the Bishop opened his eyes and stared at me so that I was still more frightened. Then he laughed. I felt reassured, and remembering what I should do, I said:

"Praise be to Jesus and Mary."

"Amen," said the Bishop. "That is such a charming custom you American children have—your little salutation. The good nuns taught it you, n'est-ce-pas?"

"Oui, monsieur," I returned, so glad to be able to answer him that way.

"But you ought to be at Vespers, it seems to me. Have you seen the gold-fish?"

"The time has come the walrus said." I replied to his swift change of subject. It was very daring, but the wonderful man did not hesitate.

"Do you know," he said, "that the poor children in Roumania don't know about *Alice*?"

Then we went to see the gold-fish and sat on the fountain-ledge to talk.

"Roumania," I said, "is pale green, and I think it has mountains."

"It has, but in reality it is quite different from the map. I think that it is dark green and purple and soft brown, the color of roads."

"Just the way Sister Ursula is light blue."

"And the letter *u* is lavender."

"Are you going back some time?" I asked.

"When *le bon Dieu* judges it to be time."

"Or the dreadful women with the thread and the big shears."

We talked until the procession of little girls came out from church. Then the Bishop said:

"Now, go and tell Sister Ursula what you have done. On Thursday I dine with your mother, and then you can tell me what she says."

On Thursday, however, I had to send the message by my mother. But I sat where I could catch a glimpse of the Bishop as the servants passed through the swinging door. The next day he sent me an *Agnus Dei* and a medal, but I never saw him again. I went to the country, and before the end of the summer I learned from my mother that "*le bon Dieu* had judged it to be time." The Bishop had gone back to Roumania to die among his own people.

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

SAILING

I follow the crest of the racing wave,
The dip of the sea-gull's wing
I hear the deep-toned voice of the wind
In the vibrant cordage sing.

I face the beat of the eager breeze,
Cool and damp with the spray,
And I feel the rythmical restless sea
Steadily swing and sway,

Forgetting the thoughts of the weary past,
And doubts of the things to be,
Forgetting self in a universe
Of wind and sky and sea.

MARY ANTOINETTE CANNON, '07.

A RELATIVE MATTER

Away back in the 1770's, two of my great-great-uncles quietly sailed away from Boston and settled on the southern shore of one of King George's maritime provinces, as became loyal subjects. But my great-grandfather remained in New England, faced the music like a good rebel, and covered himself with glory under certain circumstances which I have at present forgotten—though I investigated the matter not longer than a year ago for my sister's D. A. R. papers. Moreover, he survived the estrangement between the colonies and the mother country, and lived to see, in his hale old age, a goodly number of grandsons and granddaughters of the Robbins name.

I can hardly be said to share my sister's interest in genealogy. In fact, it has always seemed the greatest sort of bore to remember even my Boston cousins, with their various numerical values and "removes"; and it was not until last May, when the need of rest after a year of

severe study sent me up into the provinces for an enforced vacation, that I ever gave those Loyalist Robbins cousins a definite thought.

The ostensible aim of my trip was to fish: possibly to be joined by two of my Harvard friends later in the summer for a month or two of camping on some remote island. The looking up of my relatives was a secondary consideration. I said little about my plan at home, but casually spoke of my Canadian relatives to a few of my favorite uncles and aunts, and when I left Boston I had addresses of fifteen families of Robbins's.

For six weeks I fished—and visited cousins. It seemed remarkable that there should be so many charming daughters in all these families. There were sons, too: handsome, manly boys, who, if they could have been born in Boston, would have made their Yankee cousins suffer by comparison. But I remember the girls especially—Alice at Elysia, Charlotte at Chebague, Esther at Victoria, Madeline at Moose River, and Caroline at Kingsport. They were all pretty girls, blessed with those clear complexions that defy the sea-fogs; and they all had big, serious blue eyes, that made my usual Bostonian nonchalance seem out of place. I succeeded in computing, at least approximately, our various degrees of kinship; and my collection of photographs and the length of my correspondence list increased as the weeks went by.

About the middle of July, my two friends came from Boston with a supply of provisions, a tent, and a patent cooking-stove. We bought a dory from a fisherman, rented a little island just off a point on the mainland where a particularly nice family of Robbins cousins lived, and camped. We hunted and fished: and, thanks to the plover, the pollock, and the Robbins' lobster-pots, we fared richly.

I was to go home one Monday early in September: but the other fellows were to stay two weeks longer. The Saturday before my departure they went over to the mainland in the dory, leaving me to collect some specimens of minerals that I wanted to take home with me. The rocks that had interested me were around at one side of the island where, at low tide, it is almost touched by another island, which, in a round-about fashion, connects with the marshes and mud-flats of the mainland two miles below the Robbins' farm. The tide had just turned to come in when I sauntered along the beach, turning over pebbles. As I went around a sharp curve, I saw a bright spot a little way beyond, close to a fir tree beside the shore. It was a red tam o' shanter: and the girl who wore it was the most disconsolate-looking person I ever saw. I

remember very distinctly that she also wore rubber-boots; and that her blouse and skirt, though the worse for wear, were of the proper cut, a thing which most of the Robbins cousins had not seemed to understand. She spoke first, though she was evidently much embarrassed.

"Are you camping over here?" she asked, in a most polite and dignified manner. "I walked across on the flats, and the tide is higher than I thought. My friends live over on the Point. Would you be so kind as to shout to them? I can't make them hear me."

She said all this in the same polite and dignified way, but she was almost crying with vexation. I shouted several times, but heard no response. Then I assured her that I would be pleased to row across with her; and since the water was getting higher and higher, and her friends did not know where she had gone, there was nothing for her to do but to accept my offer.

We turned to walk back to the tent, and were soon chatting in a very friendly manner. She had frank brown eyes, and a nice way of looking at one: and now that her anxiety about getting home was past, she laughed and laughed about her dilemma, and her rubber boots, and her muddy skirt, and her invasion of my island. She might very well have laughed at me, too, for my camping garments were in the last stages of respectability.

"I knew that some of Mr. John Robbins' friends were camping on one of the islands, but I thought it was one of the outer islands. Of course I wouldn't have come over here if I had known. I came across to this island often, early in the summer—it is such fun to explore these places at low tide: and I never got stranded before. But I won't try it again. I can't, anyway: I'm going home Monday."

So was I.

"I've been down here all summer. Isn't it lovely here? I'm visiting some of the Robbins's, my cousins."

Robbins cousins!

"Have you noticed how many Robbins's there are around this part of the province? Three families on this point, and they're all related. We never knew about them at all until lately. We knew in a vague sort of way that we had relatives here somewhere, so last year my father and I came up—no, I should say *down*, shouldn't I?—and we found all these nice cousins. Don't you think Mr. John Robbins' people are very nice?"

Indeed I did.

"I'm really sorry to go home. I'm coming against next May to stay all summer."

"You live in ——?"

"Oh, Boston; didn't I tell you?"

"So do I. And I'm going home Monday."

"I didn't tell you my name, either. I am Rachel Robbins. Perhaps you guessed I was a Robbins from my having so many Robbins cousins."

We had reached the tent, and I excused myself to hunt up the oars. I should have to row across in an old dory that had drifted ashore, with a pair of bated oars that we kept only for emergencies; but that prospect was more than counterbalanced by my relief that the other fellows were out of the way.

As we pushed off I said:

"I was just going to tell you who I am. My name is Robbins, and I suppose I am a Robbins cousin, too."

"*Really?*" Then she laughed again.

The row did not seem nearly so hard as I expected, and we were very good friends, indeed, when we pulled the dory up on the marshy flats at the Point. We had told each other most of the main events of our lives, and we had found out, incidentally, that we lived two streets from each other.

On Monday we sailed for Boston on the same steamer; sat out on deck in a sheltered corner until last at night; and were out again early in the morning. When we landed, I was introduced to her entire immediate family on the wharf.

But we were not engaged until two weeks from the day we met on my island. Any less time would have seemed unduly precipitate; and, furthermore, I wished her to have time to satisfy herself absolutely that our relationship was sufficiently remote. We found that our common Robbins ancestor lived in Devonshire five generations back, and that our great-grandfathers, who came to Boston from there, were cousins "even then," as Rachel says. So we are not so very nearly related after all.

We are to be married in June. We shall spend the summer abroad; and it may be that, somewhere among the Devonshire lanes, we shall find more Robbins cousins.

A. E. C.

A DREAMER

Out on the sunny river bank Francis de Lorraine lay dreaming through the whole long June afternoon, his hands clasped under his head, his face turned up toward the cloudless blue sky, drowsy and happy with the rushing of the water. Somewhere further down on the other side was the busy city which he had left early in the morning. They had been preparing for the tournament to be fought that afternoon before the king and his whole court, in celebration of the coming of age of the youngest of the beautiful princesses. Soon he must mount his horse and ride back again along the crowded highway and arm him for the fray. He wondered if his old playmate would smile at him as he rode into the lists to do her homage as Queen of Beauty. He hadn't seen so much of her of late. A princess must be mindful of her rank and not allow herself to be pestered by every fellow who happened to fall in love with her—so Gaston, the first cousin of the Grand Duke, had taken pains to remind him often enough. It was Gaston, too, who had told him at the royal levee two nights before how it was rumoured the king would look with favour on the winner of the tournament to-day as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The dreamer swept his arm quickly through the daisies and buttercups; if Gaston should win—? His fame in arms was wide, his family was powerful and high in the king's favour. The dreamer sighed. He had as yet not even won his spurs; he was a maker of pretty verses, the son of an exile, who had been allowed to be the princess' playmate because he was so harmless and because—the thought at least comforted him—because the princess had had a childish fondness for him. It was only within the last year that everything had changed. Gaston had been knighted, and the princess had been kept more and more at tedious court ceremonies. At first Francis could not understand why she must ride off every morning to the hunt with the train of scarlet-cloaked courtiers, and every afternoon talk on the terrace to gray-bearded statesmen, and night after night lead the dance in the great hall of the palace. Then, one evening, he had found her alone out in the gardens, and there, under the smiling stars, she had made him see that all this was part of a princess' life, and he had bent down and kissed her hand, saying nothing, but wondering at his stupidity. How kind she always was. The dreamer turned his

cheek against the warm grass and smiled to himself. That morning he had been riding slowly by the palace, and, when he came beneath the princess' windows, he had stopped a moment and looked up. As he had been about to pass on again a rose had fallen on his horse's neck. He thought now that he had caught sight for a single second of the hand that had thrown the rose; and he smiled again. Then he closed his eyes and dreamed that the sound of the wind through the grass was the rustling of the princess' gown as she walked beneath the arching trees on a spring morning when the daffodils were in bloom. He never noticed that the long shadow of the rock beside him had been creeping closer and closer, nor that the sparkle of the sun on the river had softened to a bright glow. But, as he dreamed on, the breeze that rises when the sun sets carried a far away confusion of sounds across the water to him. It was the distant shouting of a great crowd of people and the echoing far-away winding of horns. Francis sat up quickly and passed his hand across his forehead. It was almost dark, and the hour for the tournament had been the middle of the afternoon. Alas, alac, had the trumpets been in honour of Gaston as he knelt to receive the reward of victory from the Queen of Beauty? Ah, dear princess, thought the poor dreamer, how could I, how could I. He sank face downward on the river bank again, his cheek against the cool ground. The stars came out one by one and shone on him as he lay there, a rose clasped in the hand by his side.

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

Happy we were love, you and I,
Under the cherry trees together,
Smiling up at the smiling sky,
Joyous hearts in the joyous weather.

Red were your lips as the cherry blooms,
Soft was your cheek as the breeze in May.
Little we thought, love, you and I,
That time would carry so much away.

Let us look back, dear, into the past;
Watch how the years go trooping by,
Each taking something we thought would last,
Each bringing that which we feared more nigh.

Tell me, sweetheart, were we to blame
That we could not keep the years away?
To lovers true is all time the same—
A thousand years as a single day?

Surely much that we loved is gone;
Yes, and that which we prized is past;
But tell me sweet, as the year sweep on,
Won't love live still till the last?

HELEN WILLISTON SMITH, '06.

THE TOMB AND THE ROSE
TRANSLATION FROM VICTOR HUGO

Whispered the tomb to the rose,
"Of the tears that the dawning shows
What make you, lover of day?"
The rose to the tomb replied,
"And what of those souls you hide,
Thrust through your portals wide,
Deep in your caverns gray?"

The rose said: "Sombre tomb,
Of those tears I make in the gloom
A perfume of sweetness rare."
The tomb said: "Flower, dear,
Of each soul that enters here
Purified, crystal clear,
I make an angel fair."

THEODORA BATES, '05.

i*

CO-OPERATION

Polly Oliphant sat at her large writing table. Her face was flushed, her wavy hair dishevelled; her elbows leaned on the polished surface, and between her fingers dangled a pen full of ink.

"I know I'm desperately in love with him," she said to herself assuringly; "but then," she added, "so many women *have* felt that way before their engagements were announced, and even after they had been married several years. It certainly feels as though it were enough to say that I love John Larymer, but it really isn't enough, I suppose." She sighed slightly. "I must have been right years ago when I said that the man I married must fulfil certain requirements regardless of the way in which I might feel toward him when he proposed. I'm glad I wrote all the requirements down months ago in cold blood, for I couldn't think of any now, I'm sure! I wonder how John will like being catechized!" She looked down with a little grimace at the old diary before her, and read:

"Question I. Can you ride and drive a horse well?"

She laughed to herself softly, "and he will answer with a smile, 'Tolerably, I own a horse ranch!'"

"I'm afraid I don't dare ask him any of these questions, they are too absurd and childish! 'Be bold, be bold! But not too bold!' Yes, that's just it! He'll think I'm silly and absurd and unreasonable." Tears filled her eyes and she paused. Then, resenting her own weakness, she exclaimed impatiently, "Well, isn't that what I am? He can see me 'as I am,' that's all, and if he doesn't like me—why, it is just as well I found it out now instead of too late!"

She put down the pen petulently, then glanced at the photograph of a rather clever-looking man that stood just before her on the table. The petulance left her, and a very sweet smile curved her pretty mouth.

"Yes, you'll be here in just a little while now, and I shall have to face you holding the diary straight before my eyes, so as to arm myself for at least a few minute against you!" and, leaning forward, she took up the little book.

"I think I had better rehearse this," she said suddenly, springing up and looking about for a suitable position in which to stand during the

ordeal to come. Catching sight of a small rocking chair, she went and knelt gracefully on the seat, tipping the back in such a way that she could rest the book upon it. Then, in a firm little voice, she read from the open diary:

“‘Question II.’ Oh! I shall not ask him if he has ever been crazy about other girls before, for even if he had been, I shouldn’t blame him a bit—girls are so very attractive!”

“‘Question III. Did you love your mother?’ I know he loved his mother, all men that are worthy of the name do. And I know you honour your father!” she exclaimed vehemently, very apparently slurring over the fourth question. She had now reached the fifth; she stopped. “Oh, the next few questions aren’t important at all! Here’s one that is, though!” she exclaimed in some excitement.

“‘Question VIII. Do you want me for a housekeeper solely, or are you willing to let me be a wife? Am I to be acquainted with your plans and ideals, or am I blindly to live from month to month, not knowing whether I must economize or whether I may plant perennials in the garden?’ Yes, that’s it!” she exclaimed, looking up and addressing herself to the imaginary man before her. “Am I to sympathize with you, economize with you, rejoice with you, or am I only to go about your house seeing that there is no dust on the piano, and that you have your meals served promptly?”

On the instant there sounded a slight knock on the pane of the open French window, and a man’s voice said, “May I come in?”

She stood up, facing him a trifle unsteadily; she rather feared he would be laughing at her; but he was not.

“I’m so glad, so very glad, you aren’t laughing at me,” she said with childish earnestness. “I was afraid you would think all sorts of things about my note telling you about the examination.” She, herself, was forced to smile as she used the word. “But, had you asked me, I should have tried to pass your requirements—that is, if you could ever have been silly enough to draw them up when you were young and foolish,” she added apologetically.

He entered the room without the vestige of a smile or a trace of ridicule. Perhaps he was a little scared.

“Do begin,” he remarked quietly. “I only hope you won’t put me hopelessly up a tree!”

One by one she went over the questions, now asking them seriously, now flinging them out as jokes, to be laughed at and forgiven. And

then she asked him the eighth and last question with an earnestness that touched him deeply.

Before he could answer, however, she added, "Most wives are simply housekeepers, not wives in the true sense. Think of the many women who are their husbands inferiors in later life purely because they have had a single instead of a co-operative existence.' She had now forgotten herself in the thrill of pleading the cause of the faithful housewife, her eyes were sparkling and she leaned forward eagerly.

"Aren't they to blame?" asked Larymer quietly. "If they had cared enough to keep up with their husbands, they would have done so, I am sure."

"But they may have married young and not had the constant rub and polish which their husbands have had since then," she began excitedly. "Perhaps they were too busy with household cares to spend much time in reading books and seeing much of the world outside. Moreover, they are expected to pay duty calls, and entertain,—things, dear John, not necessarily pleasant luxuries to the women, but more often a necessity to their husband's prestige in social life."

"But surely the social life is broadening? Shouldn't you call that mixing with the world?" he asked, smiling slightly.

"Poor John," she said sadly, "do you really imagine so? I should not call it 'mixing with the world.' I should rather say it was skimming on the surface," and she laughed softly.

"Would you call the monotony and routine of a man's work any more broadening?" she asked.

"Surely," she replied, "for the man is thrown with other men, not in a superficial and monotonous way, but in an intense and varying one. In the man's world ideas and realities are at stake, while in the woman's there is, outside her narrow home life, nothing but Platonic shadows of realities. Hence the inequalities of married life and the unhappiness."

To John Larymer the life of the woman had always seemed a particularly charming one. He was far from owning an establishment now, but that time, he hoped, would come, and often and often he had thought of the girl before him as the mistress of this household, smiling and gracious. He reflected somewhat bitterly at this moment that, all unthinking, he would have tried to *save* her from all participation in his own life and his part in his profession; he would have kept her head *well above* all the monotony, the drudgery of his world, not realising that, in so doing, he would be depriving her of a wife's chief joy.

But now she had shown him that her life, without a share in his troubles and successes, would be narrowing and even more monotonous than his own. He thought of the many women whom he knew leading this narrow life, and he realised with sudden insight that it was co-operation that was needed in many a household.

Slowly he rose and stood at his full height and strength of purpose, and held out his hand.

Hesitatingly she looked at him, then, reading the expression in his face, she quietly laid her hand in his. They understood the terms of their engagement.

GRACE STANLEY BROWNELL, '07.

TWO PORTRAITS

A boyish form with a strong young face
Stands straight and slim, with unconscious grace
On the deck of a ship; and with deep, pure eyes
He gazes into the far away.
The sea is rough, and cloudy the skies.
Oh where is he sailing? But who can say,
For he gazes into the far away.

A girlish form with sweet young face,
Sits straight and slim, with unconscious grace
On a garden-seat; and with deep, pure eye
She gazes into the far away.
Autumn has painted the trees and skies,
Where got she those roses? But who can say,
For she gazes into the far away.

Oh white-clad boy with his candid face!
Oh rose-decked girl with her charm and grace!
Is he thinking of waves that are sure to rise
On the ocean of life, as he sails his way?
And does she think how, under autumn skies
Youth's roses wither? But who can say,
For he's gazing into the far away
And she's gazing into the far away.

CAROLINE ALEXANDER MCCOOK, '08.

ALICE LEE

"I suppose it is useless to say anything now, but I really think, my dear, that you were foolish to undertake the care of that child, even though she is your sister's," Mr. Lane spoke with the air of settling the matter once for all. He sipped his coffee meditatively and looked to his wife for approval.

"I know it, Richard," replied Mrs. Lane, "but what could I do? It will only be for two or three weeks, and Alice had to have rest, and I am the nearest relative and ought to take the baby in. I do hope it isn't the crying kind!" Mrs. Lane nervously twisted the rings on her fingers.

"What a fuss about nothing!" remarked Richard Lane, Jr. "One girl can't be worse than three boys, mother, and I guess you've had enough experience that way! You said she was old enough to amuse herself, anyhow."

"Why, yes, I think she is," replied his mother. "Let me see, I saw her in '93, I think (just before you broke your arm, Dick), and she was only a baby then. Why, she must be seven or eight now. Mrs. Lane visibly brightened.

"Well, the deed's done, and I hope your health will stand it," was all Mr. Lane deigned to reply, and he arose from the breakfast table and walked to the piazza.

"Now, Dick," said Mrs. Lane, turning to her son, "you will be sure to be at the Harbour by eleven, won't you? Because that's the time when Alice is going to stop and give you the little girl; and do be careful sailing back, that she doesn't fall overboard, or"—

"Oh, mother, how old do you think I am?" asked her indignant son; "nothing'll happen to her. Trust me!"

Soon Dick was rowing out to his small yacht in the cove, with a basket containing sandwiches and fruit, one shawl and an umbrella, which his mother had given him for little Alice Lee. He smiled to himself as he deposited them in the boat, and then set about hoisting the sail and making preparations for his short voyage.

About twenty minutes before eleven he brought the boat neatly up beside the pier, hopped out, and fastened her to an iron ring. The pier was long and led up to the Phoss Harbour Yacht Club. Dick looked at his watch, and finding that he had about fifteen minutes before the train would arrive, he stepped back into the boat and proceeded to make

himself comfortable with the cushions.

He lazily watched the peaceful town, with its fishermen's houses along the shore, further back the pretty cottages of the summer residents, and finally the big hotel crowning the hill.

The water slapped gently against the boat with the incoming tide. Dick took up a newspaper to shade his eyes from the sun, and before he knew it he was sound asleep.

About quarter after eleven he awoke with a jerk, sat up and found a small girl with large brown eyes gazing thoughtfully at him. Feeling that the silence was becoming oppressive, he jumped out of the boat, and asked: "Has the train gone?"

The child nodded.

"Confound it! What a pickle! What a fool I am!" and he looked wildly around.

"Aren't you going to take me a-sailing?" the little girl asked calmly.

"Oh—oh yes! But where's your mother?" Dick was trying to regain his scattered wits.

"She's away," keeping her large brown eyes fixed upon him.

"She's gone off and left you here? Why didn't she wake me up? How'd you get to this place? Oh, by the way, you *are* Alice Lee, aren't you?"

"What?" asked the child.

"Maybe you aren't Alice Lee, after all," Dick said hopefully.

"Oh yes! I'm Alleslee," and the child courtied to him.

Dick looked surprised, but, nevertheless, he told her to get into the boat, and to sit still, while they started off. He wrapped her up in the shawl and told her she could have the umbrella if the sun were too hot, too hot.

For the first fifteen minutes she remained quite still, while Dick looked at her.

She was not what he had expected, but he was pleased at her quiet manners, for he knew that they would suit his mother. She was a plain child, save for her large brown eyes; her face and hands were thin, her brown hair was braided tightly down her back and tied with a large black ribbon. She wore a dark plaid dress, trimmed with white ruffles, and a faded brown hat with a wreath of still more faded flowers.

"How did it happen that your mother went away and did not wake me?" asked Dick, by way of making conversation.

"I don't know, she left me all alone." Alice Lee's under lip began to quiver.

Dick thought of his mother's fear of crying, and hastened to add:

"Oh, well, it's all right, I found you. Want a sandwich?" and he offered her the basket. After eating two or three sandwiches she began to ask questions. She wanted to know what the sandbags at the bottom of the boat were for, what was the pennant at the top of the mast for, what the tiller and ropes were for. Dick answered her, and as they approached the land he pointed out the house.

"That's where you are going, Alice," he said.

"My name isn't Alice, my name's Aurelia."

"What's that?" exclaimed Dick.

"My name is Aurelia, and I live in the beautiful mansion on the hill, and this in my boat and that is my land," pointing to the island which they were approaching.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Aurelia! Now sit still while I get the moorings."

Mrs. Lane sat on the piazza anxiously awaiting the arrival of her son and niece. As they walked up the path she smiled with pleasure at the sight of the quiet little girl.

"How do you do, dear," she said, "won't you give Auntie a kiss? What a big girl you have grown, and how you do grow to look like your mother!" Mrs. Lane fairly beamed upon Alice. "Lunch is ready now, so come in. Where is her coat, Dick?"

"Why, she didn't have any, mother," replied Dick, "I suppose it was too hot to bring it."

"That is strange! But probably it is packed in her trunk. Come, Alice."

"My name is not Alice, now. It's Clarissa," exclaimed the child, drawing away from Mrs. Lane with a scornful look in her big brown eyes. Mrs. Lane gasped.

"For mercy's sake! What—"

"Now don't get excited, mother!" her son interposed. "She is only pretending. She did it coming over. She told me her name was Aurelia and a lot more stuff."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing! Sister Alice never did such a thing!"

"Well, this isn't Aunt Alice. Come to lunch, I'm hungry."

At lunch Alice said little, but answered politely all the questions

put to her. Mrs. Lane was just thinking what a sweet child she was, so quiet and not a bit troublesome, when Alice slipped down from her chair and remarked:

"I think I will go home now." She started towards the door. Mrs. Lane gasped again. Dick ran out and caught the child on the piazza, whither his mother soon followed him.

Dick was just promising to take her sailing with him in the afternoon, when Tom Bean, an old sailor, appeared coming up the path, pulling by the hand a small, bedraggled child. Her white dress was soiled and wet, her yellow hair was wet and her shoes were muddy. She was a sorry looking spectacle.

"Well, ma'am, here's Miss Alice Lee!" was the startling announcement that Tom made.

"That child, Alice Lee!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, "Richard—Dick—on dear, oh dear, what is the matter! I knew it was all wrong for me to take the child!" Mrs. Lane sank into a chair.

"What do you mean, Tom?" asked Dick. "This child here is Alice Lee."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do! Take them both away, I won't have either. I never thought that brown-haired child looked like Alice!" Mrs. Lane wrung her hands in misery.

In the midst of it all the brown-haired Alice began to weep and clung to Dick's hand. "I want to go home, take me home, Dick!" The yellow-haired Alice gasped, choked and finally wailed, "I want my dinner! I want mamma; I want my Bobby doll!"

Dick looked thoroughly aghast. The old sailor stared, and Mrs. Lane wept.

"Now, mother, for heaven's sake, hush!" interposed Dick, looking from one to the other of his weeping companions. "It's all my mistake. Now, if you don't stop crying, I shall go off and let you settle the scrap!"

"Don't go, Dick. I'll be good!"

Meanwhile both Alices had stopped wailing, and all looked to Dick for help, who in turn asked Tom how he came into possession of his Alice Lee.

"Well, you see, sir, it was this way," replied the old sailor, ignoring Mrs. Lane. "I'd a-been out fishing this morning, and jest as I come into the wharf and got my dory tied up, and had took out my fish—I caught sixteen blue, sir, good-sized ones, sir.

"Now come, come, Tom!" interrupted Dick, who knew well Tom's

tendency to relate long tales.

"Yes, sir; that's it!" replied Tom good-naturedly. "Wal, as I was a-saying, when I got my fish out, I saw a lady and a little gal coming down the wharf, and the lady comes up to me and says:

"'Kin you tell me,' says she, 'if this is the right place to find Mr. Richard Lane? I've been a-waiting, and a-waiting for him.'

"'Dick Lane!' says I. 'No, indeed!' says I. 'The Lanes always go to the club pier, not to this place.'

"Wal, she looked kind of mad at this, and she took out her watch and says:

"'Now, ain't that jest too bad! The station man, he told me I could find him here, and I've only got fifteen minutes 'fore my train goes, and I can't take Allus.'

"'Was ye goin' to give your little gal to Dick Lane?' says I.

"'Yes, I was,' says she. Allus is going to visit the Lanes."

"'Well, I tell you, ma'am,' says I, 'you go on to your train, and I'll take her over to the pier and give her to Dick Lane,' says I.

"She didn't want to at first, but when I says I'd known ye all your life, and couldn't mistake ye, she went off and left the little gal, and I took her over to the pier, and, of course, ye weren't there. So I says to myself:

"'Tom,' says I, 'ye're goin' over to the island in a while, and you take the little gal over to the Lanes'."

"So that's what I done, and here she is." Tom finished his story with a flourish of his hat towards Alice.

There was silence for a moment, and then Mrs. Lane broke out:

"Well, I should not think Alice would have left her child with a stranger. I never would have."

"Well, I suppose the mistake was mine," said Dick musingly. "But then who is the child I brought home?"

"Why, Dick, how did you get her?" interrupted Mrs. Lane.

"I'll tell you another time, mother; wait until we have fixed this scrape up," replied Dick, fearing that he would cause another scene.

"Now, Alice, tell us what your real name is, and where you live," said Dick, touching the quiet child by his side.

She shook her head.

"But she must tell you, Dick; make her tell you," broke in Mrs. Lane excitedly.

"Now hush, mother," replied her son, for the child began to sob.

"I don't want to tell my name!" she said. "I don't want to."

"Maybe Tom knows her," continued Dick. "Have you ever seen her in the village?"

"Wal, now, I don't know but I have. Seems to me she belongs to one of the summer folks," said Tom, critically surveying her. "Couldn't tell you what her name is, though."

"Come, now, tell us what your real name is, Alice," continued Dick, "because, you see, if I don't know who you really are, I can't take you home at all. Just think how your poor mother is worrying!"

The child's sobs stopped, and she looked doubtfully at Dick:

"Don't tell! 'Cause my really truly name is Emma—Mary—Mutton."

"Well—er—that is a very nice name; now, where do you live? In the village? Because we can have a nice sail back, right off now."

Emma smiled happily and took his hand.

"Right off now, and I will see my own dear mamma." Her face beamed with pleasure, and she seemed utterly oblivious to the trouble she had caused.

"Now, Dick," began Mrs. Lane, feeling that she had been neglected long enough. "I won't be left alone with that other child. I know she will do something dreadful! Look at her now picking that flower to pieces, and she has been smelling of every one in the garden already! "can't we keep her?"

"Nonsense, mother, we're not choosing. Probably her family are crazy already, thinking that she's lost. Alice is all right, aren't you, Alice?" Dick turned to the bedraggled child before him.

She nodded her head slowly.

"I want my dinner," she said.

"Of course she does, mother," said Dick, turning around. "Just give her something to eat and tell Sallie to brush her clothes, and she'll look all right. I'm going to take Al—Emma home. Come on, kid." Dick started down the walk with his charge, glad to shift some of the responsibility to his mother.

Suddenly Emma took his hand and looked up at him with eyes full of tears:

"My really truly name was my Grandmother's, but I hate it, and I pretend lots of prettier ones. Don't you think Isabella is pretty?"

DOROTHY DALZELL, '08.

"DULCI FISTULA"

H. C. signifies Hard Cramming,
C. equals Clever Drool;
M.'s a Mark with faint praise damning.
P. and F. stand for Poor Fool.

JOSEPHINE KATZENSTEIN, '06.

A REMINISCENCE

"Lor', miss, what a young lady ye be now!" Hannah exclaimed. She had answered my banalities about her husband and children with ill-concealed impatience, and now was in haste to turn the conversation upon myself, for I had been her charge from earliest babyhood. She had nursed me and trained me in the way I should go, and now, when, after an absence of many years, I had returned to my native town, Hannah still regarded me with an eye of friendly, and, I must admit, critical interest.

"Why, it don't seem a minute sence I used to rock ye to sleep in my arms as I do little Peter here. Then ye growed up big enough to go to school. Do you remember the last time I ever seed ye afore ye went away?"

"It must have been since you were married," I replied, for she had left us for a certain portly John Sullivan a year or two before our departure.

"It was," she agreed. "John and me had jest moved into the country here. It was wash-day, and raining hard. The clothes-boiler cooked dry, and I ran out into the yard to pump some water, when what should I see trudgin' up the road but a little, thin figger all bent down, a-tryin' to push its way up hill against the wind and rain, and at its heels

was a -runnin' a yaller dog. Well, I was that surprised I forgot to pump my water, and I jest stood there watchin' until I was plumb sure of what I first suspicioned. The little figger was you, and the yaller dog was Wag. You walked in the gate and the tears was running down your cheeks, but you sez quite calm-like: "Hannah, I've run away from school."

"What a wicked little rascal I was," I interposed pointlessly.

"Oh, you never was no respeceter o' teachers," she chuckled. "Your ma sent ye to kind'garden when you wa'n't but four years old. Ye came home that first day and climbed up into my lap. You put your arms round my neck and sez, 'Hanty, I ain't going back to that place again. The teacher is very ugly. They eat oranges and say prayers, and I won't go back.' Ye did go back, though; but that ain't the point.

"On the pertickaler day of which I speak, you was feeling dreadful bad, I could see with half an eye.

" 'I've come to live with you, Hannah,' you sez. I couldn't make out what the trouble was except that the teacher had 'wronged you' and you 'never would forgive her.' When we got into the house you put your head down on the table and sobbed low and heart-breakin', and Wag, he set there a-lookin' at ye. I got a plate of cookies an' put 'em down beside ye. Finally ye raised up yer head smilin' kind o' pale-like. 'Hanty,' ye said, 'we must do good to our enemies. Please give me a pencil and paper. I'm goin' to write a poem about Miss Kate.' Ye scribbled a while and then ye sez, 'Listen to this, Hanty,' and reads:

" 'Oh, Miss Kate, please just wait,

A lover soon will come.

You treat us bad, but we'll be glad

To have him take you home.

" 'Some time, when I am dead, perhaps, she will read that and weep,' you remarks.

"Then you puts on your wet coat and hat.

" 'Where be ye goin'?' I asks. 'I am goin',' you sez, as you takes a handful o' cookies, 'To have my verses published,' and off you goes, with the dog at your heels. I ain't never laid eyes on ye since till now."

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

A MEMORY OF MIDYEARS

Now doth mbrosial night descend upon toil-wearied mortals,
Bringing the hour of six when the bulletin board is uncovered.
Crowded is Taylor hall with hosts of fair maidens in anguish,
Waiting the coming of Nelson, the herald of joy or of sorrow.
Every eye watches him roam with slow, measured tread toward the
office;
Every mouth gasps as the paper obscuring the marks seems to flutter;
Then as it falls, the great conflict is truly begun in good earnest.
Every one elbows her neighbor and speaks wingèd words as she jostles,—
“Please, can’t you let me get in? I know I have flunked! Please don’t
stop me!”
Madly they push to the front as warriors bold in fierce warfare,
Only to fall back exhausted and cry feebly, yet with great triumph,—
“Black death may cover my eyes, but at least I have passed elocution.”

ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.

EDITORIAL

It is about this time of the year that if you go into a classmate's room you most frequently find her pulling out the contents of bureau drawers or putting a new blotter on her desk. It is a trace of that instinct inherited from centuries of spring housecleanings that seems to the fancy like an almost unconscious rite in honour of the spring. With mothers, also, sending us samples in every letter and visions of Easter clothes flitting deliciously through our minds we are falling in, too, with this certain demand of the season for freshness and newness. We see the gray buildings and brown earth emerge fresh and clean from their spring drenchings; and the freshness and purity of everything visible infects us like a contagion. What seemed wholly desirable under winter skies becomes in the clearer light of March quite intolerable. The spirit of freshness and cleanness is in the air, cleanness sought not for any ordinary motive of healthfulness or respectability, but cleanness as something lovely in itself, with its own very real æsthetic value, “its sweetness and trimness.”

It is in the spring that it is easy to let go of the more distant aims that have been ours during the winter and absorb ourselves in a sheer pleasure in the freshness of the immediate things about us. The clean early flowering bushes, the freshly starched white frocks, the clinking of shining iced-tea pitchers at luncheon in the first mild days, all these seem a little *ver sacrum*, a ceremony to the new season.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '89. Louise R. Elder is spending a few weeks in Bryn Mawr.
Ella Riegel is in America for a short time.
- '92. Elizabeth Winsor Pearson has a daughter, born February first.
- '93. Evangeline Walker Andrews has been elected President of the
Alumnæ Association.
Susan Walker Fitzgerald has a son, born January second.
Jane Louise Brownell has succeeded Miss Baldwin as head of the
Baldwin School.
- '96. Elizabeth Butler Kirkbride sailed for Europe February twenty-
seventh, to be gone until next autumn.
Mary Crawford has announced her engagement to Dr. Charles
Dudley, of Altoona, Pa.
- '97. Elizabeth Caldwell Fountain has a son.
Grace Albert has been appointed permanent registrar of the
Alumnæ Association.
Mary Campbell is planning to take a party of students abroad
next summer.
Mary Alice Miller Buckminster visited college in February.
- '98. Mabel Haynes, M. D., Johns Hopkins Medical School, 1902, has
opened a dispensary in Boston.
Mary Converse is taking the Mediterranean trip.
- '00. Grace Campbell, Mary Kilpatrick and Maud Laurie spent a few
days in Bryn Mawr, making arrangement for the sextennial
reunion of their class, next spring.
- '02. Edith T. Orlady has been elected Vice-President of the Alumnæ
Association.

- '03. Martha White has been elected Corresponding Secretary of the Alumnæ Association.
- '04. Mary Vauclein is in Scotland.
- '05. Esther Lowenthal has been back at college.

The new members of the Academic Committee are: Louise Brownell Saunders, '93, and Elizabeth B. Kirkbride, '96.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held in the chapel, Taylor Hall, Saturday, February tenth. The most important business before the meeting was embodied in the report of the Academic Committee, which announced a proposition made by the Board of Trustees whereby the Board of Directors of the College, heretofore consisting of the thirteen Trustees, should be increased in number to sixteen, and hereafter should consist of:

The thirteen Trustees.

Two Alumnæ of the College, nominated by the Alumnæ Association.

One person whose membership upon the board the Trustees may deem especially appropriate or useful to the College. This report was accepted by the Association with much satisfaction. It is probable that a temporary method of nominating the Alumnæ members of the Board of Directors will be adopted before the By-Laws of the Association can be definitely changed so that Alumnæ Directors may begin to serve in December, 1906.

This form of Alumnæ representation proposed by the Trustees is much fuller than that now existing in any other college. Another matter of business before the meeting was the adoption of an outline of the deed of gift to be used when the first \$100,000 of the Endowment Fund has been raised. This deed provides that \$100,000 shall be given to endow a chair in a fundamental department.

A luncheon was given to the Alumnæ Association by the College in Rockefeller Hall on February tenth. President Thomas announced a Christmas gift from Mr. Rockefeller of \$80,000, making Mr. Rockefeller's total gift to the college \$450,000.

The Bryn Mawr Club of Boston.—At the tea for the month of January, held Tuesday, the second, the hostesses were the undergraduates who were at home for the Christmas vacation. Their singing of college songs, by way of entertainment, was much appreciated by the other members of the club.

On Friday, January the fifth, Mrs. Waldo E. Richards gave a delightful reading, reciting several quaint songs and stories. A number of the members of the College Club were present as guests of the Bryn Mawr Club.

COLLEGE NOTES

Meetings of the Academic Committee were held on February third and ninth. On Thursday afternoon, February eighth, Miss Anthony gave a tea in Denbigh, and invited the Senior Class to meet the Academic Committee.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held in the Chapel on February tenth. Luncheon was served afterwards for the Association in Rockefeller Hall.

The second semester began on February twelfth.

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held in the Chapel on February fourteenth. The Rev. Arthur Lloyd addressed the meeting.

On Monday evening, February nineteenth, Mrs. Anna Spencer and Mrs. William Read Buckminster, A.B., Bryn Mawr '97, addressed the students in Chapel on "Woman's Suffrage."

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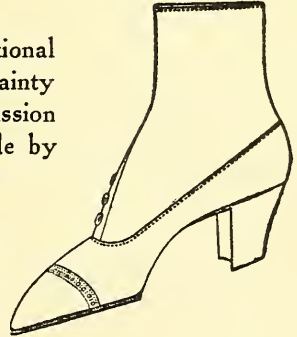
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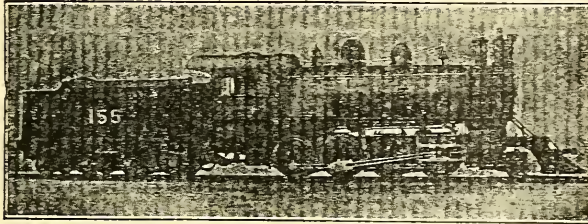
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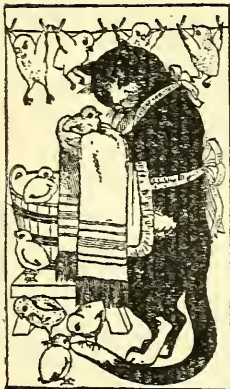
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Tipyn o' Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

APRIL, 1906

No. 6

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BY WAY OF PASTIME

Up through the open window the din of summer noise rushed continually. Trolley cars went pounding by; automobiles whizzed along, or struggled with a series of small explosions; street boys yelled shrilly to each other; and, filling up the rare pauses, came the monotonous twitter of sparrows. If sound was disheartening the view was even worse. Opposite was a row of substantial brick houses; gloomier than tombs, for those at least are inhabited by the dead, while these still mansions were insistent in their emptiness. The marble steps were brown with dust; the broad doorways were replaced by blank oblongs of wood; every shutter was closed, and there was about the whole row an impassive stillness that heightened by contrast the passing uproar.

Ethel Houston gazed out despairingly. She had fled to this room as a refuge from the back of the house, for there it was quite unendurable. Maids, repressed through the winter and now left to their own devices, dashed from gate to gate, beat carpets, or sang in a minor key to the accompaniment of rattling dishes. Up and down the little street huck-

sters went crying their wares till "Rags," "Fresh strawberries," and "Soft peaches" mingled in a confusion not alleviated by the cheerful voice of the hokey-pokey man proclaiming "Ice cream, a penny a lick!" Yes, the oppressive respectability facing her room was better than the cheap vulgarity beyond the back porch.

She remembered with wonder how willingly she had agreed to spend the summer in town, when her father had suggested it by way of retrenchment after the winter's business losses. She looked back upon all her resolutions of cheerfulness and contentment with a bitter smile, wondering how could any one expect to be cheerful or contented in Philadelphia for the summer? True, she was as a rule away for week-ends; but even time did not seem to have the energy to move in this weather, and Saturdays were maddeningly slow in coming. She did not stop to reflect on the curious contradiction in the swiftness of their going. Thinking, especially about contradictions, seemed to make the thermometer rise at least five degrees. Just then a gust of tepid air laden with dust blew into her face, and she turned sharply from the window, and threw herself upon the bed. She must do something; she really could not live through the afternoon like this. Her glance wandered restlessly around the room, and stopped at the bureau; there lay a new and pretty hat, and with sight of it came inspiration. She would put on her prettiest clothes, and she would go out; then she might meet some one she knew or she would buy something, or,—well, it would be better than stagnating at home.

She slipped into a cool, dark blue silk that she knew was becoming, put on the new hat, and immediately began to feel better. Her reflection in the glass was gratifying. The black hat intensified the gold of her fluffy hair and the white lace about her throat brought out the colour of her cheeks and lips. She picked up a parasol and gloves, and was soon walking down Spruce Street.

"I'll go down Chestnut Street," she decided, "for if any one is in town shopping she will be there; and if I want to buy anything myself that is where I can get it."

But Chestnut Street proved disappointing, for though she looked anxiously at the passers-by, she had never seen any of them in her life before; and the shop-windows were singularly unseductive.

"Really," she thought, "I don't think I ever knew before how ugly people can be. And as for mere things, a glance at these store windows would cure the most inveterate of bargain-hunters. If I don't see a

decent-looking person—much less any one I know,—before I get to Twelfth Street, I shall go home again. Then I think I shall lie down and quietly die,—I cannot stand being bored like this. Dear me, what an attractive back that man ahead has. His face, however, would probably strike horror to one's soul."

Still, she kept looking at the "attractive back," for it was undoubtedly prepossessing. A straw hat on a brown head; a tall, clean-limbed figure in a well-cut blue suit; white linen at the neck and wrists, made up, as far as Ethel could see, a well-bred, well-groomed personality. A man came out of a store. His face lit up as he caught sight of the blue-suited young person; and he hurried up to him, slapped him on the back and shook his hand simultaneously while Ethel could hear him say:

"Why, Tom, old fellow, where have you been keeping yourself all these months? Jove, but it's nice to see you again."

There were two people happily settled for the afternoon, Ethel thought bitterly. She did so hate to be lonely, and to be lonely and bored at the same time was not to be endured. There was an agreeable man, evidently a gentleman; here was a charming girl,—she laughed to herself,—the only nice people in town, and just because nobody had happened to say some futile words they could not speak to each other. They might be having such a pleasant time together, and instead she was miserably alone. Suddenly she realised the other man had gone, and the blue back was walking on alone. An impulse flashed into her mind; an impulse she did not even express to herself, and next she had caught up to the figure ahead.

"Tom," she said,—she did not know her own voice,—“I am so glad to see you again. I have been trying to decide for a whole block if it really could be you, it seemed too good to be true.”

For a second the brown eyes looking into hers were puzzled, and a slight flush appeared on his tanned cheeks. Then his face cleared, as he grasped her hand and said cordially:

"This is a surprise. How is it you happen to be in town?"

Her cheeks were burning, and her heart was beating mercilessly, but she replied with apparent calm:

"We are only here for a few days on our way to Maine. Really, this is the most ghastly city in summer time. Father is absorbed in some business engagements and I have been doing my best to while away the time. But I must confess, until I met you, I was having little success."

"That's as prettily implied a compliment as ever I've had," he laughed: "let me see, how long is it since I've seen you?"

"Don't you really remember? How rude of you! That's a poor return for my pretty speech."

"It must have been quite a time," he hazarded, "but really you know I can't just remember. I think it was September."

"September," she mocked, "you have a poor memory. Haven't you been back there since?"

"No, I haven't," he asserted. "It would have been like a children's party without the ice-cream and candy," this with a glance at her.

She laughed mischievously, but said with apparent frankness:

"Oh, I've been there several times since I saw you. What fun we had together! Do you remember?"—she saw an expectant gleam in his eyes,—“But no, I shan't reminisce,—you have too poor a memory; and then what is the use mixing past and present? Reminiscences are only useful to cheer a gloomy present.”

During this last the expectancy in his eyes faded away, and the slight cloud hidden in his expression returned. But he said openly:

"Yes, I have a bad memory. Luckily, that lack does not spoil present pleasure, though it may rob one of past happiness. That's not the point. I haven't a thing to do this afternoon, and, according to your own account, neither have you. How shall we amuse each other?"

By this time Ethel had recovered her self-possession completely, though she did not dare to let herself consider what she had done. She had very evidently and very luckily met a gentleman. He was very pleasant and she was more entertained than she had been for weeks. She decided to play the game to an end.

"Oh! please decide the amusement," she answered, "I'm so tired of trying to think them up, and I told you I was not successful."

"Well," he said, and hesitated. Just then an automobile bustled by clamorously. "I have it. We'll get an automobile and go for a ride."

"Perfect!" Ethel cried. "Let's go through the park and have tea at Valley Green."

"And you're the person who is poor at planning amusement," he laughed. "We'll go into this store and I'll telephone the garage to send one around."

The plan worked out successfully. Ethel noticed with satisfaction how well the brown-eyed young person handled the machine.

"He is satisfying," she thought. "That's just the adjective that

applies to him. I'm sure he's the kind of person who does everything well;—and I can never see him again."

She had not realised before how much two unknown people may have in common. They talked merrily as they sped along the dusty streets and out into the smooth roadway of the park. They discussed books they had read. He told her amusing stories of his college, yet in such a way as to reveal neither its name nor his class. He talked about Europe, where he had travelled a great deal; yet here again he never even suggested a clue to his identity. She was as clever in her way in concealing herself. It gave her an odd sensation of living completely in the present; of not really having any past, and only the most improbable kind of future. This hot sunshiny afternoon was just a moment, yet it alone in her life had reality. The rest was only a shadow frame for this period of real living. At tea, in the little colonial inn, suddenly a sly sparkle came into the man's eyes.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked.

"That's for you to say, it seems to me," she parried; "when do you want to see me again?" and she laughed daringly.

"To-morrow," he answered promptly. "But don't tease,—when shall I see you again?"

She grew serious. "Honestly, I don't know. You see we go to Maine to-morrow; and we shan't be back till late, for father loves September there, and we always stay away the whole month. I'm going to Margaret's in October, will you be there then?"

"Margaret's?" he asked, maliciously. "The name I remember is Frances."

"Your poor memory again," she replied lightly, and he looked disappointed.

On the way home they were more quiet. A slight depression came over Ethel in the reaction from her intense enjoyment. She noticed happily that neither was he so cheerful. The quiet of late afternoon seemed to be influencing them both. She told him she was staying at the Bellevue-Stratford. As Broad Street slipped by quickly, she began to feel like one being inexorably awakened from pleasant dreams. There was a final puff-puff, the automobile throbbed once and stopped before the hotel.

She sprang out and they walked toward the steps together.

"I wish I could ask you to come in," she said, "but father will be home by now, and I must amuse him for the rest of the afternoon. Good-bye," she added in a quiet tone, "you've been extraordinarily nice to me,

nicer than I deserved." And as they shook hands she saw that he understood.

"I think you've cured my poor memory for good times," was all he said as he turned towards the automobile.

As she went in the door she saw him thread his way through the carriages and go up the street towards the garage. She hurried through the corridors to the Walnut Street door, and almost ran until she had safely turned down Fifteenth Street. Things had not yet settled into their everyday course; she was not yet awake even as she walked into the house again.

The next day was Saturday. She was to spend the week-end with Margaret Dale, an intimate friend of hers. She thought eagerly of the fun it would be to tell Margaret her amazing adventure. Then she was utterly cast down whenever she thought of what the man must think of her. She felt then as if she had no self-respect left. Absorbed in her conflicting thoughts she packed half mechanically, and hardly realised she was going until she was actually sitting on Margaret's porch drinking tea with her. The sound of wheels interrupted their desultory conversation. Margaret turned toward the drive.

"I've got a surprise for you, Ethel," she said, "and I think it must be arriving now."

She walked towards the steps and Ethel followed. A young man in a blue suit was getting out of the runabout, and Ethel's heart seemed to stop for a moment, and a wave of horror swept over her. It was "Tom," the blue-suited and brown-eyed.

"Ethel," she heard Margaret say, "I want you to meet my fiancé, Mr. Chalmers."

LOUISE N. CRUICE, '06.

ON THE WARTBURG AT NIGHT

I saw the sky behind the castle's height
 Flame into colour as the sun descended;
 Rich crimson, purple, and pale turquoise blended
 In lingering glory, fading, passed from sight.
 The castle walls grew dim against the night,
 No pallid moon a second day pretended,
 And silence over all her wings extended,
 When suddenly a cross flashed into light.
 It gleamed aloft like some unspoken prayer;
 Awhile I waited, musing rev'rently,
 Until a passing sentry called to me:
 "It shines the Emperor's power to declare!"
 To man alone the symbol had pertained,
 And by a cross the night had been profaned.

THERESA HELBURN, '08.

DEFEAT

Carlotta had never realised before her marriage that Giovanni might grow tired of her. Yet now she saw that it had been all too easy a possibility from the first. In her simple, childlike mind she knew that she was not clever, and that her husband was. She had not even the ready tongue which comes by experience of the world. Her family had taught her, in her quiet German home, to be the best of housekeepers, and then they had married her, at eighteen, to the brilliant Neapolitan, the son of her father's oldest friend. She had married as obediently as she had always done everything else. She had enjoyed, too, the new, carefree existence, and her husband, so gay, so fond of his friends and so easily adapting himself to any circle, had fascinated her. But lately her happiness had begun to slip from her impotent hands.

It was the end of the first few months of their married life, and they

were making a long-planned journey to America on a slow Italian steamer. Even before the beginning of the voyage Carlotta had discovered how much Giovanni needed to be amused, and how little she could hope to amuse him. She had striven conscientiously to find some words, some thoughts, to please and interest him, and had reproached herself because she sought in vain. But the real crisis was the fault of those two new friends of his, especially of La Signora.

They sat at the same table where Giovanni had chosen that he and his wife should sit. At first La Signora had greatly attracted Carlotta. She was tall and dark, very striking, almost beautiful. She sang and played, and she was witty too. Above all, she had the assurance and poise which Carlotta especially envied.

La Signora had been kind and gracious, and her husband—although he hardly counted—had been courteous too. But he and she together had surely been to blame for the utter transformation in Giovanni. Il Signore had responded with unfailing eagerness to every look and word from La Signora, he had shown himself wrapped up in admiration of her. Giovanni had seen their mutual interest and companionship. He had spent all his time with them during the voyage. Moreover he thought La Signora entirely perfect and had not seen what had struck the neglected Carlotta—the lack of gentleness and sweetness in the brilliant Signora. It half comforted Carlotta now to think of the cold words Il Signore had received in sympathy when he left the deck one night too ill to play an accompaniment for his wife's sweet voice. He had been very grateful for the little bottle of medicine Carlotta had given him for his headache, and she still rejoiced at the little opportunity for kindness. But her indignation broke out in a sob when she remembered how, after packing away her case of drugs and coming back to the deck, she had found La Signora smoking cigarettes with Giovanni and laughing.

To-night was the last night out, and the few passengers had gathered in the saloon to play games and to drink chocolate with the captain. All through the trip Carlotta had been too proud to show that she resented the neglect with which the others had treated her. But to-night her heart had overcome her pride, her childish nature had borne all it could bear. Finding herself again unheeded and passed over she had openly rebelled, and had given vent in a sudden paroxysm of rage to all the humiliation and anger which welled up within her. Then she had quickly

pleaded illness and left the room, feeling behind her back the quick glances, the uplifted eyebrows of the party.

Now she was down in the dark, close cabin, and she pictured to herself the gay scene upstairs—the Signora perhaps was singing while her husband played, and while Giovanni watched, smiled and clapped. In her thoughts, shame for her own behavior and mortification, overcame her. Then the remembrance came to her that to-morrow was the last day, and that they would of necessity part with the Signora and her husband on the dock. Comforted with the thought, and tired out by the burst of passion, she fell asleep.

The morning came, and Carlotta's heart, as she packed her little steamer trunk, was lighter than it had been for many days. They would be on shore that afternoon, and when the hated Signora and Signore were out of sight and hearing she was sure Giovanni would be himself again.

During the course of her work Giovanni himself appeared in the doorway, coming down from the deck. "O, Carlotta," he said, "La Signora has invited us to visit her in Boston. She is to be in America for several years, you know. I will accept for both of us—shall I not?"

Carlotta's heart stood still. "Oh, Giovanni, no!" she said. He looked at her in surprise: "You foolish child, why not?" he asked. "At least, think about it. Then if it is not your pleasure, of course it is not mine," he added with a gay smile and a mock bow. Then he called as he ran up the corridor: "Do stop packing and come up on deck. We are passing into the harbour and the shores are most interesting."

Carlotta sat down upon the trunk and buried her face in her hands. Like a flash a vision of the Boston visit came over her. Giovanni would make many friends among the clever Italian circle which she knew was there. He would see more of the fascinating couple, and then, when the visit ended, would be all the harder to win back from discontent and dissatisfaction with his well-meaning but childlike little wife. Even harder to bear than the thought of future misery would be the present neglect and cruel disregard which Carlotta knew must be her share, even as guest in La Signora's house. She knew she would never be able to assert herself and claim the consideration she knew was due her.

Suddenly her indignation rose again against La Signora and her husband. Last night's passion, not yet extinguished, fired her anew. With a fierce resolve to meet La Signora and Giovanni—to refuse the invitation firmly and decisively, she slowly left her cabin and found the little group on deck.

"Oh, here she is," said La Signora with a gracious smile. "We were hoping to see you." Then, as Carlotta took her place beside Giovanni, and steadied herself with one hand on the railing, she continued: "Perhaps your husband has mentioned to you that we would much enjoy having you honour us with a visit. He has given us hope that you will accept by saying that there is no reason to prevent it, and we wait only for your agreement to look forward to your coming." Her voice was gracious, and she had made the rare exertion of speaking in German. But Carlotta could not mistake the meaning of the words. The Signora really desired the visit, and had anticipated refusal.

For one moment Carlotta's resolution lasted. Then she saw how impossible it would be for her to try to refuse. Immediately Giovanni, La Signora, Il Signore—would all determine that she was jealous. Last night's scene had probably been enough to awaken suspicion in the heart of La Signora at least, if not in all. She would have to bear everything rather than be branded so fatally. Shame and anger almost choked her, but she collected herself, and answered with formality, in Italian:

"Many thanks, Signora. You are extremely kind. It will give me the greatest pleasure to accept."

Giovanni smiled and repeated thanks to La Signora, who replied; again in German:

"How very delightful. You will come at once, will you not. Our house is ready for us."

Carlotta felt herself incapable of more.

Her formality of manner, even her Italian deserted her, and she was forced to let herself be outdone in courtesy by replying in German:

"Really, Signora, Giovanni knows best what are his business engagements in the South. He must arrange—and now I must finish packing. You will excuse me."

Dignified in defeat, she bowed to La Signora and left the deck. Not until she reached her own cabin did the realisation of the inevitable take the place of hope in her heart.

MARGARET CHARLETON LEWIS, '08.

MARCH IN SAINT CLOUD

The fresh wind shakes along the light
When amber streaks
The chilly east; and gusts by night
Keep children in the North Room late awake,
Whisp'ring wild tales that made them quake
When Signy told them, as they four
Sat 'round the hearth to bake
Their little breakfast loaves with sugar names,
And fire and candle flames
Danced strangely on the kitchen walls and floor.

Beyond Saint Germain's Road, upon the plain,
Where all day long the quiet sun has lain,
The pasch flow'r freaks
The yellow grass; and from the door
The poplar wind-break hides from sight
Small girls in scarlet aprons run,
And one stout-booted boy, the son
Of ancient German stock, who even now
Can guide the great white horses with the plough.
Perhaps one peers into the purple cup,
And says: "God's messenger is up;
I found, this afternoon,
A key-of-heaven,—the spring will be here soon."

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

A CASE OF FRIENDSHIP

(Scene—New York)

(*Caroline Darby is seated at her tea-table. Richard Ford enters, and, after the usual formalities of greeting, draws a chair up beside her*).

SHE. You were very good to send me the roses. They are delightful.

HE. That is the most conventional remark I have ever heard you make.

SHE. I am sorry if I bore you, but tell me, is it any more conventional than your sending me flowers?

HE. That hardly *was* in character with our past intercourse, was it, but there are times when a man has to send flowers to a woman.

SHE. It seems to me the easiest thing that a man can do, to telephone his florist to send a dozen or so to a girl. And yet every man feels that by so doing he has paid her a great compliment, almost imposed an obligation.

HE. Please remember that a moment back you were thanking me as if you were pleased with the roses I ordered my florist to send you.

SHE. You needn't take any of those reproaches to heart. No, you have paid me a real compliment.

HE. How is that?

SHE. By coming to see me.

HE. It is you who compliment me by receiving me. The pleasure is all on my side.

SHE. I don't understand you in this mood.

HE. Why not?

SHE. If you were up to your usual mark, you would know without asking. But you're stupid to-day. First, you send me flowers, the only offense of that nature you have ever been guilty of, to be sure, but—

HE. Don't humiliate me.

SHE. There you go again in the same sentimental strain. The flowers I could forgive. I realise you had some provocation, owing to the day.

HE. What day?

SHE. St. Valentine's. Don't pretend you didn't know. Your second misdemeanour, however, is inexcusable. To make pretty speeches about the pleasure being all on your side is really unworthy of you.

HE. Suppose I realise *my* pleasure so keenly that I can't believe there is any left for you?

SHE. Richard Ford, what is the matter with you? Here have I been carrying on a conversation so in your own tradition that I expected every minute that you would accuse me of plagiarism. And you pretend not to understand. Suppose you try to recall the number of times you have said, "I'm a lucky fellow to know a woman who doesn't expect me to make love to her, and who will let me come and see her and talk to her about the ordinary things. It's so hard to find a woman to talk with and so easy to find a woman to send flowers to."

HE. Did I say that? It was a foolish thing to say, and I wonder you didn't tell me so with your accustomed candour, for you must have known it. You always have flowers about you, and you must feel what wonderful things they are. Do you know, I never found them out until to-day, and so I never realised what it meant to send them to the woman you—like. I was thinking about you as I walked down town this morning, hoping I could get off in time to come up and see you, and it suddenly came over me that I should like to send you some flowers. I went into the first florist's I came to, and, will you believe it, I spent half an hour there making my choice. I thought I had you finally in some orchids, and then I found the roses and made up my mind that they were really you.

SHE. Richard, I tremble for your sanity. You are in need of some strong tea to steady your nerves, for I think you are tottering on the perilous brink of *love*!

HE. I am. You know, Caroline, that's just what I am doing, or rather I think I have fallen in. It really does not hurt as much as we led each other to believe in our priggish conversations about friendship.

SHE. This is indeed a whimsical St. Valentine's Day conceit on your part! Here is your tea. Take ten swallows without breathing. It is warranted to cure sentimentality as well as hiccoughs.

HE. Come Caroline, I'm in earnest. In spite of myself, I've gone and fallen in love with you.

SHE. I would rather you didn't joke about such serious matters. We've been awfully good friends, and you have always said friendship is best; but we ought not, for that reason, to jeer at *love*.

HE. Why, that's just what I am trying to show you, Caroline. Far be it from me to jeer. I've come to think our *friendship* isn't worth the—eight—nine—letters that spell the word.

SHE. There happen to be ten. If you weren't so extravagant, Dick, I might believe you.

HE. You *try* not to understand, I believe. Have you no heart?

SHE. You are not at all funny, merely rude, and I should advise you to drop this tragedian's rôle.

HE (*apparently making an effort to change his mood and with a rather forced laugh*). If it wouldn't be rude, I should accuse you of being stupid to-day, since you make me explain to you that your *friendship* has stood very well the little test I planned for it.

SHE. Oh! Why Dick, I had almost begun to believe you.

HE. Pshaw!

SHE. You did the sentimental part about the flowers so well, I was taken in as far back as that.

HE (*slowly, as though coming on a new thought*). And yet you went on pretending—

SHE (*interrupting him*). Somehow, I don't like your lying to me in quite so wholesale a fashion.

HE. Don't you think a lie is ever justifiable?

SHE. In a woman, on rare occasions; in a man, never.

HE. How do you make that out?

SHE. A lying man is always a bungler, whereas a woman has the tact to lie at the critical moment and win out.

HE. Tact seems to me rather a slim thing on which to base your morality.

SHE. I base everything in the world on tact and insight.

HE. Yes, insight more than tact. I am in a fix myself where a little insight is needed. There is a person of my acquaintance who is suffering from lack of insight into my character; at least that is the way I guess at the situation, but I need a little more insight to be sure. What would you do about it?

SHE. How absurd to ask me, when I don't know the circumstances.

HE. But you do.

SHE. I?

HE. Yes—or at least, you're so good at theorising you must have some suggestions for a case like this: Young man, in love, not sure whether young lady is. Young lady may be, pretends not to know that young man is. Will the Editor kindly give hint as to proper conduct?

SHE. You are too ridiculous. Just let things take their natural course.

HE. Oh! that is the game, is it? Well, then, I must be off, for I am not in the habit of making longer calls on you than this, and—in the natural course of things, I shall be in again about day after tomorrow. (*He goes out.*)

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENCK, '07.

BUFADES' DAUGHTER TO HER LOVER

("The origin of modelling is attributed to Bufades of Corinth, whose daughter drew the silhouette of her lover's face on the wall, and he filled it with clay.")

Nay, turn thine eyes away,—the taper's light
Shadows thine head upon the cella wall
And I will fix it there, ere thou shalt go
To meet black death in man-devouring fight.

Slowly my stylus tracing every curve
And outline of thine hair, thy brow, thy lips;
Ah turn not, gazing on me, lest-thou mar
The shadow's shape, or cause mine hand to swerve.

Ah, turn not—I will raise thine outline here.
With whitest clay and mould it in thy form
Of cheek and lips, for thou didst teach my hand
Its cunning art: so shall I have thee clear

Engraven on my wall, and I may dwell
And gaze upon thy face. Oh loveless stone
Till that I made it lovely with thy form!
Yea, turn to me! At last, at last, farewell.

MARIAM L. COFFIN, '06.

DECISION

The wind was sighing and moaning out its restlessness in fitful gusts along the far away hillsides. The twilight was rapidly deepening into the gloom of a coming storm and a bank of dark clouds, heavy with rain, had already shut off the last rays of sunlight from the west. In the uncertain light everything appeared magnified out of its true proportions, from the black tree-tops swaying dizzily against the darkening

sky to the straight road, which seemed to lengthen out farther than usual before it disappeared into the shadow of the woods.

The prospect was not inviting, the night wind was growing cold and damp, and the woman shivered a little as she climbed into the dog-cart and took up the reins. She thought of the eight miles of lonely road wandering along the river bank and through thick woods, and they seemed to her like the past eight years of her life, each one darker and more lonely than the last. Thoughts of former days came crowding thick and fast upon her mind, of the golden days when life was young and fresh, before her soul had known what loneliness could mean, when the companionship of one other had satisfied her heart's desire.

When by a sudden caprice of fate she was left to face the loneliness of an empty world, she fought against the sorrow which might have overwhelmed her, with all the force of a strong nature. In the course of time, when the newness of the pain was past, she began the harder struggle against loneliness, with grief and longing for bygone happiness her only companions. Friends had given her love and sympathy, but she was possessed by an intense desire for companionship, for some one to whom she could speak her ideas and emotions and from whom she could have understanding of her grief. Society she might have, but her heart ached for companionship. In her effort to suppress this unsatisfied desire she had tried many forms of amusement, and in this way she had come to know the man who was standing on the path beside her.

Her eyes wandered away from the distant hills back to his face. It was a strong face, with determination in every line, but the masterfulness was held in check just now by the pleading desire in his eyes. She knew what the look meant, although he had never put his meaning into words. She had felt for months that his strong will was gradually forcing her to yield to his desire to support her. In spite of herself she had grown to depend on him somewhat, and she knew that this state of things could not last. One word would give her the right to his support and companionship, and would banish forever the hours of loneliness. The fact that someone was longing to cheer her with love and sympathy made her life of solitude seem more dreary. For a moment the woman's spirit quailed before the utter loneliness of the 'prospect. The darkness was growing deeper and each familiar tree took on a strange and distorted shape in the shadows. It seemed to her tormented

brain that two forces were struggling around her, but she could not entirely understand which one was to be successful.

The man's voice spoke again, low and pleading, but yet insistent. "It is not right. Let me go with you."

She knew that if she yielded to him now and let him drive her home that further resistance would be useless. In the face of the nameless terrors of the night his appeal to her was strong and yet something within her seemed to cry out that he was not the one to give her aid.

She wavered and shifted her seat to make room for him beside her. At that moment a sudden gust of wind blew a cloud of apple blossoms out of the gathering gloom against her face. Without another thought for the man waiting for her decision, her mind flew back over past years to the memory of one happy night in May. Again there smiled on her the face of one she loved. The man faded from her sight, and through the rising mist she saw the loving eyes of her last companion. A voice from the night came calling across the fields, "Come out in the darkness to me."

The man read his answer in the light that swept across her face, and he bowed his head as she turned the horse's head to the road and drove in the darkness alone.

E. F. BLISS, '04.

UNDERSTANDING

And did you know, while I was silent,
When every moment seemed a thousand years,
That all the thoughts of poets and of seers
In all the ages were throbbing in my heart,
And all the fears?

And were you wise?—you, who are fearless,
Oh! could you know those words, that, halting, came
Reluctantly and timid, were the same
That Dante spake to Beatrice—his golden words
That crown her name?

EUNICE MORGAN SCHENK, '07.

"DULCI FISTULA"

TO AN ANT

Red ant on the plastered wall,
 I pluck you out of the plaster;—
 Scrunch you here, legs and all, in my hand,
 Little ant; but if I could understand
 What you are, legs and all, and all in all,
 I should know why my cake goes faster.
 D. M. CHILD, '09.

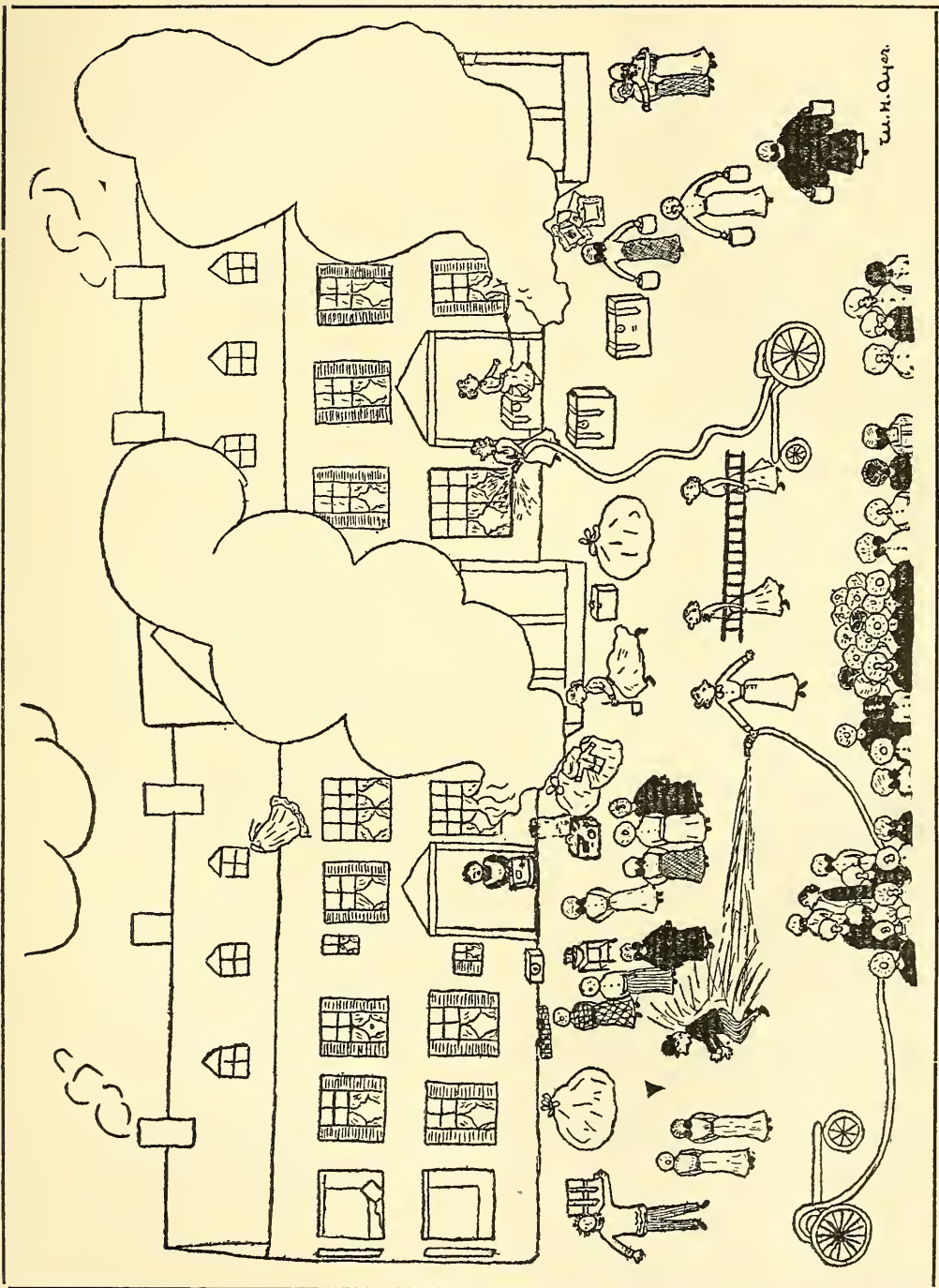
"MAY DAY KNELL"

(*With apologies to Claribel.*)

When May Day fête near draweth
 The maidens pause and sigh,
 Letting her book leaves fall.
 Her hair each wildly claweth
 Thick tressed ambrosial,
 And sadly moaneth she
 With an inward agony
 When May Day Fête near draweth.

At eve the needle hummeth
 Athwart the costumes sewn;
 At noon the chairman runneth
 For all her cast have flown;
 At midnight the moon cometh
 Nor is she up alone.
 His song the hero yelleth,
 The heroine rebelleth,
 The callow chorus lispeth,
 The fête all books repelleth,
 The paper money crispeth.
 Such scenes your eye ne'er saweth
 When May Day Fête near draweth.

ADELAIDE NEALL, '06.



THE LOW BUILDINGS FIRE.

FABLE: TWO ON AN ISLAND

"Yes, I rather fancy this is Act V.," said the Duke, thoughtfully, "a few days more without water will finish us,—in rather a nasty manner, too, I venture to prophesy."

The brawny countryman stared from the rocks shivering with heat to the brassy sky.

"Oh, come, guv'ner," he burst out, boisterously, "never say die, you know. This bloomin' h'island 'll stand us a fortnight or so yet, and your people are good for a rescue afore that."

"Perhaps I should say then that a few more days will finish *me*," said the Duke, unmoved. "I omitted to mention that my heart has a caddish way of going back on me under stress of circumstances, unless I am careful to take regularly certain pellets. Which pellets," he added, "are at present in the top right-hand drawer of the washstand in my suite on the 'Ariadne,' some four thousand fathoms below the surface, if my surmise as to our whereabouts is correct. You know, of course, that the Pacific attains its maximum depth approximately in these latitudes."

The countryman looked pityingly at the Duke, and then thumped his own chest tremendously. "So you think your blessed 'eart's going back on you from the h'agonies of thirst and starvation," he remarked, not unkindly. "The constitootions of the h'aristocracy are 'orrid depraved, they are. Never mind, guv'ner; I'll give you a respectable burial, and carry out any last h'errands at home as faithful as if you were my own brother."

"That's awfully good of you, you know," said the Duke, flushing slightly, and holding out his thin hand, "I'll leave them with you in writing, if you don't mind." And he produced a fountain pen, richly chased, and ornamented with the ducal crest.

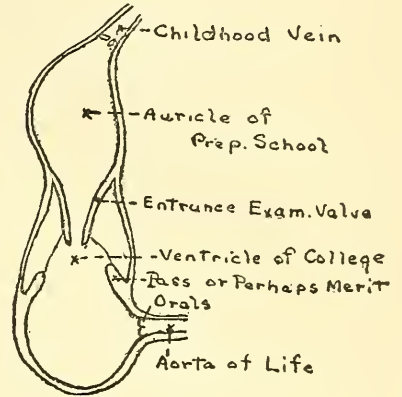
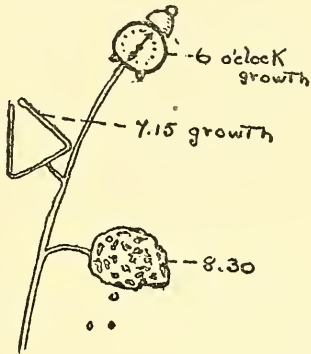
Five days later the country man suddenly went mad, and the Duke had some trouble in preventing him from dashing out his brains against the crags on the seashore. After a prolonged struggle he secured the maniac, and went to smoke his last cigarette on the shores of the coral lagoon. "And oh, for some Pommery and Greno, *iced*," sighed the Duke.

Ten days later the rescuers stepped ashore, and were met, somewhat shakily, by the Duke.

"Are you alone?" they asked, in surprise. "I have been, for the last nine days," said the Duke, "the other fellow's buried over by those rocks."

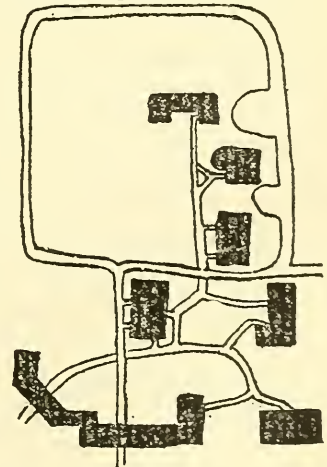
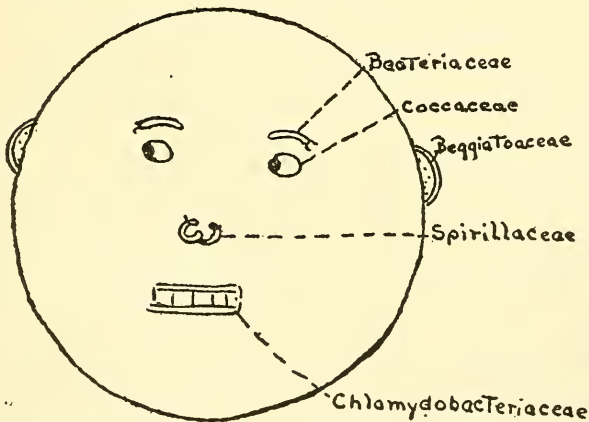
DOROTHY MORT, '08.

NONSENSE BIOLOGY.



Wakia Getemup.

The Student Heart.



Our Impression
of Pasteur.

The Circulatory System
of Bryn Mawr.

LONELINESS

The girl shivered in the chill of her room, and stirred the coals of her fading fire to rouse from it some comforting warmth. Then she went to the window, and drew back the curtain upon the cold darkness without, through which the wild wind whistled. Across the blackness she saw brightly lighted windows, through which came faintly on the wind the sounds of laughter and the gay talking of many voices. Such glad companionship was not for her. Sadly she turned away, and going to a table she set aside an empty plate and glass,—signs of a frugal meal,—and picking up a book, settled herself irresolutely to read it. A familiar cadence came into her mind, though in altered phrasing: "They also starve who rush down just too late."—She had missed dinner.

SUZETTE G. STUART, '07.

A FABLE

There once was a lover who thought that his passion was the deepest that had ever been. "Surely," he would often say to himself, "I shall die if I do not have an opportunity to do some great and noble act for her that I love." He would spend hours sitting at his casement window thinking of his passion and rehearsing in his memory the tales of noble lovers of old and how they proved their love. And the people going by, seeing him sit there so pale and pensive, would shake their heads and sigh and marvel at so great a love.

Now a short distance from his house flowed a river with steep banks, and thither the women of the neighborhood were wont to go night and morning to fetch water, and among them went the maiden of his heart. Twice a day he would watch her as she came down the hill carrying the heavy water pitcher on her shoulders and bending over the steep bank to fill it, and every day he would ask himself with increasing bitterness, "Shall I never be able to do some brave and noble deed for her that I love; surely one who loves as I do deserves an opportunity to show his passion?"

One day as his love was getting water from the river, her foot slipped on the bank and she fell in and was drowned. When the lover heard of her death his grief and bitterness were intense. "For," said he, "the world does not give true love a chance. I'd gladly have died for her."

ADELAIDE NEALL, '06.

EDITORIAL

We have all of us, probably, passed through that age which, for lack of a better name, might be termed the Heroic Age. It was an age in which the world was more or less of a great anachronism, and we seemed hopelessly out of place. Heroes and heroic, warlike ideals filled our minds, and the world of our imagination was far more real to us than the world as it actually appeared. In spite of short skirts and pigtails we all dreamed of becoming brave foresters or crusading knights. We jousted in imaginary tournaments in "sweet France," and robbed rich abbots in merry Sherwood. We practiced archery in the backyard, and our one desire in life was to carry real armour or to dress up in Lincoln green. The thrill that invested the names of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, St. George, and Black Douglas was a long time in passing away. But it did pass. We went to school, and gradually we became interested in who would be head in spelling class, who would be our next partner in dancing school, who would be confirmed in the spring. We forgot Robin Hood, and King Richard and all, until at college, we are suddenly brought face to face with these old gods,—alas, how shrunken, and even a little remote and unfriendly to us now,—and are allowed to do what we wanted to do so much then, to dress up in their clothes and live for a little while in their time. It is as a mark, perhaps, of our final putting away of childish things that we are allowed this one last frolic, this donning of old costumes and old ideals. It would be a pity if we have already passed beyond a complete enjoyment of it. It is only by recalling some of the joyous temper of our own younger days and of that younger Elizabethan age that we can help ourselves over the otherwise drudgery of rehearsals and the extra work of making costumes and endless paper flowers. We have the materials for our festival at hand. We no longer have to steal the kitchen boiler-top for our emblazoned shield. Let us, then, not look at May-day from a weary, grown-up point of view, but rather,—and by so doing we can learn something, can come to understand more intimately the spirit of those Elizabethans,—let us look at May-day with some of the blitheness of that younger age.

FRESHMEN!

A prize of five dollars is offered by the TIPYN O' BOB for the best short story written by a member of the Class of Nineteen Nine, and sent in to the editors before April nineteenth. The story should not be less than twelve hundred nor more than three thousand words long. As many of the Freshmen as possible are urged to compete.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '99. Cora Hardy has announced her engagement to Mr. Jarrett, of New York.
 - '00. Edith Schoff has announced her engagement to Mr. Boericke, of Philadelphia.
 - '02. Ruth Miles Witherspoon has a daughter.
Francis Adams Johnson has a son, Bascom Johnson, Jr., born in January.
 - '03. Evelyn Morris Cope has a daughter, born in January.
 - '04. Agnes Gillander has announced her engagement to Mr. John Carson, of Philadelphia.
Sue Swindell has announced her engagement to Mr. Claude C. Nuckols, of Versailles, Ky. The wedding will take place in the latter part of April.
Louise Lyman Peck was married on January 24th to Dr. Albert C. White, of Providence. They are now in Algiers.
- The Bryn Mawr Club, of New York, makes the following announcement:

Members of the Senior Class of Bryn Mawr College and those not returning to college next fall are now eligible to membership. All information regarding admission may be had from Margaret Otheman, 41 East Fifty-third Street, New York City.

COLLEGE NOTES

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held Wednesday evening, February twenty-eighth.

The Philosophical Club held an informal meeting in Pembroke West on Friday evening, March second. Marion Houghton, '06, opened the meeting with a short paper on "Spiritualism," which was the subject under discussion.

The Science Club held its first formal meeting in Dalton on Saturday afternoon, March third. Helen Moss Lowengrund, '06, read a paper reviewing *The New Knowledge*, by Prof. Duncan. The Science Club was formed January twelfth, with nineteen charter members. The aim of the club is to promote further interest in scientific matters. Any one taking a major course in science is eligible for membership, and graduate students in science are admitted as associate members. The officers of the club are: President, Helen Williston Smith, '06; Vice-President and Treasurer, Margaret Putnam, '07; Secretary, Ida McWilliams, '07.

There was a small fire in Low Buildings on Wednesday morning, March seventh. No great damage, but much amusement ensued.

Dr. Jones, of Philadelphia, addressed the College Fortnightly Meeting in the Chapel, Wednesday evening, March seventh.

A meeting of the Graduate Club was held on Friday evening, March ninth. Prof. William Welch, of Johns Hopkins, spoke on "Woman's Sphere in Medicine."

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held in the Chapel on Wednesday evening, March fourteenth. Dr. W. W. White, of New York, addressed the meeting. Immediately after the address a business meeting was held for the annual election of officers. The results of the election were as follows: President, Grace Hutchins, '07; Vice-President, Julie Benjamin, '07; Treasurer, Jacqueline Morris, '08; Secretary, Evelyn Holt, '09.

The Mary E. Garrett European Fellowship has been awarded to Mary Louise Cady, a graduate student.

The President's European Fellowship has been awarded to Nadine Nowlin, a graduate student.

The Bryn Mawr European Fellowship for 1906 has been awarded to Helen Moss Lowengrund.

The ten students who hold the highest averages in the Senior Class are: Helen Moss Lowengrund, Helen E. Sandison, Mary S. Lee, Laura Boyer, Minerva A. Lepper, Mary Norris, Frances Simpson, Ethel Bullock, Helen Williston Smith, Alice Stanwood.

The fellowship dinner was held in Denbigh, Friday, March sixteenth.

The gymnastic drills ended Friday, March sixteenth. The contest has been given up this year in order that the gymnasium may be available for rehearsals for the May-day fête.

The Rev. George B. Steward, President of the Auburn Theological Seminary, preached before the College Fortnightly Meeting Wednesday evening, March twenty-first.

The Anna Powers Memorial Scholarship has been withdrawn and will not be offered for the year 1906-07.

A collection of photographs of famous paintings of the Renaissance is on exhibition in Merion Hall. The collection has been loaned by Miss Garrett for the especial use of the class in Nineteenth Century Critics.

Thirty thousand dollars of the legacy left to the college by the late Mr. George Gillingham will be devoted to the completion of the west wing of the new Library. Work upon it will begin at once, and it is expected that the Library will be entirely finished by next October.

CLASS SONG—1909

Tune: The Hawaiian Hymn.

I.

All hail to thee, Bryn Mawr!
Thy daughters true we are,
Let us our voices raise
To thee in praise.

CHORUS.

May thy light shine afar,
May glory e'er be thine,
Give praises to Bryn Mawr,
And 1909.

II.

Like those before us here,
We, too, our homage dear
Offer in loyalty,
Bryn Mawr, to thee.

CHORUS.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The swimming contest took place in the Gymnasium on the night of March first. The cup was won by 1909, with a total of 23 points, 1907 was second with 22 points, 1908 had 13 points, and 1906, 4 points.

In individual scores, C. Woereshoffer, '07, had 22 points; G. Biddle, '09, E. Schaefer, '08, and P. Baker, '09, were tied with 8 points each.

The different events had the following scores:

140-foot swim front.

1. C. Woereshoffer, 48 sec.
2. G. Biddle.
3. E. Packard.

140-foot swim back.

1. C. Woereshoffer, 46 sec.
2. E. Schaeffer.
3. G. Biddle.

Dive.

1. A. Platt.
2. M. Richardson.
3. E. Harrington.

Under Water.

1. P. Baker (43 feet).
2. C. Woereshoffer.
3. C. Goodale.

70-foot swim front.

1. E. Schaefer, 21 sec.
2. P. Baker.
3. C. Woereshoffer.

70-foot swim back.

1. C. Woereshoffer, 25 sec.
2. G. Biddle.
3. E. Schaefer.

The Class Relay was won by 1908.

The Track Meet was held on the night of March 8. President Thomas and Miss Garrett were present in the gallery.

The championship was won by 1908, and the cup presented by Miss Applebee for the greatest number of individual points was won by Jeannette Griffith, '08.

The record of class and individual points is as follows:

Class Points.

1908	49 $\frac{1}{4}$	1907	19
1909	34 $\frac{1}{4}$	1906	15 $\frac{1}{2}$

Individual Points.

J. Griffith, '08	18	A. Platt, '09	10
I. Richter, '08	11 $\frac{1}{4}$		

EVENTS.

Fifteen-yard Dash.

<i>First.</i>	<i>Second.</i>	<i>Third.</i>
M. Houghton.	J. Griffith.	M. Nearing.

Rope-Climbing.

A. Platt, 12½ sec.	M. Nearing, 13 sec.	Thomas, 16½ sec.
--------------------	---------------------	------------------

Running High Jump.

J. Griffith, 4 ft. 2 in.	A. Platt,	} 4 ft. Ecob, 3 ft. 10 in.
	A. Lauterbach	

Standing High Jump.

G. Biddle, 3 ft. 5 in.	A. Lauterbach	} 3 ft. 4 in.
	I. Richter,	

Shot Put.

M. Young, 29 ft. 6 in.	G. Hutchins,	} 24 ft. 6 in.
	E. Fox,	

Standing Broad Jump.

J. Griffith, 7 ft. 5¾ in.	I. Richter, 7 ft. 2¾ in.	M. Plaisted, 7 ft. ½ in.
---------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------

Three Standing Broad Jumps.

J. Griffith, 21 ft. 5 in.	I. Richter, 21 ft. 3¾ in.	M. Plaisted, 21 ft. 5 in.
---------------------------	---------------------------	---------------------------

Hop, Step and Jump.

M. Plaisted, 20 ft. 10 in.	I. Richter, 26 ft. 6 in.	M. Nearing, 20 ft. 2 in.
----------------------------	--------------------------	--------------------------

Fence Vault.

C. Wesson, 4 ft. 5 in.	M. Nearing, 4 ft. 3 in.	E. White, A. Evans, Ecob, I. Richter.
------------------------	-------------------------	--

Ring High Jump.

A. Lauterbach, 6 ft. 11 in.	Frehafer, 6 ft. 9 in.	M. Nearing, 6 ft. 8 in.
-----------------------------	-----------------------	-------------------------

The Class Relay was won by 1907. The tug-of-war was very exciting; 1907 and 1909 were in the finals, and 1909 won after a hard struggle.

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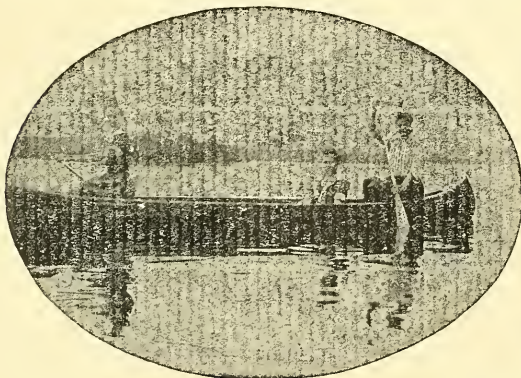
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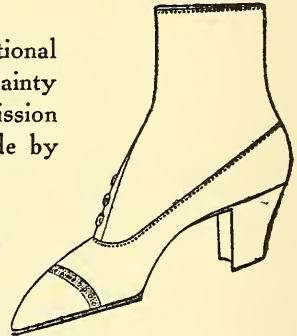
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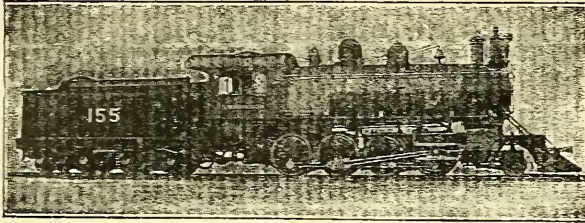
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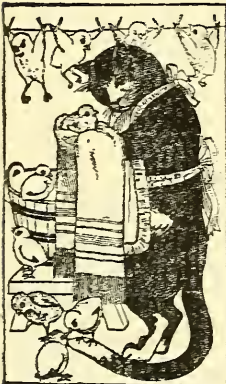
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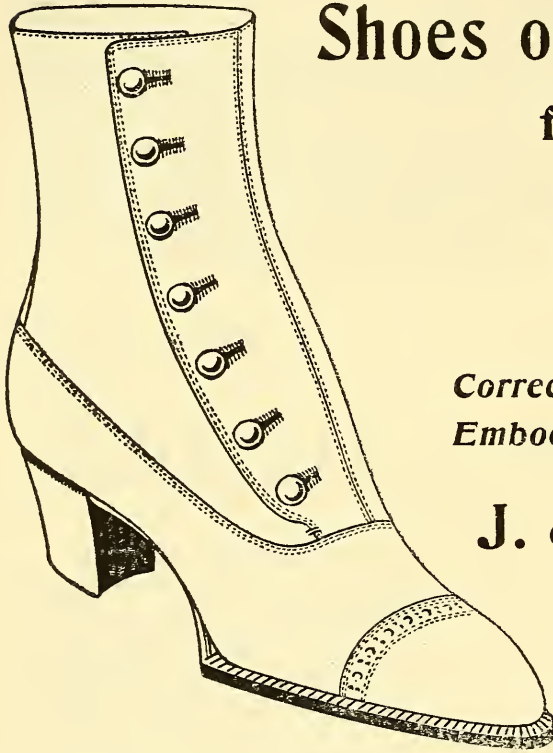
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Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

MAY, 1906

No. 8

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FRESHMAN PRIZE STORY

THE DEVIL'S DUE

"Naw'm," persisted Martha, as she faced "Miss Lucy" on the white pillared portico of the "gret house," "I cyarn' sleep in de room over no cunjer nigger. You all is de nicest white folks I ever done live 'ith, but I cyarn' stay no longer. You see hit's like dís. He keep up a fire in de chimbly all de time fer to scyar 'way de witches, he say, an' I lies up in my rrom over it a frissin' an' a fryin'. Bimeby I drap off, but I ain' no mo' 'n settled fer a good snooze, when dat ole nigger'l up en holler out, 'Dat you, Sis Saunders?' Sis Saunders done gone to glory six months back, but he'll talk long to huh social like jes de same es ef she was a-settin' over 'ginst him. I ain' nuver heered her say nuthin' herse'f, but all de same I knows she's down thar. I darsn't call to him to shet his mouf, an' I darsn't go to sleep, an' so I has to lay thar a shiverin' an' a

say I don't believe in it. It's the phrase that serves as an ambush for self-pity."

"Self-pity itself is ironical, think of the delightful satire concealed in mourning one's own failures. I should prefer to forget mine rather than imprint them on my memory in tear-drops. Yet the very irony of the emotion relates it to our phrase."

"You are rather illogical, I think. You ridicule self-pity, yet you laud the irony of fate into almost the dignity of a creed."

Barbara clung to the brake cart as they swung round a curve. Then she replied:

"Naturally, I laugh at self-pity because it is a deliberate ridicule of ourselves that we can easily avoid. But when Fate plays jokes at our expense and then stands off and holds her sides, I wrench my mouth into a smile and murmur meekly, "Hail, the conquering hero comes!"

Hunt burst into a laugh.

"How ridiculous you are, Barbara! You will persuade me into believing in the irony of fate if you insist on your present pose, merely because you think it answers the exigencies of your frivolous world. Why don't you let me see more of the side I caught a glimpse of when you played Lady Bountiful to the Sunday-school children?"

Barbara opened her eyes with a look of "I don't understand," then their brown shadows warmed as she rested her hand softly on his arm. A bump in the road jolted it away.

"You are a dear, Colin; your faith in one is so encouraging. But really, you know it is only another case of the irony of fate."

Hunt turned on her abruptly and opened his lips; the path had cleared suddenly. Her lids wavered, and she stopped him by exclaiming:

"But you haven't given me any reasons for your doubting the irony of fate; you have simple reiterated your statement to the point of monotony."

"I have never seen any proofs of it," Colin answered, dull by comparison with his momentary flash. "The tales people give us as examples far more often prove fate's justice, if one only looks at it face to face, instead of through a mist of self-pity."

Barbara turned on him in a triumph somewhat marred by another sharp bend in the road.

"What do you think of Mr. Stuart's will?"

"I haven't heard anything about it."

"Didn't you know Anna Stuart's uncle had died, leaving her almost as many millions as she already had; while poor Ted Stuart still is grinding out a miserable existence as a young doctor?"

"Ted Stuart, my classmate?"

"Yes, Anna's first cousin, and old Mr. Stuart's nephew."

"But that proves nothing against fate, for no doubt Anna means to give up her claim."

"Really, Colin, your trust in human nature is moving to the verge of tears. She means nothing of the sort, for she told mother she thought it best to abide by her uncle's wishes; a somewhat ragged cloak, I think."

"Nevertheless, I don't see the irony of fate," in a burst of inspiration, "for Ted Stuart may be one of those unfortunates who are blessed by poverty."

"Blessed by poverty, what a confusion in terms! No, Colin, it is only that Anna is a pig and fate is ironical. You might as well discuss another subject, for I have quite refuted you here."

"But you have not, Barbara, unless you can prove that Ted Stuart's character has changed since he was my classmate; and that, from a brilliant, somewhat lazy, lad he has become so energetic a man that the possession of millions would not effectually stop his medical career."

Hunt's manner had stiffened into a restraint and seriousness quite different from his first cordial, almost tender, mood. Barbara looked at him, an "I wonder" standing agape in her eyes. Then she said:

"Colin, would you really believe it better for a young man to struggle on for years and years, striking at a doubtful success, than to have his youth free, to do with as he pleases, filled with the beauty and luxury that only the young can appreciate. Oh, if I had only Anna Stuart's golden magic, that I might play the fairy god-mother to poor young things longing for the butterfly happiness just beyond their grasp, to them signifying vital joys that are fast vanishing into the too-late."

They drove through the gates of *Babjor*. Hunt turned his eyes from a calculation of the distance between the wheels and the gate-posts. He laughed a little bitterly; the path had led but to another desert far from any enchanted wood.

"What a delightful dream! May you never awake to a consideration of your influence on your protégés' careers."

"Why this suggestiveness, with hints of the grand serious, one might say satirist?"

They were at the door, and Colin's only answer was:

That was enough. She gave him no time to say more. "Now there's Sally Anne. If you asked her I am sure she'd marry you. Master John would give you a new suit of clothes, and everybody would give you wedding presents, and you two might always live in your little cabin at the foot of the yard."

Unfortunately she had to stop here for want of breath, and he immediately began to back towards the shelter of his own house. "Well, naw'm, naw'm. I don' reckon I could do dat. Thank yuh kindly, Mistis, but I couldn't do it. Good-day to yuh ma'am, good-day."

By this time he had hurried his snail's pace almost into an ordinary walk, but he could not entirely evade calamity. Wroth with remembrance of the lost veil, Sally Anne issued from behind the kitchen door, and, wounded to the quick of her great pride, she shook a fist, trembling with rage, after him, and poured the vials of her uncontrolled passion on his bent old back as he hobbled down the path. "You slue-footed, stinkin' ole cripple of a nigger!" she screamed. "Does you think dat I'd marry you? I lay I bust yo' face open ef you ever comes near me agin! Me marry you! Fo' Gawd I wouldn't do it not to save yo' soul fum de devil, nor mine nuther, you crawlin' ole sinner."

And then, with a roll of mutterings from between her clenched teeth, she flung into the kitchen and slammed the door behind her.

When the "Holy Band" settled in the woods four miles away to call all erring souls to grace, Sally Anne attended the camp-meetings regularly every night, but her relations with Uncle York remained strained.

One night she came to Miss Lucy with a plea for some kind of thing "to tie up her hyar." After she had received a narrow, bright pink ribbon, and had expressed her delight and thanks with many ejaculations and chuckles, she still stood shuffling from foot to foot, then unloaded her full heart to her mistress:

Thar'd been a mighty likely nigger whar'd set nex' her at de camp-meetin,' an' he'd wunk his eye at her so soft like, and squz her hand so kind er tender when nobdy warn't lookin', an' he seem so earnest a-goin' up to get sot right with de Lawd, when de preacher called to come up to de mo'ners' bench, and he sing so strong and sweet, an' he got such curly eyelashes, dat she liked him mighty much. He asked ef he could keep comp'ny with her, and he said he wuz comin' here to see her ter-

morrow evenin'. His name wuz Torm, jes Torm, and would Miss Lucy mind?

The mistress smiled understandingly, and the girl went out satisfied with life. That night as Sally Anne climbed the steep steps outside the log cabin leading to her room above Uncle York's, she whispered softly to herself, "Torm! Torm!" in delicious embarrassment over this, her first suitor, and chuckled the soft infectious chuckle of the perfectly content darkey, then broke into mournfully quavering little hymns of gladness. Up in her room the chinks in the floor were so wide that she could catch glimpses of the firelight beneath as fat pine knots flared up to shoo away the devils of darkness, which were kept at bay above by the moonlight while she drifted off into a happy haze of sleep. The night hours slipped by, the moonlight went out, way off yonder in the woods a fox barked, and Sally Anne stirred uneasily. She raised herself on her elbow to listen angrily to the old dotard, who was just beginning his nightly babbling below.

"Humph," she grunted contemptuously. "Talkin' to hisse'f! He owe de devil a day's work."

The old negro's voice was rising excitedly. "Yas, Lawd! I done fool 'em all. Dey all think I dunno nuthin' 'bout Torm! He, he!"

The girl's eyes narrowed maliciously. She slipped softly to the floor, and, lying thus prone, her eye at a chink, listened eagerly. He sat silent a while puffing at his corn-cob pipe and stroking the cat on his knee, while their grotesque shadows jumped and bobbed in a devilish dance of triumph on the wall behind.

"Dat little house down by the low-grounds wuz a mighty nice home when Tildy 'en I first sot up housekeepin'. An' to think little Torm is thar now! Dey does say as how Tildy hants it, and dat's de reason nobody goes near de premisis 'cep' my boy. He ain't afeard of his own mammy. Lor' 'feard of Tildy. Tildy, Tildy," his voice trailed off into mournful whisperings and mutterings to himself. He settled back into his chair with a sigh and soon was nodding, then snoring. Sally Anne's lips curled scornfully as she crawled into bed. She fell asleep with a glad, cruel smile on her face, and the next morning the Magistrates had all the information she could give them.

They started out with dogs and guns to hunt the bank robber down. They reached the hut just too late, and they tracked him all day through the swamps until evening. Then they came upon him lying in a stagnant

pool, red with something besides the sunset, a pistol clenched in his stiff hand shone out of the dull water, and on his face was the terror of the hunted beast.

Sweeping the twigs from the back path, Sally Anne crooned softly to herself:

"I'm dreamin' now of Hally,
An' de mawkin' bird sets singin' on the tree."

Then her excitement became too strong for song, and she murmured, "I wonder why he don' come. He sho' does take a long time. Dar now! Talkin' out loud to myse'f! I sho'ly will have to pay de devil sompin' for dat. I don' cyar. Torm is a comin', a comin'!" Her voice rose to a chant, and her first song rang out mellowly again:

"I'm waitin' now for Hally,
An' de mawkin' bird is singin' in de tree."

She shaded her eyes from the long level rays of the red sun to gaze down the twisting high road. A procession of men were coming to the place. There was the Sheriff with his two hounds and a lot of other men. Perhaps they had the bank robber. Quite unexpectedly her heart gave a remorseful throb that brought tears to her eyes. "Po' ole Uncle York! Po' ole man! He didn't mean nothin' the other day." Sally Anne swallowed hard, and winked her eyes to get the mistiness out of them. The procession had wound nearer when she opened them again, and she saw that they were carrying something. What was it? They were stopping at Uncle York's and knocking at his door. She would run down and tell them he had gone to town for the day.

At her approach one of them called out, "We've found him."

The horrible realisation of what their burden was began to dawn on her; she moved slowly forward, fascinated, and stared stonily one moment. The next she was on her knees at the side of the thing, her warm, lithe arms encircling its cold stiffness.

"O Torm!" she wailed in a high sweet voice. "My own Torm! To come to me like dis, like dis!"

Over the edge of the hill came a bent old figure, black against the rosy sunset, and somewhere far off in the woods a mocking bird began to sing.

CARLIE MINOR, '09.

TARA

A sudden turn off of the crowded bazaar, an unsavory alley, a glaring, white *zenana*—a stone paved court, a dark passage, and I found myself in my appointed place, the school room. On the earthen floor, against the bare wall, in a long motionless row, sat the brilliant little figures of the class.

"*Salaam*," I said, as cheerfully as I could, and sat down on a low stool in front of them. Against their *chuddars* of scarlet and yellow, emerald, rose and amethyst shone their blackened eyes and delicate, olive faces. There was a restless tinkling of silver from their arms and their ankles as they watched me arrange the slates and primers, but not a word or a sign from their solemn eyes.

"*Salaam*, little daughters," I said again, and their hands went respectfully to their foreheads, but they looked more distrustful and forbidding than ever. The few words of Hindustani that I knew seemed to have deserted me, and I looked at the children helplessly, hoping for some sign of friendliness. The little faces were shrouded in a cold and expressionless reserve. I began to wonder whether I might not be driven to retreat in disgrace, when suddenly one of them pointed to the door and said, "*Tara*"—which means in Hindustani—a star.

Hesitating on the threshold stood the daintiest and most graceful of children. Her hair was immodestly waving out from under her turquoise *chuddar*; with one hand she was keeping from the ground her scant draperies which had slipped from her bare, baby shoulders; with the other she held open the door as though, if necessary, to secure a way of escape. Murillo alone could ever have painted her face, with its deep, mysterious eyes, and its smile of radiant confidence and good will.

"Come in, little Star," I said, "do you want to learn to read?" She came quietly and cautiously until she stood beside me. Then she seated herself comfortably close to my knee, opening a primer upside down. "I can read already," she remarked, and began to lisp, "One-two-three-four," in baby Hindi. The cloud had vanished from the faces of the other children as they watched her, and when she finished they broke into a merry laugh.

"Let us read, too, Miss Sahib," they said. My peace of mind and limited but useful vocabulary began to come back to me. We proceeded with the lesson.

As the days went on, however, I discovered that, in spite of the intelligent and quick response of her soulful face, Tara would never shine as a scholar. "What is the name of that letter?" I would ask her, pointing to the primer. She would look at me with an understanding smile, point likewise and answer, "What is the name of that letter?" as though my very words were all the subject could possibly require. Then I would tell her the names of two or three letters and insist that she say them over and over to herself while I heard one of the other children. Soon some one would whisper, "Miss Sahib, look at Tara," and I would find her standing in the middle of the room with her *chuddar* entirely off, looking like a little sun-burned Eros, lacking only quiver and bow. She was merely preparing, she told me, to arrange her *chuddar* another way.

"Come here and read by me, little Star," I would say.

"Done reading," she would reply simply, as she curled down beside me. If my attention happened to be absorbed just then by saying the multiplication with the advanced class, I would find, in a moment, both my shoes untied by Tara's curious fingers, and my watch chain being vigorously bitten by her still more curious little teeth. Once I found her testing the strength of the watch-crystal. "Sitting on the floor is too distracting, baby," I said. "Stand up beside me for a little while until I have time to teach you." She stood there quietly, resting one gentle hand on my shoulder. Suddenly I leaned forward to pick up a book and my hair fell over my face like a veil. Tara was discovered counting the hairpins and expecting great credit for having been able to get as far as eight. The other children were so amazed at her wickedness and reproached her so bitterly that she crouched down by my knee, covered with shame, and hid her face. I longed to pick her up and comfort her, but I had been warned not to touch the children ever, for if their parents heard of it they would think them defiled and take them out of the school. Therefore I restrained my impulse to put my arm around Tara and went on steadily with the lesson. Soon I felt my hand drawn down towards the hidden face, and felt upon my fingers the softest and most repentant kisses. I made sure that the others did not see this terrible breach of the ceremonial law, and unworthily let it go on until Tara looked up again, perfectly happy and satisfied.

The next day Tara was not at school. I asked the others where she was. "The goddess has her little sister," they said, "and Tara has to stay at home and feed the donkey."

"Feed the donkey!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," they went on. "The donkey is the goddess' beast, and if you feed him she will be pleased. If she is pleased, you get well and have her mark all over you, and if she isn't pleased you die." I suddenly realized that the goddess they spoke of was the smallpox, and that there was but a small chance of our ever seeing our little Star again. I implored the people to have her taken away from the infected house and to save her from the clutches of the goddess, but I was informed that you would only make the goddess angry by trying to cheat her that way, and that Tara must tend the donkey.

Soon the children told me that the goddess had seized upon Tara herself—taken her away altogether and dropped her in the Ganges—they thought.

In my mind I saw her as she had stood in the doorway, the first time I came to school. The children seemed to read my thoughts as I turned toward the door again. "Indeed, she will not come," they said. "The goddess never gives back. She was so senseless, Miss Sahib, she would never learn what you taught her. We thought you would not be very sorry. Could you—did you—did you really *love* her, Miss Sahib?"

"Indeed I did," was all I could say.

LOUISE ATHERTON, '03.

A BOX OF HUYLER'S

(*A true story.*)

"It's no use trying to make me think you don't want to go, because I know you do," laughed Sue. "And, of course, you know I want to, too. Let's draw."

They drew, and the long strip fell to Elizabeth.

"Oh," she cried, with beaming face, "I'm so sorry. I feel awfully greedy. Sue, won't you go anyway?"

"No, indeed, don't be so silly," replied Sue. "I don't want to a bit more than you—and, besides, it's as hot as a furnace. You may be sorry you went before you reach the station. Here's the carriage now."

And then as Elizabeth climbed in she called after her: "Oh, Betty, if you have any time before the train comes in, don't you want to stop at Dana's and get me a box of Huyler's? I shall simply die if I don't have some before long."

"Trust me," called back Betty over her shoulder. "It would never do to have you die just for the lack of a pound of chocolates."

It was hot indeed. The stifling air enwrapped one like some oppressive garment which one vainly tried to throw off. Elizabeth noted the sultriness with much surprise, for it was most unusual in this region of dry thin air. Down at the foot of the range the heat hung shimmering over the yellow plain. Up here in the wilderness of red granite it beat back from the rocks with blinding brilliancy. Not a cloud above, not a tree below. The bright world shone with a hard and terrible beauty. But Elizabeth had neither care for the heat nor eyes for the beauty, looking forward as she was to seeing the dearly beloved lady whom she and Suzanna had both been so eager to meet.

The train was just in when they reached the station, and Betty made haste to throw herself upon the little woman who alighted, followed by the tall man.

They were just leaving the town, when Betty suddenly remembered Sue's Huyler's.

"Oh, Page," she said, "turn round. Do you mind going back, Mrs. Lewis. I won't take two minutes. I completely forgot that I had promised to bring Sue some candy."

It was in truth a very short time before they were back on the road toward Old Baldhead Mountain, from which they had come.

"Big storm, Miss Betty, sure," commented the coachman as the horses settled into their collars for the long, hard pull. He jerked his thumb skyward as he spoke, and Betty in surprise followed the motion with her eyes. Over the top of the mountain hung a great black cloud, sprung from the blue depths of the sky as if by an enchanter's wand.

"Whee," she ejaculated, "we shall have to hurry, shan't we? The side curtains are in the carriage, aren't they, Page?" She knew well the tremendous rapidity with which these western storms came up. "I'm sorry we stopped for that candy," she added to Mrs. Lewis, "but if we're

going to be caught a minute or two more or less won't make much difference."

The clouds were rapidly piling up over the range and sweeping out into the sky—heavy black clouds they were, with lurid copper-fringed edges. They reached the sun, blotted it out. And through the sudden darkness the deepened colours of mountain and plain still glowed out with a singular vividness, like a sinister smile on a handsome face.

About half an hour later the storm came down upon them. It was a cloudburst, and a very serious one. They were up in Red Cañon now, where the world was all shut out but a narrow strip of seething yellow sky above and the seething yellow torrent by the roadbed. Streaks of greenish light now and again lit up the ragged clouds. The canon was receiving almost the full force of the burst, and its small stream soon changed into a boiling mill-race, which, caged as it was within the narrow walls, rose foot upon foot with incredible swiftness, and raved down the gulch with a roar which engulfed even the crash of the thunder. In one place, where the road ran low along the stream, the water was up to the very edge of it, reaching out for the carriage like some living, evil thing, plucking at the horses' legs.

And then from up the canon came a mighty sound which boomed through the roar of the water as though it had not been and drew swiftly nearer, doubled and trebled by the echoing walls.

They saw it as they turned a sharp corner—a foaming wall of water which towered above them, its whirling front dark with rocks and stumps and branches. The dam above had gone out.

All four saw it at once, but not a sound went from them, as the driver lashed the straining horses toward the stretch of higher ground just ahead.

In one of those flashes of strange thought which so often came in moments of great danger, Elizabeth thought of the box of candy which she was holding and of Sue above, waiting for it. Two minutes, even one minute, and they would reach the higher level and be safe.

But they seemed scarcely to be advancing. And now, great heaven, they were sinking, sinking, while the horses plunged and struggled and sank, too. She realised with a gasp of horror that the road-bed had been undermined by the water.

The whirling stream rushed up to meet them.

ELEANOR ECOB, '07.

PAN IS DEAD

Those sweet Aprilian days are gone,
When on the hills the little faun
Went piping in the early dawn.
Gone are those golden days in June,
When in the wood at height of noon,
By some pool's hyacinthine brink,
A vine-wreathed satyr stooped to drink,
And from the hollow of her tree,
There laughed a hidden dryadee.
Those August nights come not again,
When silver water nymphs would rise
To sport them in the yellow moon,
And dive again in swift surprise
At sound of Bacchus and his train.

O weep for Pan, for Pan is dead,
The youth of ancient days is fled;
Dull years, sad years are come for man,
For Pan is dead, O weep for Pan!

LOUISE FOLEY, '08.

"DUM LOQUIMUR"

The snow, at the end of each long rush of wind, whipped in veritable gusts against the high windows. In the brick fireplace a great log roared and cracked. Edward Morse, sitting watching the flames, rose suddenly and walked across the room to stand and look out at the storm.

"It is ten degrees colder over here," he said; "it's cold enough to freeze my breath."

His mother, not heeding his words, picked up a letter from the table.

"Edward, what have you decided to do?" she asked. "Are you going to Landsdowne?"

"I wonder if Constance will expect me," he muttered.

"Listen," she answered him. "This is what your sister writes: 'After two months away from you all, I am beginning to be homesick.

I wish Edward could find time to come here for a while—but I know he has little leisure with the courts in session, and his wedding, too, so near. Aunt Mary is much more cheerful; she still feels, I think, that she is far from being appreciated by an unsympathising family who do not realise what a serious case her's is. But I must not laugh at Aunt Mary; she takes herself with no sense of humour at all, and she is devoted to you, Mama, and I think she likes to have me here to keep her cheerful. But I almost forgot to tell you—Christopher came back the other day. He talks of going with his mother away somewhere. I think it would be the best possible thing for them both. I shall stay at Landsdowne, however, until something more definite is decided—as long as Aunt Mary feels that she needs me. I must write only a little more. Remember to give Edward my message, Mama.' There, Edward, you see," Mrs. Morse broke off, "Christopher is home again."

"Mother," cried Edward Morse from the window, "you can't imagine that there was ever anything to last in that foolish affair between Constance and Christopher. Think, mother, Constance was only sixteen, and Christopher a junior at college—why, I thought that was all forgotten ten years ago."

"Yes, I know, Edward, but the letter is so unlike Constance. Why should she speak twice of your going on to Landsdowne? Indeed, I can't believe that Constance could be so blind as to allow herself to fall in love with a man like Christopher, and yet—"

Edward came across to his mother's chair and stood facing her, his hands held behind him toward the fire.

"This is the way I feel about it," he began determinedly. "Constance has more good common-sense than almost anyone I know, and she must realise that she'd be quite throwing herself away to marry Christopher. No one knows better than I, after rooming with him for four years, that he's the most utterly delightful companion one could find—but Constance, who is so essentially true herself, must appreciate how through and through worthless and unreliable he is—from the point of view of any lasting association."

Mrs. Morse moved impatiently. "That's just what I want someone to impress on Constance," she said.

"Of course," went on her son, "if I thought there was the least doubt in the world, there could be no question of my going immediately to Landsdowne. But it's almost ridiculous, mother—it's like doubting Constance."

For a moment there was silence between them; Mrs. Morse, her forehead drawn in a long perplexed furrow, looked steadily, with absent-minded worry, into her son's eyes. "The mere idea puts me in such a panic that it's impossible to think clearly—you must decide, Edward."

Morse rubbed the toe of his boot sharply against the brass fender; then he laughed as if determined to take a calmly common-sensible point of view, saying: "I think Constance herself would be amused if she could hear our conversation," but adding quite seriously a moment afterward, "I wonder just how long Christopher has been back."

"Edward," said his mother firmly, "even if it seems unnecessary, don't you think you had best go to Constance? You could take," she suggested, "the six o'clock from town—you would have to leave immediately."

Morse pulled out his watch. "I might make it," he said; "it would be a question." Snapping the cover open and shut, he walked up and down the length of the hearth rug several times and then sank back into an easy chair and crossed his knees. "We've been talking absolutely in a circle. To begin again where we began an hour ago; there are very many reasons, as Constance herself writes, why I shouldn't leave just now. My wedding trip is going to cost me a month, and this new water bill must be ready before I sail. I hope you understand, mother; I hope that you are not going to worry."

Mrs. Morse, sitting erect against her high-backed chair, her hands holding Constance's letter, crossed motionless before her, was silent a moment before she answered him.

"I suppose," she said, "I shall worry; but undoubtedly you are right, Edward."

After a while she rose, and pulled the old-fashioned bell rope hanging beside the mantel.

"It must be long after tea time," she began, and ended, "You couldn't get a train to Landsdowne before to-morrow afternoon now, anyway."

While they waited, the two sat and watched the sinking fire. As darkness fell more and more, the snow beat steadily on the window and the blustering wind quieted to a sorrowful humming.

A step came toward them from across the hallway, and Mrs. Morse spoke without turning: "Put the tray here, Addison."

"I was bringing it just now, Mrs. Morse, when this note came. A man left it. I brought it first."

"Open it, Edward," said his mother, "Why don't you read it to me?" she cried.

"Listen," he said: "'I have told Christopher that I will marry him. We are going to be married to-morrow. I know that no one will understand—except Edward. Constance.'"

MARGARET MORISON, '07.

LA SIESTE

TRANSLATED FROM HEREDIA

No sound of insect or marauding bee;
The forest sleeps held by the sun's slow might,
Where sifteth through the leaves a tender light
Like sombre mosses' emerald jewelry.
Noon pierces through the vault's obscurity
And on my tired half-closed lids doth write
—Weaving a thousand furtive flashes bright—
Across the shade a coral tracery.

Beyond the gauze woven by fiery beams
A host of gaudy butterflies is met,
By light and perfume in amazement led.
Then do my trembling fingers catch each thread,
And in the gold mesh of this subtle net
Seeker of harmonies, I shut my dreams.

MARGARET FRANKLIN, '08.

THE MAIDEN AND THE BERRY BRIAR

The maiden had toiled up the mountain-side to seek sweet wood-berries for her brother, who was grievously ill with fever. But for many days the sun had cast upon the earth his burning beams, with which he absorbed the life-sap from all plants and fruits, so that the maiden found but shrivelled shells upon the laden vines. Then despair seized upon her soul, and she stood deliberating whether she should not return to her home empty-handed, since it seemed that God willed the little lad should die.

As she thought this, she saw that she was standing in the soft, deep moss of the forest, and that many murmuring branches, arching above her, sheltered her from the blaze of the sun. And not far in the distance a tall tree rose, on which no leaves grew; but twined about its trunk was a luxurious vine which, at a certain height, drooped its long tendrils down to earth, and lo! these tendrils were heavy with a burden of ripe, juicy berries. Joyfully the maiden sprang forward, nor did she fear the silence and gloom about her, though the damp soil had given nurture to rank briars and bushes of the kind which serpents and lizards delight to frequent. The thought of the dying brother filled her heart, and soon she had heaped her basket with shining black fruit.

Her task accomplished, she fain would have hastened away, but one of the long fibrous tendrils had become entwined about her waist, and she could not move. In vain she struggled. Her tender flesh was but torn in the attempt. Frightened and weary, the maiden sat down upon the ground, and the wild blackberry vine spoke softly to her and said:

"Sweet maiden, why wilt thou hasten away from me? Behold, I love thee, and would have thee with me always. Here thou wilt ever be sheltered from sun and storm. Thou wilt know the language of trees and flowers, and may'st converse with the gentle creatures of the wood, which will love thee. Leave thy world behind. It has held little sweetness for thee! and remain here, where all things will work for thy peace and happiness."

For a moment the maiden forgot the little lad whom she was essaying to relieve, and she thought only of the hardships which during her whole life had been her portion; and with joy, she felt, she would

have welcomed the perpetual calm of the forest. Then the white face of her brother rose before her eyes and she shuddered.

"Let me go, let me go," she wailed.

But the vine only clasped her the more tightly, so that the thorns pricked through her garments to the flesh. "Thou shalt stay," it murmured. "I have given thee my dearest treasure. In return give me thyself, for I love thee, I love thee!"

A realisation came to the maiden of what she had to do. She stood up and with her teeth gnawed the vine until it had parted asunder. Then she started on her way, and as she walked she attempted to uncoil the tendril from about her waist. Her hands touched something damp and cold. She looked down, and then the forest rang with her shrieks of terror. The tendril of the vine had disappeared, and in its place was coiled the mangled, writhing half of a serpent.

MARTHA PLAISTED, '08.

"DULCI FISTULA"

THE HELLENIC IDEAL

Lay an essay on my hearse
Of Hellenic dreams,
Maidens, ink and paper bear.
Say I wrote reams.

My head gave out, my hand kept on
Making the paper black.
Upon my absent merits, look
Lightly, gentle Fac.!

M. I. O'SULLIVAN, '07.



That time of year thou mayst in us behold
 When pallid girls, or none, or few, remain
 Within these halls, and snuffle with a cold,
 Comparing symptoms, cherishing each pain.
 In one thou seest the measles under way,
 Another claims the mumps as her sad lot,
 Appendicitis holds its awful sway;
 One door thou seest stuffed in every crack
 With cotton; they are fumigating here.
 Upon the next a note the wardens tack
 Inhabited is each infirm'ry cot.
 "Do not disturb"—a new contagion fear.
 This thou perceivest—considering this state,
 What do you think will be the May Day Fate?

MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.

THE FOUNDER'S LECTURE

On the evening of April fourth, 1906, Dr. McGiffert, Professor of Church History at Union Theological Seminary, delivered the founder's lecture. His subject was "The Mysticism of the Early Church." A mystic, Dr. McGiffert said, is one who believes he is in possession of the divine. St. Paul was the first Christian mystic. His mysticism was a

very complete one, so much so that he declared "It is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." His life was no more carnal but spiritual; he had perfect holiness in perfect liberty. St. John, the writer of the fourth Gospel, also believed in a mysticism that was complete. "That which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." The fruit of this indwelling, according to John, however, was not Paul's glorious liberty, but knowledge. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch in the second century, had as complete a mysticism as Paul and John, but he believed that its fruit was immortality. The Gnostics adopted the belief in the indwelling Christ because they were looking for something which would bring about the spiritual redemption from the flesh. To all of these men, then—Paul, John, Ignatius and the Gnostics—the transformation into the divine was complete; there was a change of substance rather than a change of personality.

With others of the early Christians, however, we find a less complete mysticism, one that implies merely a change of personality. These men believed in a divine influence finding expression in the Holy Spirit. The authors of the synoptic Gospels and of the Acts did not think of it as a permanent state. It was not an abiding indwelling, but an occasional one, affecting the personality but not changing the substance. Christ, Dr. McGiffert said, belonged to this second class of mystics.

Irenæus, a bishop of the second century, made an attempt to combine Paul's mysticism with that of the other early Christians by saying that before baptism there was and could be no communication between a man and the Holy Spirit. After baptism, however, there was a complete union with the divine. Wesley and Fox felt that Irenæus had not solved the problem, and held that it was possible for the Holy Spirit to speak to a man whether baptised or not. Nevertheless, they did not believe in the complete mysticism of Paul and John. Thus, Dr. McGiffert said in closing, the idea of the abiding indwelling of God is lost sight of after the first and second centuries.

MARGARET M. REEVE, '07.

PROFESSOR SCOTT'S LECTURE

On Thursday evening, April fifth, Professor Fred Newton Scott, of the University of Ann Arbor, addressed the English Club on "The Prosody of Walt Whitman."

There are two principal theories, said Professor Scott, concerning Whitman as an artist. First, that Whitman had no sense of form, that he produced hastily and spontaneously a fluid mass of poetic material, but that he broke the mould into which he poured it. Second, that he does not fall below but rose above convention standards, that his prosody is intended to carry out the spirit of unrestraint in his poetry, and should be tested by the open air standards of Nature, not of art. Professor Scott, in confuting the second of these theories, showed that for art to disappear as art to reappear in nature is a reversal of the usual order, and tends to turn their relationship upside down. In confuting the first theory, Professor Scott said that Whitman did not work with "rushing spontaneity," but that he laboured long and hard to perfect his peculiar style. This is proved by a careful inspection of many manuscript versions of his poems which show many successive revisions. Therefore Whitman had some process of his own in mind, whether based on the principles of poetry or of prose.

Poetry was first used for *expression*, prose for *communication*. Each has its own peculiar types of rhythm. In poetry, now one element, now another has been uppermost. In ancient Persian the number of syllables was all important, in Latin the quantity, in Anglo-Saxon alliteration, in modern Germanic stress. In prose the basic element consists of the long sweeping, swaying wave-like cumulation of pitch. In short, the rhythm of verse is *mutation*, of prose *motation*. Whitman enjoyed the freedom afforded by the latter because of his keen sense for motion. In every stanza of his poetry there is some evidence of his pleasure in motion, "yachts those daring careening things," "the airy gambols of kingfishers," especially in the motion of the sea. His delight in large free movements, this prose rhythm then became the regulative element of his verse, and makes him impatient with the smaller rhythms of poetry.

But prose as prose was not apt, it was communicative, and his purpose was expression. So he came back then to poetry, but he brought with him new materials from his excursion into prose, and this combination results in his peculiar style. Whitman is like a huge god, unable to dance, yet desiring to do so, and clumsily trying to keep step.

Whether Whitman's prosody is of a kind that will endure cannot yet be decided. Professor Scott noted, however, that his verse will not bear as much re-reading as will poetry composed according to the regular poetic laws.

DR. BAKEWELL'S LECTURE

On Friday evening, March thirtieth, Dr. Bakewell, of Yale University, addressed the Philosophical Club on "The Problem of Evil."

He began by a statement of the conditions which preclude the existence of the problem, enumerating three types of mind for which there is no problem of evil, *i. e.*, the sunny, optimistic temperament, the gloomy, pessimistic temperament, and the scientific mind.

In order that the problem of evil may exist, three conditions are necessary: first, a belief in sin and suffering; second, a belief in an underlying purpose or unity; third, a belief that this principle takes account of man's sufferings. With the Hebrews the second condition was in predominance, hence evil was not so much a problem to them as a mystery which they accepted as from God.

But when the sense of discord becomes stronger than the sense of unity, then evil becomes a problem demanding a solution.

Dr. Bakewell then stated and criticised the chief solutions offered by philosophy.

1. Oriental mystics. Evil is only an illusion. The object of man's striving must be to ignore this appearance and to return to the original unity which is but nothingness, but a fourfold emptiness, expressed in the formula, "I am nowhere anything for anybody, nor is there anywhere anything for me."

2. The explanation of theologians. Evil is the work of an inferior god or devil, or else it is the fault of the imperfect material out of which God created the world. This solution results in a dualism leaving evil entirely outside of the rational order.

3. The explanation of Evolutionists. Fiske first justifies evil in general as necessary from the very nature of consciousness, as a contrast to good. Then he justifies moral evil as necessary for the growth and discipline of the soul. But this is not solving the difficulty, but only pushing it further back. Since it attempts no explanation of why such discipline is necessary.

Le Comte makes Fiske's explanation a little clearer by his definition of virtue as self-established. Virtue can only result from a choice of good rather than of evil. Hence the possibility of virtue depends on the existence of evil.

4. The explanation of Idealists. Royce solves the problem of evil by showing that from the infinite point of view of the Absolute what finite beings see as evil is not evil at all.

After bringing out most clearly the weak spot in Royce's philosophy, Professor Bakewell passed the same general criticism upon all the solutions. Where moral evil is reduced to natural evil and natural evil made a good in disguise then sin becomes of no value. All these explanations make evil structural in the universe, and hence take away from the sinfulness of sin.

A satisfactory solution of the problem of evil must justify evil from the point of view of the individual, not by making the individual a part of an infinite consciousness. How this can be done, Dr. Bakewell did not attempt to explain.

VIRGINIA ROBINSON, '06.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '97. Aimée Leffingwell has been visiting College recently.
 - '00. The Class of Nineteen Hundred will hold its reunion in June, 1906, instead of the following year.
 - '03. Linda Lange and Margretta Stewart have been back at College.
 - '04. Adola Greeley was married to the Rev. Charles Lawrence Adams in Washington on April twenty-fourth.
Helen Criswell, Bertha Norris, Alice Waldo and Maud Temple visited College in April.
Hilda Canan was married to Mr. Samuel Vauclain on April twenty-fifth.
 - '05. Eleanor Little has announced her engagement to Mr. Talbot Aldrich, Harvard, '92, of Boston.
Lydia Moore was married during Easter week to Mr. Harry Bush.
Anna Müller was married to Mr. Sidney Prince in Philadelphia on April twenty-fifth.
Marguerite Armstrong has accepted a position for next year at the Cambridge Country School, in Watertown, Mass. Helen Kempton, who is teaching there at present, will remain next year.
Esther Lowenthal and Elsie Bond visited College in April.
- At a luncheon given during Easter week by the Bryn Mawr Club in Boston, Mrs. Charles McLean Andrews spoke on existing college conditions, the May Day Fête and the Alumnæ Endowment Fund. Edith Dabney, '03, president of the club, presided.

There was organised in Harrisburg, Pa., at a formal meeting held March seventeenth, a Bryn Mawr Club, called the Bryn Mawr Club of Central Pennsylvania. The club has now thirty-two members, graduates and students of Bryn Mawr, living in Harrisburg or in other towns in the central part of the State. The officers are: President, Miss Elizabeth C. Bent, '95; Vice-President and Treasurer, Miss Charlotte F. McLean, '99; Secretary, Miss Anna N. W. Pennypacker, '97.

COLLEGE NOTES

Certain changes in the calendar have been announced as follows: After the long vacation the halls of residence will be opened, henceforth, on Monday instead of Saturday, and lectures will commence on the first Wednesday in October. There will be no vacation on Washington's Birthday, but the mid-year examinations will be continued through the Saturday of the second week, and the following Monday and Tuesday will be given as holidays. An attempt will also be made to equalise, as far as possible, the number of working days in each semester.

The Law Club held a formal debate in the Chapel on Thursday evening, March twenty-second. The subject under discussion was: "Resolved, That Socialism tends to the best good of our nation." The affirmative was supported by Miss Hawkins, '07, Miss Wade, '06, and Miss Woereshoffer, '07; the negative by Miss Williams, '07, Miss Fox, '08, Miss Anderson, '06. The judges were Dr. Bascom, Miss Marion Parris and Dr. A. L. Wheeler. The decision was in favour of the affirmative.

On Friday evening, March twenty-third, Mrs. John Morrison Oliver Hewitt gave a piano recital in the gymnasium at 8 P. M. for the benefit of the Students' Building.

A meeting of the Scientific Club was held in Dalton Hall on Saturday afternoon, March twenty-fourth. Professor J. S. Ames, of Johns Hopkins University addressed the meeting on "Modern Problems of Physics."

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held in the Chapel Wednesday evening, March twenty-eighth.

A meeting of the College Settlement Association was held in the Chapel on Thursday evening, March twenty-ninth. Miss Frances Anne

Keay spoke on "The Recent Movement for Political Reform in the Fifth Ward."

A formal meeting of the Philosophical Club was held in Pembroke East on Friday evening, March thirtieth. Dr. Charles M. Bakewell, of Yale University, spoke on "The Problem of Evil."

Professor G. C. McGiffert, Professor of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary, delivered the founder's lecture in the Chapel on Wednesday evening, April fourth. The subject was "Mysticism."

A formal meeting of the English Club was held in Pembroke East on Thursday evening, April fifth. Professor Fred Newton Scott, of the University of Michigan, addressed the meeting on "The Prosody of Walt Whitman."

The third Senior Orals in French and German were held on Saturday, March seventh.

Easter vacation commenced on Wednesday, April eleventh, and ended on Thursday, April nineteenth.

On Friday evening, April twentieth, a formal meeting of the Philosophical Club was held in Pembroke East. Dr. James H. Leuba read a paper on "Awe, Reverence, and the Sublime."

The annual concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs was given in the Gymnasium Saturday evening, April twenty-first.

Owing to rehearsals for the May Day Fête, the reception to have been given by Miss Thomas and Miss Garrett on Tuesday evening, April twenty-fourth, has been postponed until May twenty-ninth.

A public rehearsal of *St George and the Dragon*, *The Reevesby Sword Dance* and *the Milk Maids' Dance* was given in the Gymnasium Tuesday evening, April twenty-fourth.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The match games in basketball began on the seventh of May. There are new baskets on the athletic field.

The College has forwarded eight hundred dollars to the Athletic Association for the construction of a new athletic field, which will give room for a regulation hockey field and for several new dirt tennis courts.

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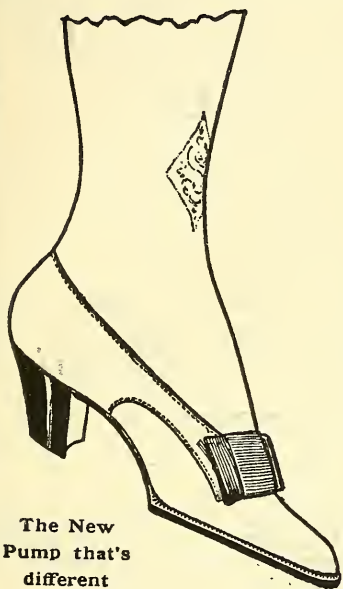
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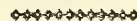
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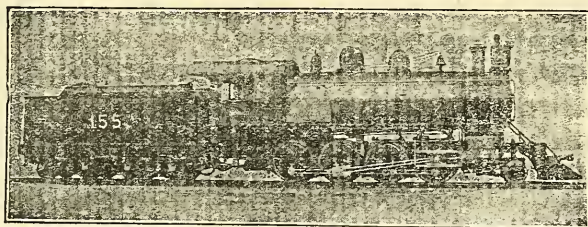
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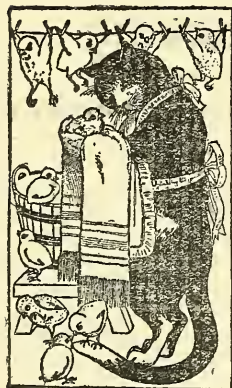
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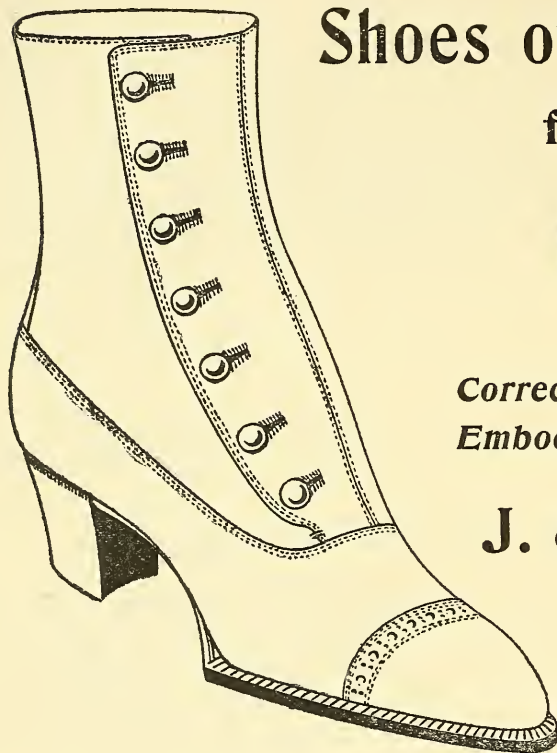
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Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter

VOL. III

JUNE, 1906

No. 9

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THE IRONY OF FATE

Colin Hunt looked at the horse's ears attentively. He was considering how best to turn the conversation into the desired course. But Barbara Hoyt chatted on unconsciously of such indifferent matters as the recent tennis tournament and the probable winner of the golf cup; things as far removed from sentiment or a touch of the personal as mist from sunshine. The words "irony of fate" fell upon his ears; they seemed a suddenly-opened path out of the arid wilderness of athletic contests, even possible of a turn into the leafy recesses of personality. Touching the horse sharply, he hurried upon the half-seen way:

"I don't believe in the irony of fate."

"How stupid of you. One can get almost poetical musing over it; and if one longs for a touch of charming melancholy no subject calls it forth sooner."

"Don't be flippant, Barbara," Hunt returned, "I'm serious when I

say I don't believe in it. It's the phrase that serves as an ambush for self-pity."

"Self-pity itself is ironical, think of the delightful satire concealed in mourning one's own failures. I should prefer to forget mine rather than imprint them on my memory in tear-drops. Yet the very irony of the emotion relates it to our phrase."

"You are rather illogical, I think. You ridicule self-pity, yet you laud the irony of fate into almost the dignity of a creed."

Barbara clung to the brake cart as they swung round a curve. Then she replied:

"Naturally, I laugh at self-pity because it is a deliberate ridicule of ourselves that we can easily avoid. But when Fate plays jokes at our expense and then stands off and holds her sides, I wrench my mouth into a smile and murmur meekly, "Hail, the conquering hero comes!"

Hunt burst into a laugh.

"How ridiculous you are, Barbara! You will persuade me into believing in the irony of fate if you insist on your present pose, merely because you think it answers the exigencies of your frivolous world. Why don't you let me see more of the side I caught a glimpse of when you played Lady Bountiful to the Sunday-school children?"

Barbara opened her eyes with a look of "I don't understand," then their brown shadows warmed as she rested her hand softly on his arm. A bump in the road jolted it away.

"You are a dear, Colin; your faith in one is so encouraging. But really, you know it is only another case of the irony of fate."

Hunt turned on her abruptly and opened his lips; the path had cleared suddenly. Her lids wavered, and she stopped him by exclaiming:

"But you haven't given me any reasons for your doubting the irony of fate; you have simple reiterated your statement to the point of monotony."

"I have never seen any proofs of it," Colin answered, dull by comparison with his momentary flash. "The tales people give us as examples far more often prove fate's justice, if one only looks at it face to face, instead of through a mist of self-pity."

Barbara turned on him in a triumph somewhat marred by another sharp bend in the road.

"What do you think of Mr. Stuart's will?"

"I haven't heard anything about it."

"Didn't you know Anna Stuart's uncle had died, leaving her almost as many millions as she already had; while poor Ted Stuart still is grinding out a miserable existence as a young doctor?"

"Ted Stuart, my classmate?"

"Yes, Anna's first cousin, and old Mr. Stuart's nephew."

"But that proves nothing against fate, for no doubt Anna means to give up her claim."

"Really, Colin, your trust in human nature is moving to the verge of tears. She means nothing of the sort, for she told mother she thought it best to abide by her uncle's wishes; a somewhat ragged cloak, I think."

"Nevertheless, I don't see the irony of fate," in a burst of inspiration, "for Ted Stuart may be one of those unfortunates who are blessed by poverty."

"Blessed by poverty, what a confusion in terms! No, Colin, it is only that Anna is a pig and fate is ironical. You might as well discuss another subject, for I have quite refuted you here."

"But you have not, Barbara, unless you can prove that Ted Stuart's character has changed since he was my classmate; and that, from a brilliant, somewhat lazy, lad he has become so energetic a man that the possession of millions would not effectually stop his medical career."

Hunt's manner had stiffened into a restraint and seriousness quite different from his first cordial, almost tender, mood. Barbara looked at him, an "I wonder" standing agape in her eyes. Then she said:

"Colin, would you really believe it better for a young man to struggle on for years and years, striking at a doubtful success, than to have his youth free, to do with as he pleases, filled with the beauty and luxury that only the young can appreciate. Oh, if I had only Anna Stuart's golden magic, that I might play the fairy god-mother to poor young things longing for the butterfly happiness just beyond their grasp, to them signifying vital joys that are fast vanishing into the too-late."

They drove through the gates of *Babjor*. Hunt turned his eyes from a calculation of the distance between the wheels and the gate-posts. He laughed a little bitterly; the path had led but to another desert far from any enchanted wood.

"What a delightful dream! May you never awake to a consideration of your influence on your protégés' careers."

"Why this suggestiveness, with hints of the grand serious, one might say satirist?"

They were at the door, and Colin's only answer was:

"May I help you down? It was awfully good of you to come."

Barbara murmured her thanks. Only her preoccupation, with his sudden change of mood, prevented her hearing his involuntary murmur:

"So the pose was not a pose after all."

She stood looking after him as he drove away as if to read the solution of the puzzle. She found herself musing aloud:

"I wonder how he liked my Lady Bountiful pose; as if I could not see that Stuart money a chain and ball on Ted's feet. I wonder when I shall have courage to let him propose."

LOUISE NETTERVILLE CRUICE, '06.

SUNT LACRIMAE RERUM

After all the years of patient study and hard work Joe Williams' career had ended ingloriously. Standing by a bomb furnace, a bomb badly sealed had exploded in his face. The bitterest part of the whole thing was that it was not his fault, but that of his friend, John Lord, with whom he was working and who had sealed the bomb. . . .

Six weeks after the accident found him still in the hospital with bandaged eyes and scarred face. The doctors at first were extremely cautious in answering his questions as to when the bandages might be removed and he be allowed to see again, but finally they had considered him well enough to know the truth—his eyesight was almost completely gone. It is true he could discern large objects and light and shade to some extent, but as far as getting any real use out of his eyes was concerned, that was hopeless.

He had faced his situation thoroughly. He was young, poor and unknown, his sole relation being an old aunt living on a bleak New England farm. He was, moreover, engaged to John Lord's sister, Lucy, who was also poor and an orphan.

She lived with her brother and eked out their small income by teaching. Well, marrying Lucy was out of the question, decidedly—couldn't be thought of—so also was his own scientific career. He had no opening left but to join his aunt, as she strongly urged, and rust out a miserable existence in a country whose most redeeming feature, its beauty, would be lost to him.

So he decided on what seemed to him the obvious thing, suicide. He

wanted to get it over quickly, "without any fuss," he said to himself. But then he thought of John. John would take it hard. He felt that he had been to blame. He must explain to John, then, how the case really stood. He had sent for him now and sat waiting, his great white hands clasped wearily on the arms of his chair and his bandaged face turned toward the door expectantly. This one conversation over, and he would be done with earthly things. He wouldn't even see Lucy—why add to the misery of the whole affair with scenes? He heard the distant door-bell ring and steps come down the corridor, a knock, and John entered. Joe rose to greet him and held out an uncertain hand.

"Sit down," he said, "there must be a chair somewhere. I guess you think its queer I haven't let you come before, but I felt rather rocky. Where are you now? I wish you'd speak. Thanks. See here, John, you know I've never thought much of living, don't you? Didn't I tell you long ago I wasn't much for it. Well, I did, anyway, and now I've concluded the game isn't worth the candle, so I'm going to get out. Perhaps you're surprised at my telling you, but I know you felt bad about this (with a motion toward his eyes), and if I just left without explanations you might think I felt bitter, and all that. Well, you see, I don't. I'm just doing the reasonable thing."

John had sat motionless, pale and silent with dismay, but the question roused him.

"Joe," he said, "you're mad. You can't mean it. You wouldn't die now, would you? Stay with me. We can do something some way to make it not so bad. Joe, old boy, just think what it would mean to me to have you die. Think what it would mean to Lucy!"

"Do you think I've forgotten her? Don't you suppose I've thought of her night and day; don't you know that's the worst of it? What would become of her if I lived? We can't marry now, and as long as I'm alive she won't marry any one else. I suppose she'd go on teaching all her days. Why, I'd ruin her life.

"But don't you think it would ruin it lots worse to have you kill yourself? I tell you what, Joe, you've got to see Lucy before you do it—it's only fair to her."

"Oh, I see your game; you think if I see her I'll lose my nerve. That's nice of you. Well, I'll prove to you I mean what I say. I dare say it is fair to her to know. Go get her, and I'll explain, and I wager she will be more reasonable than you."

John rose. "She's not far to seek," he said. "She's waiting for me downstairs. I'll get her and she will soon talk you out of this folly," and he left the room. A few minutes later there was a rustle of skirts, and Lucy entered. She came and knelt by his chair, put her hand on his shoulder and would have kissed him, but he drew back. "I guess you had better not," he said, and his face was hard and white as he spoke.

Lucy rose and took the chair vacated by John.

Her large gray eyes were full of pain, but she said, very quietly: "John says you have something special to say to me, dear," and waited—

He answered slowly: "It isn't much, just this: my life's no good to me any more. I can't go on with my work; I can't marry you. I don't intend to put up with it."

"You mean suicide," she said. "I've wondered about that, but it seems to me no matter how bad life was I'd rather be alive if you were; that is because I love you, and you love me, too, Joe. Don't you feel the same way?"

"Well, you see I don't look at it just so. It isn't merely a question of loving you, it's a question of spoiling your life and getting nothing out of mine."

She sat silent for a long time, her hands tightly clasped, her body tense, then she said in a half whisper: "I see, perhaps you are right. I couldn't ever make up to you for your work. I know that came first always. I suppose you couldn't be happy even loving me. I'll try not to keep you, but it's not that I don't care for you, it's because I care so much—because I love you, love you so, because—"

Joe rose and groped his way toward her. "Don't," he gasped. His hand struck against her check and he bent and kissed her hair clumsily. "You will not try to stop me, then. You see, you understand. I couldn't bear it, to go on living, doing nothing, seeing nothing, a mere hulk. You know I love you, but all the love in the world couldn't make life worth living as things are now, and then it will be better for you in the end; it won't spoil your life. You are young."

"Don't be cruel," she said. "Don't make me think of myself. I've got to go on some way, and how can I bear it?"

The next day Joe Williams went away, ostensibly to go to his aunt's in the little New England village, there to piece together, as best he might, the dreary fragments of his life.

HELEN WILLISTON SMITH, '06.

THE VALLEY OF HOPE

I.

Ruth Winthrop stood on the steps putting on her coat. The valley lay before her, burningly bright in the morning sun that shone mercilessly from the unclouded blue of the sky, and the only sound was the chug-chug of the motor that was coming up the driveway in a cloud of dust. She recognised the machine as their own, but the man—oh, yes, she dimly remembered some trouble with Pedro, the last chauffeur; he had killed a man, or something; she always knew he had a bad temper, for he swore like everything in Spanish when a tire was punctured. This one—she remembered now, her father had told them at breakfast—was “a gentleman in reduced circumstances.” The phrase appealed to her sense of humour. Such people were always prigs; it sounded like a school teacher, a Bostonian, or a Southerner who dropped his r’s. She looked at him, but one never could tell what he was with those hideous goggles on, and he did not speak as her father helped her in the tonneau, got in front, and the machine started.

As they sped down the road, through the valley, the air seemed to get hotter and dustier, making it impossible to talk, till they stopped to wait for the mail at the dingy little building that served as store and post-office for the inhabitants of the town. Ruth opened a novel and tried to read, but her father had begun to ask questions of the man beside him, and after reading the same paragraph over three times, she threw the book on the seat beside her, and leaned back against the comfortable cushions. She watched a yellow dog slink down the dusty road and disappear behind the wayside bushes, and because there was nothing else to think of she listened idly to the conversation between the two in front. Nevertheless her thoughts wandered. The little Colorado town had ceased to be a novelty, as had the mines, and the ranches, and the people; and she heartily wished they had never given up their house in New York and come to this place to gratify a mere whim of her father’s. She envied her brother at college, he at least had his friends and his work, while she—well, Hopetown was not gay, to say the least. The drone of the conversation broke through her thoughts.

"What a bore he must be," she commented mentally, for the man had answered all questions satisfactorily; "he seems to know everything worth knowing, or thinks he does."

But she admitted that he had a nice voice, quite a respectable New York voice. Pedro had spoken only broken English, and had a temper, while the man before him being Irish, and stupid. This one, at least, was an American.

"And you say you are an Eastern man—er—I don't believe I remember your name?" Mr. Winthrop was speaking.

"Thurston—Ralph Thurston," the other replied in a low tone. "Yes, I have lived in New York most of my life."

"You came out to Colorado for your health?"

"For that, and for other reasons." Thurston was abrupt almost to rudeness, but Mr. Winthrop did not seem to notice his very apparent reluctance to talk. Ruth did, however, and felt relieved when the boy bringing the mail-bag interrupted.

"Hal Johnson says thar's 'n express package fur ye, Mr. Winthrop."

And her father and Thurston disappeared within the little building.

Rummaging in the mail-bag, Ruth found a letter from Bob, her brother. She tore it open with an eagerness that told how great an interest his letters held for her.

This one told of his Easter vacation, spent with friends in New York, and his descriptions of the good times made her homesick for everything connected with them.

As she folded up the letter her father came out, and she spoke with a joyful little laugh.

"A letter from Bob, papa. He has been visiting Brenton Price in New York."

She saw Thurston look up quickly from the box he was putting in the automobile. It was the first time she had seen him without the goggles, and the refinement of his face pleased her. But for an instant the expression was puzzling—it showed too much interest. Quite suddenly, however, he turned away, and when she saw his face again it was impassive in the darkness of the eyes and the firmness of the mouth.

II.

One evening in June, Ruth was wandering about the garden with

King Karl, her Scotch collie, when suddenly the dog left her side and bounded forward with short, joyful barks toward the approaching figure. In the twilight, Ruth recognised Thurston's broad shoulders, and turning she waited for him.

"Beg pardon, Miss Winthrop," he said, "I came back with the mail and tried to find Mr. Winthrop to ask him what time he wants the machine in the morning. But he is not at home, and—can you tell me?"

"Father did not leave any message with me, Thurston, but I think we should do well to start directly after breakfast, before the sun is well up."

"Thank you, Miss Winthrop." He half-turned, hesitated, and went on.

"Are there any letters for me?" she asked.

"I—yes—one," he called back.

Ruth whistled for King Karl, and walked slowly up to the house. On the library table was a letter from Bob. She opened it, but did not read it till she reached her boudoir.

"You remember the fellow I told you of, whom we call 'Pete,' " it ran. "Lawrence Truesdale's room-mate? Well, he has had a hard time of it. Did I tell you how his father failed and afterwards died from the shock? Pete was the only one of the family left, and he had to leave college and set to work to pay off the debts. There was nothing dishonourable in the affair, but after everything was settled he went off somewhere, without a word to anyone. The whole class is awfully cut up about it, for he was one of the most popular men—of the quiet sort—and no one knows where he is. And it is all the worse because they are afraid he's inherited consumption—although he won't admit it. Lawrence is almost wild. They were the best of friends, you know. O, by the way, he (Lawrence) dropped in a few minutes ago and says he's coming out to visit you after college closes."

Then followed more college news, and she laughed at some of the nonsense as she slipped the letter back into its envelope, but a moment later the shaded light from her desk lamp showed her face serious as she sat writing to one of her dearest friends at home.

"Things out here are about the same as ever, for nothing ever happens. If you only knew how I long for letters. Riding down for them is the chief excitement of the day. But we have a new chauffeur who, I know, would appeal to your romantic nature. He seems to be a perfect

gentleman in every way. Father is devoted to him, as is every one else in the Valley, from the small urchins of Hopetown, who gaze after him in awe, to the mine owners, who discuss plans with him at the store. It seems he is of a good family, educated at college, but—well, to be very vulgar, he is hard up. As to looks, he has good features, dark hair, dark complexion, and the bluest of blue eyes—quite unusual. Now comes the exciting part. A few minutes ago I received a letter from Bob, giving a long account of the fallen fortunes of one of his friends, known as 'Pete,' who, it seems, has left college to go to work somewhere. The coincidence is very strange, and I shall write to Bob immediately, for of course, Louise, under the circumstances I can't be cordial, even if he is nice; all I can do is be distantly pleasant, which is rather hard. But if—well, that remains to be seen. . . ."

III.

About two weeks later, as they were leaving the breakfast table, the telephone bell rang imperiously.

"A telephone message for Miss Wnithrop," the butler announced.

Ruth answered wondering.

"'Arrive—Hopetown—midnight—Thursday—have written—Lawrence Truesdale,'" came the voice over the telephone.

Ruth threw down the receiver, and ran out to the piazza, where her mother was sitting.

"Mother, dear, Lawrence is coming to-night," she cried.

Mrs. Winthrop looked at her shining eyes.

"How delightful of Lawrence," she sympathised, "to come all the way from New York. But see, dear," she added, "here is Thurston with the machine. Are you going down for the mail?"

Ruth picked up a wrap from the hall and ran down the steps as the big French car drew up before the house.

"Good morning, Thurston," she called gaily.

Thurston looked up quite gravely.

"Good-morning, Miss Winthrop," he said.

Then he smiled in spite of himself, her happiness was infectious.

Ruth was pleased. Thurston rarely smiled, and—well, he was nice when he smiled.

"There is no dust to-day," she urged, as she took her seat beside him; "let's try to break the record to the station."

He assented, and put on full speed. It was dangerous going downhill, but danger holds a fascination. As they wound around the road King Karl appeared, racing over the lawn toward them. Ruth pointed to him and laughed.

"I thought I could get off without him," she called above the noise of the motor—"O, stop—stop—quick—"

But she was too late. King Karl, rushing down the bank next to them, unable to stop himself, went under the rear wheels. Thurston jammed on the brakes, and when the machine came to a standstill a few feet further on they both jumped out and ran back to where the dog lay in the drive. Thurston reached him first.

"Poor King Karl," he said, and carried him to the side of the road, where Ruth knelt in the grass.

"O, Thurston," she said with a catch in her voice, "I can't bear to see him suffer, he was my playmate for so long. Won't you please shoot him quickly?"

As Thurston pulled out his revolver she gave King Karl's head a last little pat, walked off a little way, and waited. A shot rang out, but she did not look up immediately. When she did the smoke had cleared away and Thurston was standing there looking down at her. She started uneasily, for she had never seen him look like this.

"If you will take us back to the house—" she glanced down at King Karl in the grass.

She found herself asking it as a favour, but Thurston lifted the dog in without answering. And then, strangely, Thurston seemed to be more affected by the accident than she herself, for he was very white and was trembling all over as he pulled himself in weakly.

"You had better let me take the machine," Ruth said, offering to change places. He made the exchange without answering. They sat very still as they wound slowly back up the drive. Somehow Ruth forgot King Karl—forgot everything but this new look she had seen for a moment in Thurston's eyes.

No one went to the village that morning. In the evening one of the grooms rode down for the mail and brought it up to them as they were drinking coffee on the piazza after dinner. Going in to the light, Ruth found a letter from Bob, and opened it quickly. It was very amazing, and she caught her breath several times in the excitement of it all.

"Sister Ruth, why didn't someone tell me this man's name before? Of course he is Pete. You must have heard his real name—Ralph Thurston Hillard, the finest fellow in the world. Think of the worry we might have been spared. O, I am too glad to be able to write coherently. And when Lawrence heard he was mad with joy—he could scarcely wait to start. . . ."

She read no more, but stood almost breathless. It was too good. This was really Pete, and she had not known it.

The telephone bell interrupted her thoughts, and a minute afterward she heard voices on the piazza. She rushed out excitedly.

"Mother, dear, Bob says Thurston was a classmate of his at college—" she broke off suddenly as Mrs. Winthrop pushed her gently aside and entered the hall. Ruth followed.

"Why, mother," she said in surprise.

"Yes, I know, dear, he told your father, but did not want it known. But now they have just telephoned up from the lodge that he is ill, consumption, you know, and your father and I are going down to him. No, you can't do anything." To the maid: "Marie, telephone for the doctor to come immediately." She picked up a wrap and went out.

Ruth stood for a moment as her mother had left her, her mind a blank, then she followed slowly, to find them gone, and she leaned over the balustrade to look after them. Down in the valley the shadows were deep, but on the mountain-tops it was still twilight, and above them rose a bank of clouds—white, towering billowed masses, from which, now and then, darted a quiver of lightning. She watched the mass roll nearer quickly, with low, distant moans of thunder. Soon the rain fell—in big drops at first, then faster, in rushing sheets, white in the lightning. She watched the storm come and pass before she realised what she had been thinking. Quite suddenly she knew that she cared for this man, and—Lawrence was coming to-night.

She went in and telephoned for the carriage to meet him at the midnight train. As she walked through the library the clock in the hall struck, and she counted the strokes—ten, eleven. The last one reverberated and died away. Moving around, she picked up the book she had been reading, but the red and white of the cover stared back at her, and she put it on the table and went out on the piazza again. The time seemed interminable.

The storm had cleared away, and, far above, in the deep, dark, blue of the Colorado night the stars were shining. From below, the sweet,

subtle perfume of the garden roses, fresh from the shower, flooded the night air.

Suddenly the telephone bell tinkled faintly in the distance, and she hurried to answer it.

It was her mother.

"Ruth, it is terrible—I can't say it. Poor boy—but he knew he could not live long. O, Lawrence will be broken hearted. Your father and I are going down to meet him. I thought perhaps you would worry."

Once more Ruth retreated to the piazza. This time dazedly. Everything had come so suddenly that her mind could not grasp it. Ralph Thurston would not be there in the morning with the motor car, he had gone out of her life forever just as suddenly as he had entered it.

She leaned against one of the pillars and watched the flickering light at the lodge that alone broke the dusky, impenetrable darkness of the valley. The Valley of Hope! How horrible the name that the first stragglers had given to the beautiful spot seemed. The midnight train appearing dimly in the distance, wound slowly down the valley, a glittering chain in the blackness. It stopped for a few minutes and went on, disappearing around the mountain, but she did not move. A long time afterward carriage wheels sounded on the gravel, and Lawrence hurried up the steps. The light from the doorway showed his face a trifle pale and haggard, but his eyes were eager.

"Lawrence, after all," she thought, and turning over a new page in her life, stepped forward out of the shadow.

"Ruth," he cried, taking her hand in his.

GLADYS STOUT, '09.

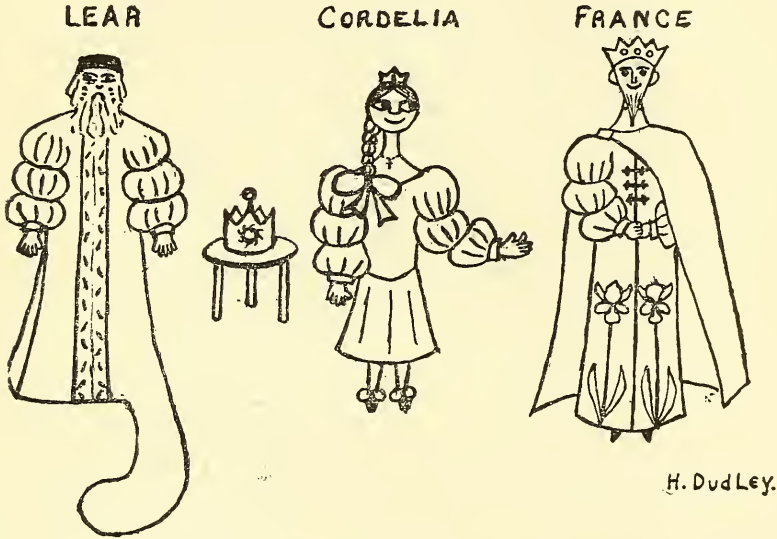
A SHOOTING TAIL

The citizens of my native town were scanning the heavens in great excitement. A man with *Long Fine Bones* and *Athletic Legs*, who is *Always Running Eagerly*, was making frantic and *Long, Repeated Efforts* to open a telescope. *Loony, Not Crazy*, I commented to myself. *An Enormous Chicago Maiden*, who has *Many Lovers Captivated*, is *Much Too Romantic*, and *Ever Sings Blithely*, was lying flat on her back with field-glasses to her eyes. By her side *Is Merrily Giggling a Jolly Kid* who *Keenly Loves Merry Capers* and *Helps Everybody's Jokes*. *A Witty Ninny*, home from college on vacation, who *Makes High Credits* and gives her friends side- *Lights On Faculty* receptions (where she goes in *A Stylish Parisian* gown) came running up to me and said, "What can it be? I just love it!" "You Can Love Anything," I replied, in scorn, as she turned away. This same young friend is anything but *A Diffident Lass*, and often *Perturbs Silent Classrooms* by audible reflections on how she *Merrily Contemplates Matrimony*, and what she will do when she *Enters Bliss*, and then *After Merits*, she *Methodically Solicitates Lecturers* to send *Home Every Week* a report of her as *Methodical* and *Quiet*, *Always Readily Reliable*, and having *Faultless Scholarship*. She is a *Meagre Reed* in size, and with the figure of a *Little Fairy* is *Mildly Hypnotic*, and always *Surely Artistically Dressed*. Moreover, she is an *Executive*, *Manysided Worker*, *Executes Photography Delightfully*, *Makes Capital Wall-paper designs*, and once wrote a poem called *Maria's Eternal Passion*."

A man was now approaching whom I recognized as one that *Has Much Learning*; he *Holds Easily Scholarships*, *Advances Standard*, and in linguistic work *Models After Lowengrund*. He is related to *George W. Childs*, and is jocularly called *An Erring Clarkite*. He usually *Has Winning Smile* on his face, though his speech *Keeps Delicately Sarcastic*. I understand that he has done *Valuable Philosophical Research*. And yet even he, with a *Mind Very Bright*, *Has Pet Hobbies*; he leaves his *Mercilessly Worked Secretary* at the desk and *Goes Home Nightly* for food. His wife says he *Craves Large Rations*, upon occasion *Can Eat Heavily*, and is in fact a *Desperately Interested Consumer*.

"I am *Just Darned Trying*," said he, "to diagnose that astronomical phenomenon." Then I looked at the sky for the first time. "Friends!" I shouted, "it's *Just Great*. *Hallelujah!* It's a SHOOTING COMET!"

"DULCI FISTULA"



"HapLy when I shall wed,
That Lord whose hand must take my plight
shall carry
Half my Love with him, half my care
and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry Like my sisters,
To Love my father all."

BRYN MAWR IS GOING A-MAYING

*(From the point of view of the Decoration Committee.) With Apologies
to Robert Herrick.*

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents our banners torn
With which last night we decked each hall,
Fresh quilted colours, tattered all;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The men about the scenery,
They've waited us in front of Pembroke West
Above an hour since, yet you not drest?
Nay, not so much as out of bed?
Come, take the donkeys to the shed,
And trim the floats, and carry chairs,
And drag those borrowed rugs down stairs.
For now five hundred maidens on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

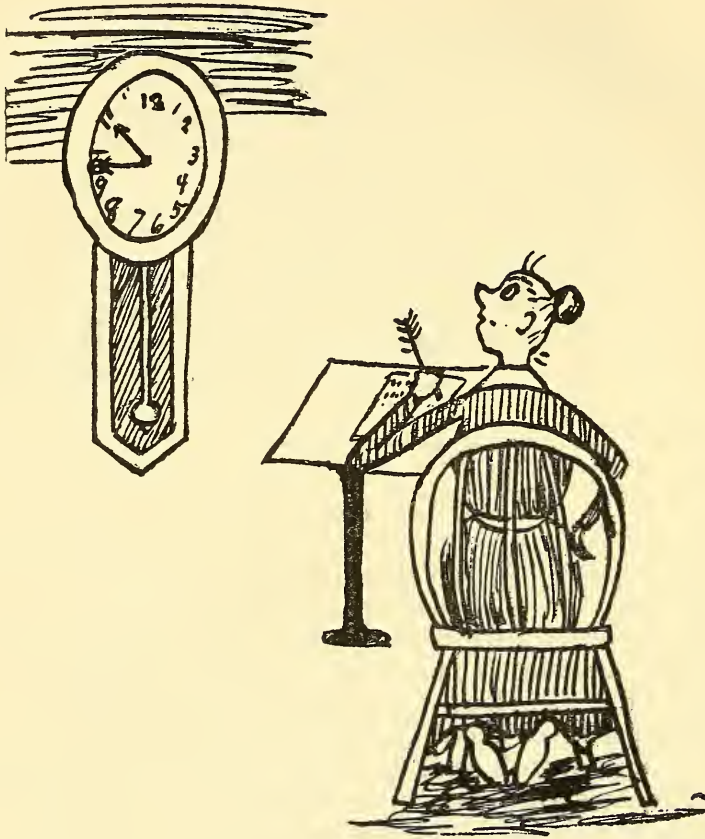
Come, all my classmates, come; and coming mark
How crook'd we hung those banners in the dark.
Some one run up and mend that tear.
The reds upon that throne will swear.
Hang out the pennants from the towers;
Deck Merion fire escape with flowers;
And make that grand-stand gay with green percale,
And cut the ropes around that largest bale.
Do something for those wretched sheep
Behind the Gym, and try and keep
Them quiet while you make them gay
With garlands for the first of May.
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying
But, come, my classmates, come, let's go a-Maying.

Come let us go while we are in our prime
And take the harmless jolly of the time!
We shall grow old apace; and then

We'll never give this Fête again.
Poor old Elizabethans They
Had every year to greet the May!
As long as they could totter to the green
They had to dance with joyous mien.
Now older, wiser, than of yore,
We give but our fête to their four.
And future undergraduates
Will have to give the future Fêtes
Then while time serves, we are but decaying,
Come, all my classmates, come, let's go a-Maying.
MARGARET HELEN AYER, '07.

BABES IN TROYLAND

When Hector and Achilles ran about the Trojan city
All Hector's friends upon the wall declared it was a pity
That such a brave and noble knight should be so wildly fleein'
Before one far beneath his rank, a poor, despised Achæan.
But, anyhow, they ran along, with boyish shouts of laughter,
Gay Hector skipping on ahead, Achilles rushing after,
And then—blithe Hector's ankle turned, the merry Greek came right on,
And almost touched with heavy hand the hem of Hector's chiton.
Then Hector tried to scamper home to linament and freedom,
But though he shouted loudly, "Time!", Achilles wouldn't heed him,
But chased him ever toward the plain away from the gates Scæan;
Ah! heartless and unsportsmanlike was this far-famed Achæan.
But very soon old Father Zeus stopped sipping fragrant nectar,
Looked down, and saw the bounding Greek pursuing sprinting Hector.
He seized a coin and tossed it up, and jovially he shouted,
"Now, Hector's done for. Heads it is." And Lady Venus pouted.
And meanwhile o'er the Trojan plain poor Hector still was fleeing',
Though now he know his fate was in the hands of the Achæan.
And on sprang brave Achilles, his hand stretched out to snatch him,
But—Hector had his fingers crossed, Achilles couldn't catch him.
ELEANOR CLIFTON, '09.



In lecture time I watch the clock,
But what can always make it stop?

M. P., '08.

The Senior met her Freshman friend and said by way of greeting:
" 'Tis sad to find so little thought in Sunday evening meeting.
We hope that you will lead the next, the subject we've decided,—
We know the Freshman mind succeeds, intelligently guided,—
Will you give your reaction touching spiritual energetics?"
The Freshman meekly wrote a theme on the *Morals of Athletics*.

LOUISE N. CRUCE, '06.

THE PERVERSENESS OF THINGS

I handed in the paper,
The worst I'd ever done,
Penned between twelve (at midnight)
And the rising of the sun.

Trembling, I drew that paper
From the box in Taylor Hall,
Waiting for the clouds to gather,
Watching for the sky to fall,

Glanced in terror down the pages,
Seaching for some grim comment,
Reached the end, and fainted—over
“This is really excellent.”

Turned into a thoughtful pedant,
By this unforeseen success,
Day and night I toiled at English,
High my hopes were, I confess.

For thought I, if without trying
I can write so very well,
If I tried I might develop
Into a genius. Who can tell?

So I tried—and wrote an Essay
That I felt was full of force.
But, alas! my reader's comment—
“Do you hope to pass this course?”

EUNICE SCHENCK, '07.

EDITORIAL

May Day has come and gone and left us what a store of memories! We have come for once out of our collegiate-Gothic retreat, and shown ourselves to the world. And the world, poor old world, journeying out from the dusty city, was quite overcome with appreciation. One newspaper, infected with spring fever, burst into poetry over us, and Keith has immortalised us in a series of moving pictures.

We have shown ourselves before the world, not in our work-a-day clothes and our work-a-day mood, but in another spirit, just as real and equally characteristic of us—the spirit of youth, of *jeunesse d'or* holding a festival for itself.

Our ordinary duties were laid aside for a few days, and we seemed to drop out of ourselves completely except at the end of the day, and drop back easily into the sixteenth century. Our enthusiasm, dormant all winter, woke up suddenly and enthusiastically at the first dress rehearsal, and increased steadily until May-day. We became quite used to slipping into doublets or kirtled dresses, eating breakfast with a beruffled lady on one side and a green forester on the other, and then running out upon the campus to join our fellow-rehearsers. If we could forget quizzes, forget papers, for a moment, we could for the space of a second have the feeling that we were living long ago; and when we were dismissed from our own rehearsal and scampered off hastily to see *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and sat down on the warm, sunny hillside, extended our white-stockinged legs before us in the grass, pulled our beplumed hats over our eyes to keep off the sun, we felt for all the world like Stratford Grammar School boys playing truant to see a band of strolling actors.

Then came May morning, with its perfect weather, and the excitement of forming the pageant. The road in front of Pembroke was filled with a vast swarm of many-coloured, moving figures. Leather-aproned shoemakers, flower girls, queens, heralds, witches, formed themselves constantly in picturesque, ever-shifting groups. Little waves of excitement rippled back from the live stock over the crowd into the midst of which the Robin Hood people on horseback and the worthies on their ponies were vainly threading their way. Milkmaids were enticing their Jersies to move more quickly, and the shepherdesses, too, were kept alert by their wee but belligerent lambs. Then the floats lumbered

up into line; the musicians finally consented to wear the red capes offered them and put the sombreros on over their derbies, and—at last—the procession was really moving, the trumpets were flaring, and people were pressing close to the road and standing on chairs to see us as we skipped along to the music. On and on around the campus the pageant wound, and then wheeled up by Merion once more.

The garlanded maypole was hoisted on shoulders and carried into the field, and every one followed with shouts. The bands played their loudest. The maypole streamers were twined merrily in and out. Around the poles the brightly-coloured dancing throng romped. Volleys of little foam-like, fluttering Cupids dashed here and there. Grave priests waved their lighted censers, and good country people set down their baskets of eggs and flowers to join hands in rings. When the poles were completely wound the music stopped and there followed a hasty scattering in all directions to the plays which were to come off punctually.

Each play seemed to have the location most suited to it; and we can congratulate ourselves that we have a campus which only makes such a fête possible. The long avenue of maples below Radnor seemed fairly made for the approach of the bridal party in *Robin Hood*. The little grassy amphitheatre of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, the old cherry tree by Pembroke under which the *St. George Play* and the *Reevesby Sword Dance* were performed could not have been lovelier. One thing especially which we had to offer our spectators this year was the New Library. The Cloister was a revelation to every one, and its lovely, stately, beauty formed the most fitting background imaginable for the two rather stately masques given there.

Yes, May-day is gone and we have come back again to private reading and finals and the activity of Commencement Week. The few days that we lived in the sixteenth century are slipping, slipping back in the rush of things. Nineteen-six, perhaps most of all, because it is the oldest of the classes, and therefore nearer to the outside dusty world of which in a few weeks it will be a part, felt keenly by contrast the loveliness, the freshness of youth which May-day expressed, and Nineteen-six would leave us as one of its last messages: "Do not forget this spirit. Do not grow old and weary and uninterested and fretful, but keep that fresh interest in life, the spirit of the Elizabethans."

JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER PLAY

On Saturday evening, May twelfth, the Junior-Senior Supper was held in the gymnasium. Between the courses of the supper lights were darkened and all eyes were turned toward the stage in order to witness 1907's presentation of *David Copperfield*. As Mr. Micawber, in his irresistably droll prologue bade us remember, 1907 had had to work up the entire performance since May Day, with a little less than a week's rehearsal. The Seniors, together with those who enjoyed part of the play from the gallery, can enthusiastically say that the acting would have done credit to months of practice, and that, viewed in the light of the short period of preparation, it was truly remarkable.

The play was in four acts, each representing a period of David's life, and Miss Meigs is to be congratulated upon her skillful work in selection and adaptation. A most comforting thing was the way in which the characters on the stage corresponded closely with our mental pictures of them. Kind-hearted Traddles, devoted Mrs. Micawber, cunning Dora, with her slate-pencil curls and calash, and brisk Miss Trotwood, with her garrulous parrot, rebellious hoopskirt and truly delightful acting, brought home to us a real Dickens flavour. Eunice Schenck as Mr. Micawber, gave us another example of her well-known talent, with a modest cough and careful exits and entrances that showed her ability to turn even little things into fun. The part of David Copperfield was taken by Gertrude Hill with much success, and with an increase of animation over her previous acting. As the smitten lover demanding "Mr. Micawber, as man to man, I ask you for four rhymes for eye-brow," she was not to be surpassed. Harriet Seaver brought out the sweet side of Agnes Wickfield's character very pleasingly. The little Copperfields who brought a Christmas atmosphere into the last act aroused much enthusiasm. They entered into the spirit of their parts and shook their newly-acquired toys at each other with much by-play, so that even the actors were amused. Perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the way in which Alice Gerstenberg was completely transformed into Uriah Heap. Her acting was marked by complete finish. Her deceptive eyes, long, uncanny fingers and cringing movements were most realistic and sent chills of horror over us. But Uriah could not, for all his deceit, escape justice, for in the end we learned that he had become a lodger of Mrs. Krupp's!

JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONGS

1907-1906

*Tune: "I would that my Love."—Mendelssohn.
Words by Clara L. Smith.*

We would that the years could silently
Roll back again to that night
When as Sophomores you gave to us
Our lanterns as greetings bright.
The joy that comes with fair beginnings
Filled our hearts with a strange delight.
With words of cheer
You welcomed us here.
Oh! you gladdened our hearts that night!

And so the three years have sped joyously,
Nineteen-six with you.
And each year that we've passed together
Has strengthened our friendship true.
So here's to you before you leave us!
Here's a health to the class of blue!
With parting sigh
We say good-bye.
Here's a health nineteen-six to you!

So as you then welcomed us heartily,
We speed you now on your way.
Though the parting is fraught with sorrow,
Let bright hope drive the gloom away.
The joy that comes with fair beginnings
Shall again in our hearts hold sway.
For pleasures new
Are waiting you,
As you pass on your forward way.

CLARA L. SMITH, '07.

JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG

1906 to 1907.

*Tune: Sing Me to Sleep."**Words by Helen Sandison, '06.*

When the warm evening scented sweet
Tells us of spring come once again,
We know the time has come to meet
For a farewell that brings us pain.
Ending three years of friendship bright,
Filled for us with pleasure high,
For the last time to you to-night
We bring best wishes and good-bye.

CHORUS

Now as we leave you
And this loved scene
Our place we give you
Class of the green,
With voices ringing
Now ere we pass
Goodwill we're bringing
You and your class.

Out of past years fair memories gleam
Lending their light to these last hours,
Filling with grace, like some sweet dream
This fleeting month of new-blown flowers.
We who now leave to you who stay
Fondly of our friendship tell,
May it stand firm and true alway
As while we sing our last farewell. CHORUS.

HELEN SANDISON, '06.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

On the evening of April twenty-first Dr. James Leuba, of Bryn Mawr College, read to the Philosophical Club a paper on *Fear, Awe, and the Sublime*, a chapter, as he phrased it, in the psychology of the development of emotional life, with special reference to religion.

Fear, first of all, is noticeable in the lowest forms of religion, in other words: "Fear begets gods." It is the first well organized emotion in the religious life, the first, indeed, in our emotional development. In religion as elsewhere, however, we see fear conquered by tenderer emotions. Such a statement is proved by events in the history of the Church, events that show a change from the religion of eternal damnation to the religion of love.

There are three causes for this decline of fear: (1) The higher civilisation, with its greater knowledge of the phenomena of nature. (2) Better intellectual and moral training, resulting in a more complete control over things that would tend to cause emotional reactions. (3) Recognition of the imperfection and inadequacy of fear itself. From a consideration of the primitive animal we see that the origin of fear accounts for its inadequacy; and the goal toward which we are all moving is a thorough conquest of fear, an attitude of physical alertness to dangers of all kinds. The decline of fear is to be found in all religions, and is in all cases the result of changing conditions.

Awe and the sublime have also filled a large place in the religions of all times; they give to religion a certain dignity that could not be given by fear. They are, moreover, disinterested and entirely unselfish, hence it is that from such emotions it is only a short step to admiration and reverence.

Fear, awe, and the higher emotions form a natural hierarchy; awe, in fact, is "arrested fear in the presence of objects the greatness of which is apprehended." Admiration is one step higher: it exists entirely without fear. Awe, moreover, does not always lead to the idea of God; it is not essentially a religious emotion, but merely a vague consciousness of something behind.

We must also note the ability of awe to direct the mind to sources of religious power; the stage of culture, however, at which awe can be the dominant part of religion is past, banished by the gospel of love.

H. M. L., '06.

BARON TSCHAYKOVSKY'S LECTURE.

On Tuesday evening, May eighth, Baron Tschaykovsky spoke in the Chapel on "The Present Situation in Russia." The struggle in Russia, he explained, is more than political, it is indeed racial. It is the inevitable result of the mingling of the Asiatic and European races which took place in the twelfth century, when Russia was over-run by the Tartars. The Russian governing autocracy represents the survival of the despotism peculiar to the Orient, while the governed democracy stands for the western ideal of liberty. Discontent has been evident since the Napoleonic wars, but it is only within the last two decades that the people have shaken off the superstitious faith in the Czar and have asked for enlightenment and justice. When despotism had overleaped itself and the peasants realised their government was absolute oppression, their Church its tool, and their Czar a tyrant, the seeds of revolution were sown. It was only in 1904 that a political platform was drawn up demanding universal suffrage, freedom of the press, of assembly, of speech, of conscience. The question whether the uneducated masses could understand and would support this platform was settled by the events of "Red Sunday" in January, 1905, when the people in a body, headed by Father Gapon, marched to the Czar to demand these very rights. The process of organising followed, and in nine months there was a system of local and national congresses which but for the lack of military support would have made Russia a republic. The tendency among the military classes to sympathise with the peasants increases, although the desperate efforts of the government to destroy this sympathy render it ineffectual. The officers are hirelings of the autocracy, but should the demand for armed force be pressing enough it looks as if a large part of the army would go over to the Revolutionists under whatever leaders the crisis would call forth. The autocratic power is still able to oppress abominably, and the new liberal movement moves only feebly, nevertheless it does move, it is a deep psychological reform not to be checked till it has run its course. The immediate problem is whether the revolution will be accomplished through, or in spite of, the *Douma*, or National Assembly. If this assembly allows itself to be satisfied with partial grants and half reform, the enthusiasm and support of the peasants and the army will be lost and the revolution will go on as best it can to republicanism. If the *Douma*, on the contrary, insists on the whole of freedom, a transitional period of

constitutional monarchy will result, which will be but a peaceful step to a republican government. Russia is more fit for a republic than France was in the eighteenth century, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be successful. Once the republic is fairly assured the long needed educational systems may be put into operation until Russia becomes a truly free State.

M. L. COFFIN, '06.

MISS BALCH'S LECTURE ON THE SLAV

On Monday evening, May fourteenth, the college had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the Slav by Miss Balch, the first Bryn Mawr European Fellow, now Professor of Economics and Sociology at Wellesley College. Because one-fifth of all immigrants of the present day Slavs and their descendants will form a good part of the future American stock, the subject was one of practical as well as of great general interest. The Slav has a striking personality, according to Miss Balch; he is intensely Mediæval on his arrival, gentle, though tenacious of purpose, and possessed of much "temperament" in the way of a love for music, for design and for his native wealth of myth and legend and ballads. The picture of the old blind epic-singer, with his poems of "Marco, son of the king," lying on the white crest of the Croatian mountain-range, like Arthur in Avalon, till the fit time for awakening, lays hold deeply the imagination. But in spite of this quaint Slavic spirit of the middle ages, as Miss Balch said, "the Sardine-can is now all over the globe," and the demands of modern economics are felt event in this little known south-eastern corner of Europe,—backward because it has been forever the battle-ground between east and west. The narrow, intermixed strips of land are incapable of supporting their possessor, and he comes to "golden America." Whether he ever goes back permanently after his stay is a matter of circumstance; if he does, he takes with him a greater skill in labour, some educational advance, a personal sense of independence, and a national self-consciousness which raises his people's hope. To the United States his advent means a great influx of unorganized labour, and the temporary lowering of political standards, but on the whole he is excellent "raw material," and his "Tauben blut," with its imaginative-ness and gentleness, makes a not unwelcome addition to Anglo-Saxon stock. In that proportion only, however, as the United States provides good economic and sociological conditions to receive immigrants will they prove valuable to the country.

DOROTHY MORT, '08.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

- '93. Ethel Walker will teach at the Brearley next year.
- '01. Several members of the Class of 1901 returned on May Day to form the Cutler's Guild.
1901's gift to the college, a fountain, has been placed in the courtyard of the Library.
Susan Lowell Clark will teach at St. Agnes, Albany, next year.
- '02. Helen Slocum Nicholls has gone to Constantinople.
- '03. Alice Lovell has announced her engagement to Mr. Lee Kellogg, of New York.
The Class of 1903 is going to give a clock for the reading room of the Library.
- '05. Eva Frederica Le Fevre has announced her engagement to Signor Aldo Guanci, of Florence.
- '96. 1900, 1901, 1903 and 1905 will have reunions during Commencement Week.
The New York Bryn Mawr Club presented Jonson's *Masque of Queens* at the May Day Fête.
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COLLEGE NOTES

On Friday, April twenty-seventh, the Science Club held its annual elections. The results were as follows: President, Margaret Putnam; Vice-President and Treasurer, Ida McWilliams; Secretary, Ina M. Richter.

Law Club elections, May seventeenth: President, Eunice Schenck, '07; Vice-President and Treasurer, Grace Brownell, '07; Secretary, Hazel Whitelaw, '08.

Public rehearsals of *The Shoemaker's Holiday* and of *Pyramus and Thisbe* were held in the gymnasium Friday evening, April twenty-seventh.

The Elizabethan May-day Fête, which was held on Tuesday, May first, achieved a great success in every way. It is estimated that the profits amounted to over five thousand dollars.

On Tuesday evening, May eighth, Baron Tschaykovsky spoke in the Chapel on *The Social Outlook in Russia*.

A regular meeting of the Christian Union was held in the Chapel on Wednesday evening, May ninth.

A business meeting of the Graduate Club was held on Thursday, May tenth, for the annual election of officers. The result of the elections was as follows: President, Grace Albert; Vice-President, Louise Dudley; Secretary, Helen L. Paddock; Treasurer, Sue Avis Blake; Athletic Representative, Mariana Buffum.

On Friday, May eleventh, an informal meeting of the Philosophical Club was held in Pembroke West. Virginia Robinson, '06, opened the meeting with a paper on *Mysticism: the Old and the New*.

The fourth Senior Orals in French and German were held on Saturday, May twelfth.

The Junior-Senior Supper was held in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, May twelfth, at eight o'clock. The play presented was a dramatization of *David Copperfield*.

On Monday evening, May fourteenth, Miss Balch, associate Professor of Political Economy at Wellesley College, spoke in the Chapel on *Present Conditions Among the Slavs*.

There was a meeting of the Undergraduate Association on Wednesday afternoon, May sixteenth, for the election of the LANTERN and TIPYN o' BOB boards, and of the members of the Conference Committee. The result of the elections is as follows: LANTERN Board, Margaret Bailey, Editor-in-Chief; Margaret Franklin, E. A. Shearer, Louise Foley and Theresa Helburn, Editors. TIPYN o' BOB Board, Eunice Schenck, Editor-in-Chief; Margaret Morison and Theresa Helburn, Managing Editors; Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan, Louise Foley, Martha Plaisted and Carlie Minor, Editors. The Business Board is as follows: Louise Congdon, Business Manager; Elizabeth B. Pope, Treasurer; Alice Hawkins, Assistant Business Manager.

The conference committee consists of Harriet Houghteling, Myra Elliot, Adèle Brandis, Louise Congdon, Anna Whitney.

The Glee Club held its annual election of officers on Wednesday, May sixteenth. The results were as follows: Leader, Gertrude Hill; Business Manager, Dorothy Merle-Smith; Assistant Business Manager, Evelyn Holt.

Father Huntington preached the College Fortnightly Sermon in

the Chapel Wednesday evening, May sixteenth. His subject was *The Christian Ideal*.

The result of the annual election of officers of the Bryn Mawr Students' Association for Self-Government are, so far, as follows: President, Margaret Morison; Vice-President, Eunice Schenck; Executive Board, Grace Albert, Louise Milligan, Jacqueline Morris; Treasurer, Louise Congdon; Secretary, Margaret Copeland; Advisory Board, Anna Dunham, Mayone Lewis, Frances Brown, Katherine Goodall, Antoinette Cannon, Lelia Woodruff, Louise Dudley and Helen Lundy.

The Graduate Fellowships have been announced as follows:

Greek—E. S. James, Brighton, England.

Latin—W. Gorden, Queen's College.

English—L. Dudley, Georgetown College.

German—B. Reed, Woman's College of Illinois.

History—M. P. Clarke, University of Kansas.

Philosophy—E. A. Schearer, Bryn Mawr College and University of Edinburgh.

Mathematics—S. B. Raeburn, University of Missouri.

Physics—S. A. Blake, Bryn Mawr College.

Chemistry—M. A. Graham, Mt. Holyoke College.

Biology—A. M. Boring, Bryn Mawr College and University of Pennsylvania.

Semitic Languages—M. Downing, Bryn Mawr College.

Geology—J. Gardner, Bryn Mawr College.

The Undergraduate Fellowships are as follows:

Latin and English—H. M. Lowengrund and H. E. Sandison.

History—M. Scott.

Philosophy—V. P. Robinson.

Biology—M. Hoag and H. W. Smith.

Following is the list of the Undergraduate Scholarships:

Brook Hall Memorial Scholarship—C. L. Smith.

George W. Childs Essay Prize—G. W. Chandler.

E. D. Gillespie Scholarship in History—Emma Sweet.

J. E. Rhoads Sophomore Scholarship—E. Adaire.

J. E. Rhoades Junior Scholarships—Louise E. Roberts and Louise P. Smith.

Maria Hopper Scholarships—Elise Donaldson and Anne Walton.

SENIOR SONGS

Tune: "When I was a Little Boy." Words by Phæbe Crosby.

When we were Freshmen we came into Bryn Mawr,
We looked at our class and we saw it was a star.
So at Senior Reception we let forth a song
Which we thought was the best that had ever come along.

CHORUS.

But the college only laughed aloud.
But the college only laughed aloud.
But the college only laughed aloud.
So we had to laugh too.

When we got to be Sophomores we ran to get our sticks,
Yelling, "Alma Amata for 1906,
For we feel we can say without being cocky,
If there's one thing we can do it is play hockey."

CHORUS.

||But the Juniors only laughed aloud,||
So we had to laugh too.

When we got to be Juniors we saw one day
A little, light blue thing across the way.
"Hello," says we, "we will sing you a song;
Come along with us, 1908, come along."

CHORUS.

||And the Freshmen had to laugh with joy,||
So we had to laugh too.

When we got to be Seniors, "Hurrah," says we,
"For who's afraid of the Faculty?
Orals will be to us a joke."
But the very next minute we were sorry we'd spoke.

CHORUS.

For the Dean had laughed aloud,
And Collitz had laughed aloud,
And Foulet had laughed aloud,
So we had to laugh too.

When we get to be Alumnæ we'll all have careers,
And we'll have to stay away for years and years,
And then one day we will get on a train
And back to Bryn Mawr we will all pile again.

CHORUS.

||And then how we'll laugh aloud||
As we've often laughed before.

Tune: "The Pope." Words by A. Neall, H. Smith and E. Harrington.

A comet came a-shooting near,
Its glorious tail was in the rear,
And 1906 was clinging, clinging tight,
Unto that tail so long and bright.

Of Freshman year we now must sing,
And of the Elocution King, Mr. King,
And how we learned from Chaucer how to spell,
And what the dictionaries tell.

Of Sophomore year our memory feeds
On all our brave and noble deeds.—What noble needs?
When we did win the contest in the Gym
And welcomed 1907 in.

Oh, Junior year was simply great,
 With basketball and 1908.
 And though in water polo most were drowned,
 Some few of us may yet be found.

The comet's tail's grown rather short,
 But 1906 it can support.
 And now that we have had our glorious day,
 It soon will carry us away.

But Senior year is ending fast,
 And our good-byes must come at last,
 And so with love and praise and with reverence true,
 Bryn Mawr, farewell, farewell to you.

ATHLETIC NOTES

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, officers were elected for the year 1906-07: President, Esther Williams, '07; Vice-President and Treasurer, Anna Platt, '09; Secretary, Margaret Copeland, '08; Indoor Manager, Gertrude Hill, '07; Outdoor Manager, Marjorie Young, '08.

The President has announced that the Department of Gymnasium and Athletics has been combined for the future under the superintendence of Miss Applebee.

The match games were played with the following results: Nineteen-seven and Nineteen-nine played against each other and Nineteen-six and Nineteen-eight. Nineteen-six and Nineteen-seven played in the finals.

The scores were:

1906.....	7	13	10	
1908.....	8	3	7	
1907.....	4	3	7	5
1909.....	4	13	3	2
1906.....	6	11		
1907.....	6	3		

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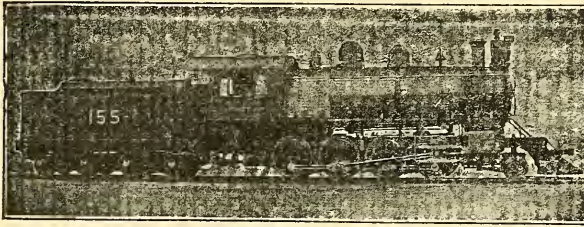
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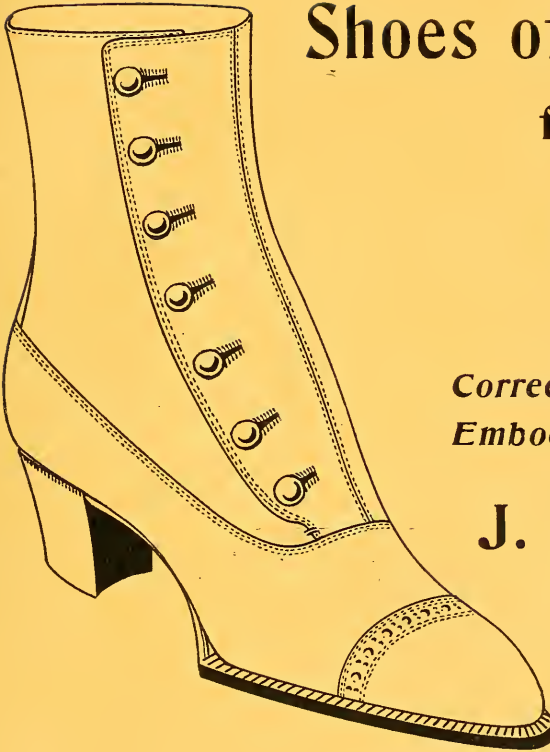
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